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DECEMBER 1981

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MY BROTHER**

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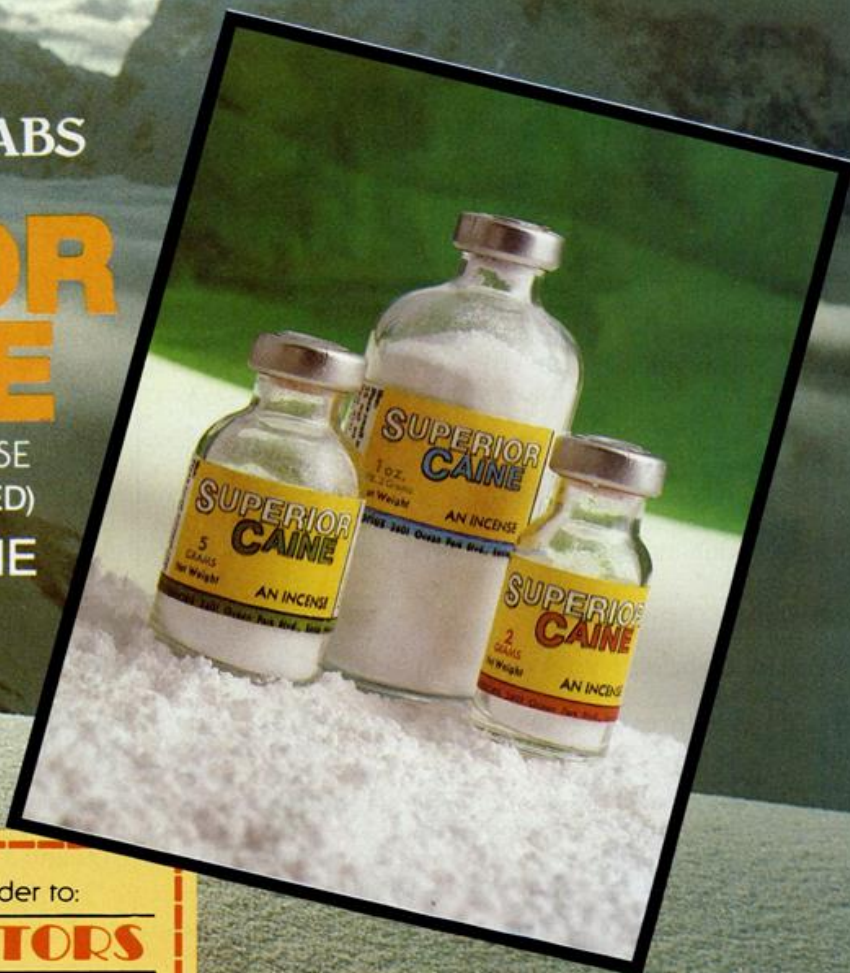
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HIGH TIMES

No. 76 December '81

FEATURES

Nat E. Dred's Holiday Ganja Cake by Darrow Igus and Ed Dwyer
Rude boys and baldheads alike delight in the goodies from Nat E. Dred's Babylon Bakeshop. Adapted exclusively for HIGH TIMES, here's a special Christmas treat from ABC's Rasta Gourmet

45

Raging Bullshit: The Eddie Elson Story by Jerry Pokar
Cosmic con man Eddie Elson has run some of the most outrageous scams of the 20th century. He's sold tickets to the end of the world and convinced "Real People" that he's the next messiah. In his spare time he's one of the best dope lawyers in the country

49

The Last Run of the Helena Star
by Pedro Vera, translated by Sandra Jacoste Frady
It was the biggest boat bust ever off Puget Sound: 38 tons of Colombian gold in one rusty old freighter, the *Helena Star*. First mate Pedro Vera had two years in U.S. federal jail to write it all down. This month he begins the long, mysterious, glamorous and sordid story

53

If It's Lamb's Bread, I Must Be in Jamaica by Laurence Cherniak
Monday may find him in Ames, Iowa, checking out the homegrown; Tuesday he'll be in Somalia sniffing out a reliable khat connection. This month our international correspondent presents us with the fruits of his Jamaican labors, not the least of which is a stunning **Centerfold**

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Special Report: Hypocrites! Antidrug Cult Linked to Mob Cronies
by Dennis King
For the past three years the National Anti-Drug Coalition (NADC) has fought against the decriminalization of marijuana. Closely tied with an ultraright political cult, the National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC), NADC has organized antidrug rallies and lobbied against decrim in state legislatures across the country. In this HighWitness News Special Report, HIGH TIMES presents its evidence of the close working relationship of NCLC and a number of organized crime-linked labor leaders

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Trans-High Market Quotations

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SEEDS 'N' STEMS

Marijuana poisoning devastates U.S. Army... Survival of the homeliest... Day 16: Bani-Sadr holds himself hostage... On the beach with Ronnie Reagan... Kill Martians with Al Haig... Zippy... Dope Lore... and more...

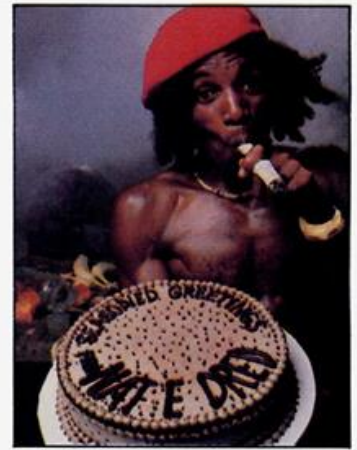
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Cover photo by Jim Shea



36 Colloquium '81:
Paul Krassner, Tim Leary, Andrew Weil, Robert Anton Wilson
Or, a couple of acidheads sitting around talking about the future. Earlier this year many of this nation's most interesting and influential thinkers gathered in Santa Cruz, California, to exchange ideas on the future of consciousness. Here are some excerpts.



64 Book Bonus: God's Other Son by Don Imus
How many of you sinners out there knew that Jesus had a younger brother? Well, he did, and his name was Billy Sol. He was a white Southern Baptist, the spittin' image of his father, and he hated the atheistic Commie bastards and the heathen sons-a-bitches who didn't believe in him, his *frater* or his Dad. Say hallelujah, and pass the Billy Beer.

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FLASHES

A NEW HIGH

As I'm sure you've noticed, this month *High Times* has raised its price to \$2.95 an issue. Now while to some of you that'll just mean cutting one or two of your buds a little closer to the stem, others may find the increase a bit more inconvenient; at any rate, I feel an explanation is necessary.

First off, in the past two years our production costs have gone up well over 20 percent. While up until now we've managed to absorb the increase ourselves, we now find it literally impossible to keep from passing a part of that increase on to you. Secondly, as you all know, the last few years have brought an avalanche of repressive legislation down on our heads from federal, state and local authorities. The antiparaphernalia bills that

have been passed in state legislatures across the country have all, whether directly or indirectly, been aimed at putting *High Times* out of business. (Recently I testified against the Nevada antiparaphernalia law, a case in which one of our retailers had his personal collection of *High Times* seized as evidence against him.) In New York State alone it took over \$90,000 to keep the headshops open and *High Times* on the newsstands.

In addition to funding specific legislative battles, throughout the years we've been heavy supporters of the American Businesses for Constitutional Rights as well as NORML. Then there are our distributors who have been bullied by the local authorities into not

carrying our magazine; ambitious Congressmen anxious to feed a headline habit with reefer-madness stories; occasional costly electronic sweeps of our offices; and our ongoing investigations of groups like Lyndon LaRouche's National Caucus of Labor Committees, the National Anti-Drug Coalition, and the soon-to-be-defunct DEA, all of which makes it a rather large pain in the ass and unnaturally expensive to put out this particular magazine.

Not that I'm complaining. They say you can tell a lot about a person by the enemies he has; it seems to be the same with magazines. Anyway, at \$2.95 an issue we're still cheaper than four hits off a Purple Haze joint.

—Andy Kowl, publisher

YOWZA YOWZA YOWZA—COME ONE AND ALL TO A HIGH TIMES BENEFIT PARTY FOR NORML—DECEMBER 12, 1981 IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

High Times is throwing a fund raiser for NORML, and NORML fund raisers are legendary events. Just ask Peter Bourne, former special adviser to President Carter on drug abuse. Some years ago he showed up at one of our blasts and got so carried away by the good vibes that the man actually began sniffing cocaine in public. The former special adviser on drug abuse. No shit! Did he care that he was throwing away a potentially brilliant career in health administra-



tion and who knows how many millions in consultant's fees? Nope. What with the live music, free food and stiff drink this man was under compulsion to party hearty, in spite of himself! Now if our benefits can loosen up an uptight white like Dr. Bourne imagine what they can do for someone with a headful of sinsemilla and a pocketful of loose chromosomes. For further information call Washington, D.C., NORML at (202) 547-3707.



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PVT. SUBSCRIBER

Editor:

Way back in the very first issue of *High Times*, readers were assured the only list containing names and addresses of HT subscribers was in a safe in the office of the magazine's attorney.

In addition, if I recall correctly, the magazine stated bundles of each edition were mailed from different post offices and were wrapped in unmarked brown paper.

In your headlong rush toward becoming respectable, have you thrown caution to the wind and abandoned your original policy regarding the privacy of your subscribers?

—Blues Boy
Dover, Del.

When we brought out our first issue back in 1974 we did indeed keep our subscription list locked away in our lawyer's safe. A magazine such as High Times had never been published nationally before, and given the underground press credentials of our founders we thought it wise to proceed with caution. After about two years, though, we realized that as controversial as High Times was, its readers weren't being subjected to any type of harassment. We then notified all our subscribers that our list was going on computer and would be loaned on occasion to NORML and a select group of advertisers.

In over seven years of publishing we have never known of any person getting into diffi-

The Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library, the nation's finest nongovernmental collection of psychoactive drug literature and art, needs your help. Founded in 1970 and named for the author of America's first book about visionary drug experience, the library totals more than 14,000 items. Half of these are books; the rest includes photographs, magazines, comics, records, tapes, letters and the research files of several organizations. Over the years the Ludlow library has escorted hundreds of researchers, reporters and curious visitors through their stacks and has made presentations to conferences and classrooms, supplied illustrations for dozens of books and answered thousands of information requests.

Since its inception the library has been plagued by financial worries and has never had the money to catalog their materials, let alone microfilm them. Recently, they've had to put the library in storage and leave their offices in San Francisco's Pacific Medical Center Health Sciences Library. Dr. Michael Aldrich has written extensively for *High Times* as have a number of the library's trustees. We urge you to help these guys out. They need money to move to a new location, to begin cataloging their materials and to set up mailing lists in order to generate new support. Please send whatever you can to: The Ludlow Library, P.O. Box 99346, San Francisco, CA 94109.

culties solely on the basis of their being a High Times subscriber. Copies are mailed in plain brown wrappers with a simple return address, as required by the post office. So if you have anything to fear, lock your doors and shutter your windows; but you don't have to cancel your subscription.—Ed.

P.S. Whattya mean, "respectable"?

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT...

Dat ol' spaceman Tab Hunter has finally found enough to last him for a while. Says "Thanko mucho" to his many generous fans... Friends are worried about Sammy Davis, Jr. He's down to 67 pounds and selling off jewelry in a desperate attempt to pay off his huge (and growing) debt to Speedy Alka Seltzer. The Seltz can be a tough dude when his bread is due... Mr. and Mrs. Sho Biz for decades now, Steve 'n' Edie have called it splitsville. Miss Gorme will pursue a solo career but Mr. Lawrence is teaming up with comedienne Judy Carne for a new twist on the Martin-Lewis-type duet. They'll call themselves Steve 'n' Judy; sounds like a killer act to me... Mondo Vapido: The latest rage sweeping the corridors of Tinseltown is a giggle called Ridiculously Bad Casting. It

started when a major studio announced that John Travolta had been signed to portray Doors' singer and lead boner Jim Morrison in an upcoming film. Right on its heels came the news that Wayne "The Wimp" Newton will play the title role in a new Errol Flynn bio—and a flash Hollywood trend was born. Quick to pick up on a bad thing, producers slammed borderline projects into production, secure in the knowledge that truly inappropriate casting would help turn a buck. Three such epics released by press time—Gary Coleman as Joan of Arc, Barry Manilow (with mustache) in *The Groucho Marx Story* and Sandy Duncan as the young Cassius Clay in *Alli: The Greatest II*—are drawing the curious in droves and smashing first-week box-office records. Coming soon: Ron Howard as Aleister Crowley in *Mark of the Beast*, Orson Welles as Nadia Comaneci, Paul Williams as Ghengis Khan (with the Osmond family doing a cameo as a horde), Kathy Lee Crosby as Indira Gandhi, Hal Linden in *I Am a Dog: The Sid Vicious Story*, Rosie Greer as Larry Flynt and Rita Jenrette as the Beaver...



Late-night-TV fans should have no trouble recognizing this month's man behind the dreadlocks—Darrow Igus, star of ABC's "Fridays." Born and raised in New Jersey, Igus honed his comedic gifts at the Bitter End in New York City, while teaching high-school English. He left for L.A. with Freddie Prinze and Jimmie Walker, and \$50 in his pocket, and within one month he landed his first major role; by year's end he was working steadily. In addition to this, his work on "Fridays" and his numerous appearances on the Griffin and Carson shows, every Sunday Igus hosts the "It" show, an Emmy award-winning children's educational program. His movie credits include *Car Wash*, *Fun with Dick and Jane*, *The Fog* and Walt Disney's *The Cat from Outer Space*.



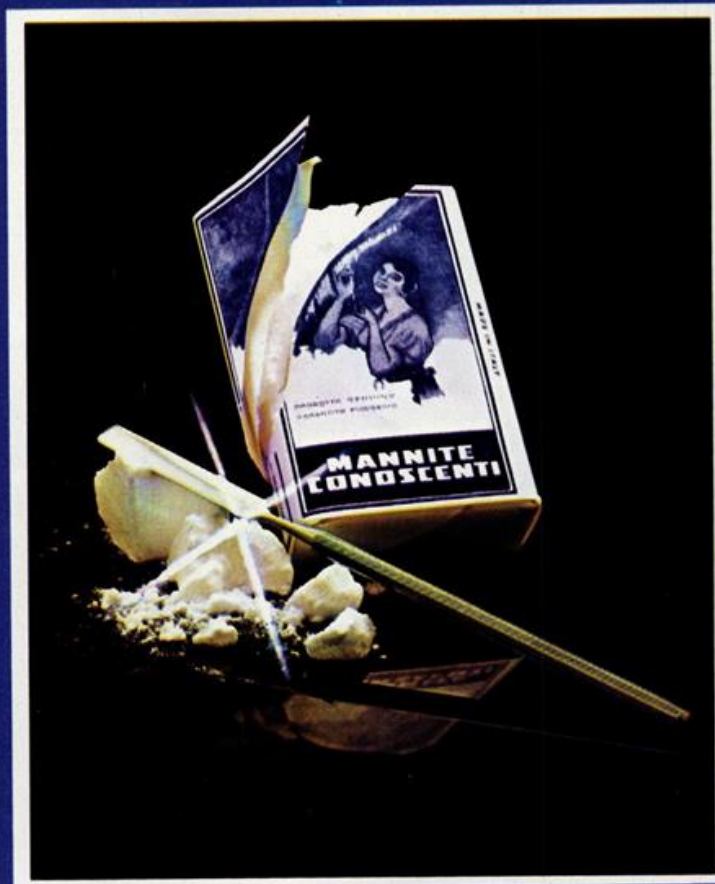
In addition to taking all the pix for the 1982 *High Times* Calendar (for details on how you can order one, see page 79), New York City-based photographer Connie Hansen has shot the covers of three of the last four issues of HT, the centerfolds for October, November and December, and the Bar Mitzvah of Lupus Kowl (the publisher's younger brother). In other words, the bitch has been writing her own ticket up here the past half year, putting the bite on our pension plan and vacation money with her outrageous fees and questionable expenses. Every month we beg her to lighten up on her price; and every month her answer's the same: "You know the old saying: One picture is worth a thousand...bucks."

AH, SORDID CORRECTIONS

Editor:

It seems that Dean Latimer finally did get something right ["Juice: An Absolution of Alcohol," September '81]. Alcohol in its many forms is "legal heroin"—the real opiate of the masses. He made a real mistake in his

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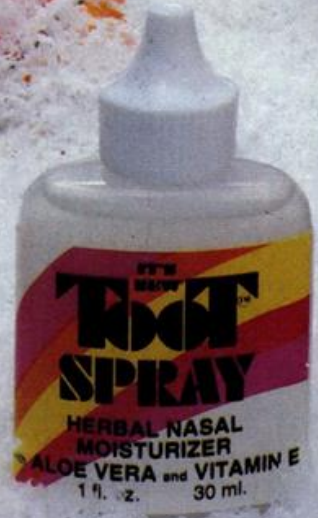
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North Hollywood, CA.

FLASHES

evaluation of scotch. Scotch drinkers can develop a tolerance for the drug as easily as beer drinkers. What Latimer mistakes for lack of a tolerance is actually polydrug use as a means of avoiding chronic alcoholism. Through use of opiates, marijuana [sic], nicotine, caffeine, et cetera, Latimer is able to use alcohol without serious addiction. This is more a function of his own self-discipline than scotch itself (not drinking during daylight, for example). While we are on the subject of inaccuracies in *High Times*, let's discuss the fact that any smoke in the lungs is harmful and is the real reason marijuana [sic] should be legalized—so it will be cheap enough to eat in brownies and drink in teas.

Thanks for helping the heads of America,
—R.S.
Boston, Mass.

P.S. Scotch, marijuana [sic], Percodan and Valium are my drugs. Along with sugar.

Mr. Latimer replies, rather testily: "I do not recall that this magazine has ever committed the particular inaccuracy you appear to imply, videlicet, to maintain and state that smoke of any sort in the lungs is harmless. We have said before, and will reiterate



OHH TANNENBAUM

Editor:

As I was going through some photos that I took last Christmas I thought you folks might be interested in the rather unique tree I managed to acquire. (And this year promises to be even better.) Happy holiday.

—Name withheld,
San Diego, Cal.

WONDER DRUG

Editor:

For minor throat irritation or for the steel she loves to feel (and feel and feel), there's nothing like 'em.

—Larry Royers
Lafayette, La.



here, that marijuana smoke has been shown to contain the same harmful 'tars' as tobacco smoke. Research done at U.C. Berkeley in 1978 shows, specifically, that a given quantity of raw marijuana will yield 1.5 times as much aggregate 'tar' as an equal quantity of tobacco. When you smoke a joint the size of a Chesterfield, then, you inhale a Chesterfield and a half's worth of tars. Big fucking deal.

"If this worries you enough that you eat your grass instead of smoking it, well, no harm done. But smoking's still a better way to do grass, because you can instinctively measure and control the dose of imbibed THC, puff by puff. Whereas when you eat it, there's no way to tell, from day to day and dose to dose, how much THC's going to be absorbed into your head from your intestines. Eating or drinking pot is a very tricky proposition, especially for neophytes, who can easily wind up a whole lot higher than they expected or wanted to get.

"And the reason for legalizing grass isn't to make it cheaper, either. It's so nobody will ever go to jail again because of this mildly intoxicating herb, and so that everyone now in jail because of it will get the fuck out. So there, sugarbreath."

COLSON SAVES?

Editor:

You could say that I was a little skeptical when I entered the auditorium at the Federal Prison Camp at Maxwell AFB to hear the ex-Nixon counsel and Watergater Charles Colson speak. I had my doubts about his born-again philosophy and his plans to enlist Christian America in a real, meaningful drive for prison reform. As he began to speak, though, you could tell this was a man who wasn't speaking "above" his audience. He was speaking about the waste of putting men and women in prison for nonviolent crimes. He was promoting alternatives, more probated sentences, community restitution, halfway houses, work-release programs. And he wasn't talking with the usual hypocrisy of a lot of prison-reform Chris-

tians. Here is a man who probably accepts that there are good Christians out there who just happen to enjoy smoking pot.

I'm no big religious freak, but when somebody starts talking about getting "nonviolent offenders"—i.e., marijuana offenders—out of prison, I listen. Charles Colson may be playing hardball for all of us.

—Paul Cornwell II

Acting Director,
Coalition for the Abolition of
Marijuana Prohibition
Camp Maxwell, Ala.

STAPLES ON HIS MIND

Editor:

I just paid \$2.50 for your magazine and the first time I opened it the centerfold fell out. The next time the top staple broke off and then the bottom one almost fell out but I bent it back just in time. Please, I cannot read the September issue because this whole magazine might fall apart at any second. Please send me a new one or give me my money back.

—David Bloom
Granada Hills, Cal.

We're very sorry that you've been having problems with your September issue, David, and you did the right thing in telling us about it. We're sure you'll be glad to know that the crippled orphan who was supporting herself and her six blind, mentally retarded brothers with the money she made stapling High Times magazines together has been fired because of your letter and has been replaced with a spanking new machine.—Ed.



Don Imus is New York's top disc jockey. His weekday morning radio programs on WNBC-AM are notorious for their bona fide "In poor taste" satire of all ethnic groups, leaving many of the city's Jews, Negroes, Poles and Puerto Ricans wishing that Marconi had invented Spaghetti-O's instead of radios. *God's Other Son* (New York: Simon and Schuster), Reel I of which appears as this month's Book Bonus, is his first book. He plans, though, to write lots more, and movies, too. Imus lives in Manhattan with his two IBM typewriters.

CORRECTION

In our October '81 issue, on page 7, the photo at right, center, should have been credited to Lena Bertucci; in the same issue, page 32, photos accompanying the article "Interview: Curtis Sliwa" should also have been credited to Lena Bertucci. We sincerely apologize to Ms. Bertucci for these oversights.

continued on page 72

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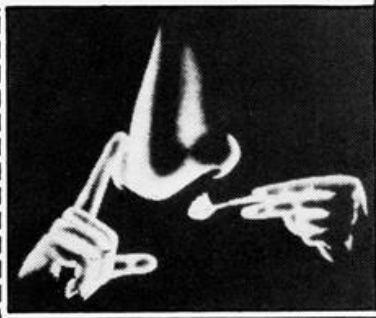
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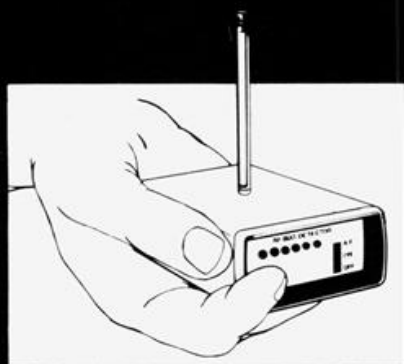
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GETTING OFF

What a Long Strange Year It's Been

by Michael Stepanian

It's hard to believe it's been a year since I began writing this column; in that time we've gone from probable cause to jury trials (with a bunch of heavy conspiracies in between). There were letters from the lawyers and the people, criticizing, encouraging, cajoling and getting pissed off at the stuff I'd written. It's all been grist for my mill, though, and has given me the opportunity to review for myself the different concepts and ideas (probable cause, search and seizure, exclusionary rule, due process, consent, etc.) that form the foundation of criminal justice. These concepts are working tools that defense lawyers and laymen are using more and more these days, and by now you should be familiar with all of them.

Anyway, I'd like to end this year by updating some previous columns, and more generally, by ranting and raving against what I perceive as being some of the irritating heinous-type shit that's going down in the system.

Cars have been an insane situation lately. They've taken a twist and turn which shows you the kind of analysis that is going on. In *Robbins v. California*, kilos in the trunk, packed in opaque bags, could not be searched without a warrant. But Supreme Court justice Potter Stewart took a parting shot at vehicles and said that when a policeman has made a lawful custodial arrest of an occupant of an automobile, he may as a contemporary incident of the arrest reach into the passenger compartment of that automobile and also the containers found within the passenger compartment. We still retain the trunk, but anything in the passenger vehicle—glove compartment, console, whatever—that is available for the cops to search is fair game.

Remember, it used to be that there would have to be probable cause to put a beeper on a vehicle. Now, we know that probable cause is not necessary, but there has to be a "reasonable suspicion." The concepts we will be working with this year are the nuances and technicalities of legal concepts such as *reasonable suspicion*, *reasonable* and *probable cause*, what is mere suspicion, what is clear indication, what is submission to authority. And, speaking of submission to authority, we know that many cases are now being won

in Texas because the cops can't solely by virtue of the DEA profile stop a person and go into their bags, if the person does not allow them to.

As far as boats are concerned, there is a new law that says someone can be arrested on a statute if they are bringing marijuana into the country. But Congress, according to certain states, did not intend to say that a crew of a vessel could be seized 400 miles outside the country and convicted of importing marijuana; the law of the sea says a vessel cannot be boarded unless it's imperative to the health of the residents of a foreign country, *and*, if they are 400 miles out, *how* do they know the crew intended to bring the marijuana into the United States. I guess if they carry some Michelin guides to Canada on their way up from Colombia, they might be in better shape. If the crew abandons the boat and they get picked up in a lifeboat after the ship was wallowing in high seas, the cops can then search the vessel because abandoning the boat even in duress waives the crew's right to object to the search.

Remember my September column, about the Sinsemilla Strike Force, and how the cops who are allegedly "experts" can say from an altitude of 5,000 feet that this is marijuana and that is not? Well, strangely enough, *federal law* requires more than reasonable cause to allow a plane to make what is called an "aerial view." However, it is possible, according to some lawyers' ways of thinking, that the massive organization of Operation Sinsemilla is going to come to a point where there is *probable cause* to believe that the whole of Northern California is growing marijuana and will therefore gain an encompassing aerial view of the entire place. Then they can just go and arbitrarily arrest and seize plants based on their overall plan.

Sweet Jesus on the mountain, sometimes I can't help but feel that the comet watchers have already taken over. Which wouldn't bother Supreme Court justice William Rehnquist one bit. Rehnquist, if you recall, was the man who called for the abrogation of the exclusionary rule, the same man who, as attorney general of Arizona, wrote the state's wiretapping laws and now gets to rule on them in the Supreme Court. Rehnquist would like to dismantle all of the decisions

Tom Wright



of the Warren Court concerning search and seizure during his tenure. And that's really tough on us, because the guy's relatively young, and now he's got Sandra O'Connor, an old Stanford buddy, to work with. I only hope that she will be a little more uptight about Customs trying to get into her friend's pants just on mere suspicion alone. Because according to the Texas Court of Appeals, that's all Customs needs to remove articles of outer clothing, shoes, check empty pockets, wallets and purses. So it looks like the reasonable-suspicion criterion has loosened up and that mere suspicion is enough for them to give you the once-over when crossing a national boundary.

Another ballbuster, this time handed down by the Supreme Court, is their decision that it's okay to lock up two men together, in a two-by-four prison box for any number of years. They leave it up to the legislators to change prison conditions; but legislators and the public *react* not act, and they don't give a damn about prisons. Instead of putting a couple of bucks into the 18-year-old burglar, they'd rather pay later while he spends half of his life behind bars. Legislatures by and large kowtow to the public and are generally chickenshit in the area of criminal justice.

So as we continue into the '80s the prisons are packed (making extra sure not to coddle inmates), the cops are breaking down doors and listening in on the telephone, and the law is looking the other way. Seems a bit grim for our side, but that's okay: I've been playing longshots for so long now that backing the favorite would just bore me.

One more thing. Everyone is invited to the NORML Conference, which is Friday, December 11, in Washington, D.C. This conference has most of the happening lawyers in the United States, discussing how to try a good, solid case, and there will also be a booth dispensing legal information to anyone who comes to the conference.

Regarding my October column on the RICO conspiracies: Due to an editorial mistake it was erroneously implied that I participated in the Hells Angels defense. For the record, I played no part in the defense of the Angels. I apologize to my friends. □

SEX AND THE SINGLE PUFF by "R."

BY NOW WORD must have reached you of the sensational new sex-and-marijuana research report published in a recent issue of the highly respected journal *Science* (sponsored by the American Association for the Advancement of Science). Aside from giving the lie to hysterical scare stories about marijuana and hormones promoted by scientists who have pawned their objectivity and sacrificed their common sense in their greed to leech off government-funded antimarijuana efforts, the new study once again proves how finely tuned and, yes, prophetic are the sensory antennae of yours truly, the Connoisseur.

In case the timid little old ladies who edit daily newspapers and fear printing anything but gloom and doom about marijuana haven't brought the *Science* article to your attention (as they have every single benighted reefer-madness story), let me summarize its finding before we explore its implications for cannabis and human sexuality.

Summarizing a series of experiments by a team of university scientists in Texas, the *Science* report gave a far more complex and subtle two-stage model for the interaction of THC and the glandular system than we have had before. Previous crude lab-mice experiments had seemed to show that ingestion of huge quantities of THC would cause a drop in the levels of the sex hormone testosterone in the blood of mice and a decline in sexual interest. But the university scientists who designed this experiment took into account what they called "the substantial anecdotal evidence" from human users that associated marijuana with increased sexual arousal.

Without going into detail, the bottom line of the new experiments (still based on lab-mice observation but—and this is crucial—now on more carefully phased and timed observations) is that they found that an initial small dose of marijuana raised testosterone production of mice about *six times normal*. And if the initial dose of THC remained small, the levels of hormone—and the general horniness that hormones cause in both men and women—remained elevated.

It was only when more and more THC was pumped into the mice that a hormonal feedback system activated by the pituitary gland triggered the release of a "luteniz-

ing hormone" which *destroyed* testosterone and lowered levels below what they had been before any THC was ingested.

In other words, a little grass will get you horny; *too much* will have a *reverse effect*; self-regulating wisdom of the body will bring you back to earth. Talk about being prophetic. In the "Connoisseur" column preceding this (my discussion of the extraordinary Mount St. Helens volcanic-ash grass) I raised the question of whether some contemporary intensively cultivated grass was *too strong*, whether some growers had produced pod that got you beyond the point of diminishing returns with more than one puff.

Now some misguided and greedy souls among the grass growers have misinterpreted this statement as a criticism of their product. In fact, if they would take the time to think about it, it is high praise indeed because it sets to rest a myth that sinsemilla growers have suffered from: that their product is high priced. Sure, if you compare it crudely on the dollars-per-ounce level with commercial seeded weed, it seems as if sinsemilla is five times as expensive (\$200 per Z as compared to \$40 per Z) as ordinary weed. *But*, if you take into account the recent revelations in *Science* and you compare a good sinsemilla with what remains of a seeded commercial after cleaning the seeds and stems, if you compare the two on a *price per puff* basis, you have a whole different story.

Two people need only two or three puffs of sinsemilla to raise their glandular system and the ensuing proprioceptive sensuality to their maximum pitch of intensity for an entire evening. More is too much. Less is more. Sinsemilla can be a *cheaper* hornier high if you make sure not to smoke too much.

But let's abandon these crude categories of comparison and return to the aesthetic phenomenological perspective favored by the Connoisseur. The less-is-more approach, the return to reverence for the single puff, is a return to a different way of experiencing cannabis consciousness. Remember those first times you tried to get high? Frequently it seemed at first that you weren't getting high. You didn't feel drugged at first; instead you slowly began to notice that certain phenomena in your perceptual field became subtly different: Music revealed new aspects of itself, pictures took on new life, encounters with other people often became more thrilling and dramatic. But you noticed these things *first*. Then you made the connection: Oh, I'm high, it must be the marijuana. If you smoke too much strong marijuana too fast, the first and sometimes the *only* thing you notice is how high you are; you become preoccupied with the mellow-drama of your own internal consciousness and lose some of the special savor a subtly heightened consciousness can draw from *external* experience.

The point of all this is that the less you smoke of *any* kind of marijuana and the more slowly you sip and savor it the more you'll get out of the whole experience of being high. You'll experience more stages of awakening, find more freshness and surprise, more delight in discovery, become a connoisseur of experience, of consciousness as well as of cannabis. To forgo the slow, sweet stages of arousal is to forget the possible pleasures of sex and drugs.

But maybe you know better. The university researchers who undertook this most recent illuminating study were able to make an advance in the psychosexual physiology of marijuana study because

they paid attention to "anecdotal evidence"—to users who described an aphrodisiac sensation from smoking grass. So let's have some anecdotal evidence, HIGH TIMES readers. Maybe you think the more you smoke the better the sex, or maybe you think some special variety does it better, or maybe you think it spoils sex for you. Are the effects on men and women different? Write in and give the scientists, philosophers and connoisseurs who care about such questions some more raw material, so to speak. □

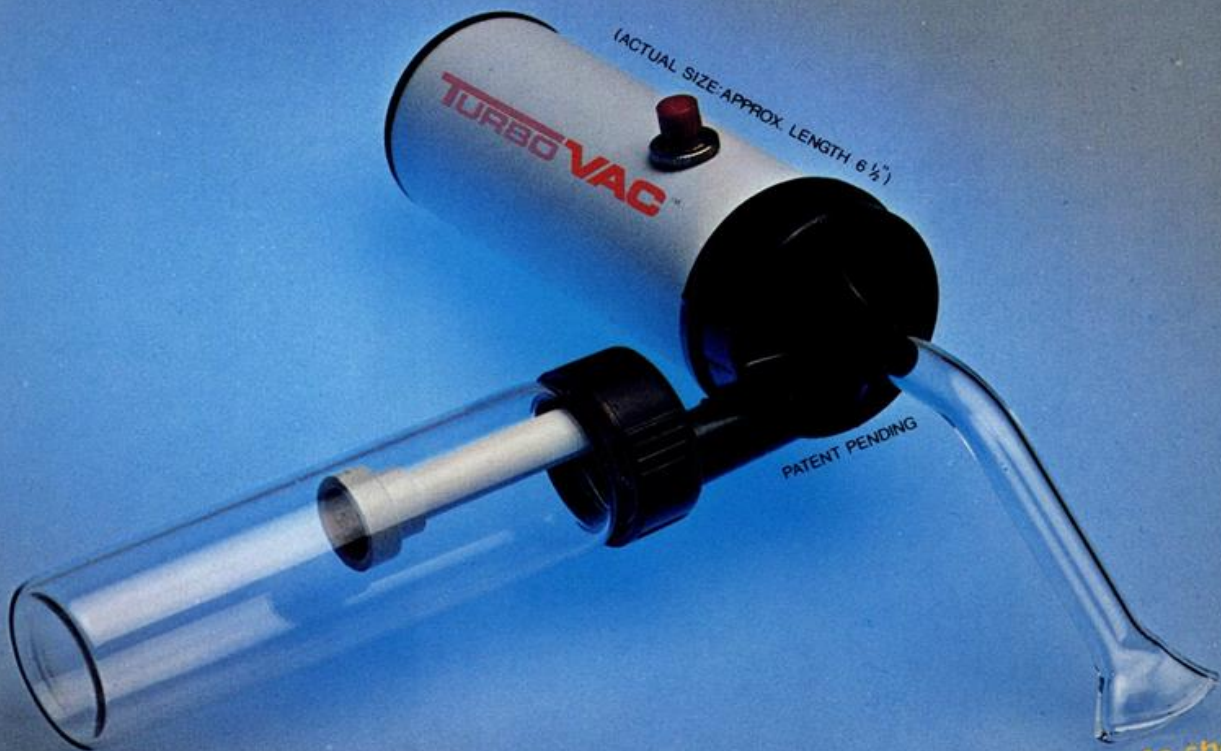


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No. 76

SPECIAL REPORT

HYPOCRITES!

ANTIDRUG CULT LINKED TO MOB CRONIES

BY DENNIS KING



LYNDON
LAROUCHE

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SALES-

men, they trudge door to door in suburban communities. Articulate, well-dressed young people armed with brightly colored magazines and theoretical tracts, they claim to be waging a "war on drugs." They tell you marijuana is destroying the brains of American youth, and they link this to a supposed recent upsurge in the use of heroin and other hard drugs. They ask you to donate money and to enroll in their rapidly growing organization, the National Anti-Drug Coalition (NADC).

The NADC is currently active in at least a dozen states. It publishes a monthly magazine with an estimated circulation of over 30,000; and its mem-

bers are busy buttonholing state legislators (to solicit their votes against marijuana decriminalization), manning literature tables at airports and shopping centers and organizing antidrug rallies and seminars at inner-city churches and high schools.

Critics of NADC have pointed out its close ties to an ultrarightist political cult, the National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC). They have also noted its tendency to imitate NCLC by blaming the narcotics traffic on "Zionists." Yet few critics have doubted NADC and NCLC's basic sincerity in opposing illegal drug trafficking.

That sincerity must now be questioned lock, stock and bar-

rel. HIGH TIMES has accumulated evidence of close working relationships between the NADC's parent group, NCLC, and a number of organized crime-linked labor leaders and of businessmen who operate on the fringes of the law. Some of these relationships predate the formation of the first NCLC-sponsored Anti-Drug Coalition in Michigan in 1978. Indeed, officials of mob-linked locals have endorsed the ADCs; and some NADC/NCLC activists have recently been drawn into a national political campaign to halt the U.S. Justice Department's prosecutions of important organized-crime figures.

Honest citizens who have unwittingly joined NADC on

the basis of its antidrug, anti-organized crime rhetoric, should consider the following facts about the group's NCLC leadership:

- NCLC has been providing, since 1977, propaganda materials and specialized political services for the leaders of some of the most corrupt Teamster locals across the nation.

- NCLC has received substantial political support, and in some instances money, from Teamster officials as well as from officials in the mob-tainted Laborers International Union and in the building trades.

- NCLC hired as its security consultant in 1977 a former defendant in a major Florida drug-smuggling case whose codefendants had included a Cleveland underworld leader. The consultant, Mitchell WerBell III (see "The Man from Powder Springs," page 22), subsequently became an important political adviser to NCLC's inner circle.

- NCLC chairman Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr., was endorsed for president of the United States in 1979 by a top Detroit racketeer who operates within the Teamsters Union. The racketeer, Rolland McMaster, is described in a recent history of the Teamsters as an old associate of Santo Trafficante, Jr., Florida narcotics kingpin.

- LaRouche's presidential campaign committee disbursed over \$96,000 in consulting fees to a company owned by a close associate of McMaster.

- NCLC's official newspaper, *New Solidarity*, has carried over two dozen articles since the first of this year defending recently indicted or convicted organized-crime figures and their associates in the labor movement. According to NCLC, these individuals are simply victims of a McCarthy-style witch-hunt.

- NCLC's Detroit organization, with the support of McMaster, has attempted in recent months to launch a national campaign to raise funds and stir up public sympathy for defendants in the U.S. Jus-

ACCORDING TO LAROCHE, America is being destroyed by a subhuman species of Jewish bankers from London.



Francis J. Sheeran, president of Teamster Local 326.

tice Department's Brilab prosecutions and other major cases against organized crime. The propaganda has included vituperative attacks on the key government witness in the recent trial of New Orleans crime lord Carlos Marcello and in the upcoming trial of Trafficante.

THE CURRENT NCLC attitude toward organized crime has its origins in a political theory developed by LaRouche in the mid 1970s, according to which America is being destroyed by a Rockefeller-led conspiracy of financial speculators and "monetarists." The task of NCLC, LaRouche decided, would be to build a grand coalition of Midwest industrialists, conservative

trade unionists and silent-majority types to smash the monetarists and reestablish the "American" system of industrial progress. (As NCLC descended into anti-Semitism, the Rockefellers were replaced by the Rothschilds as the main bogeymen.) Within this framework, it became easy to justify working with labor racketeers and other corrupt elements, as long as they could be defined as a necessary element in the grand coalition.

In 1976 and early 1977 NCLC attempted to cozy up to the leadership of the United Steelworkers of America, supporting Lloyd McBride against reformer Ed Sadlowski for the union presidency. NCLC failed to make headway

with the USWA, however, and shifted its main focus to the International Brotherhood of Teamsters (IBT). The Teamsters were under heavy fire at the time from the media and the Justice Department; and NCLC soon developed a theory to explain such attacks in terms of the alleged evil monetarist conspiracy.

In 1977 NCLC apparently decided that at least one IBT leader—international vice-president Jackie Presser in Cleveland—was worthy of personal cultivation. Presser was an associate of organized-crime figure John Nardi, who ran Local 410 in Presser's joint council and who had been a codefendant in a pot-smuggling case with NCLC security consultant Mitchell WerBell III.

Presser was already the chief proponent within the Teamster hierarchy of an aggressive public-relations strategy to counter media critics and Teamster reform groups who were exposing the IBT's (and Presser's) alleged links to organized crime. NCLC's *New Solidarity* began to carry articles urging the Teamsters to carry out a Presser-style strategy. And Presser himself, in the April-May 1977 issue of the *Ohio Teamster*, utilized an NCLC-style theory to explain the attacks on the IBT.

The strange convergence was soon noted by Teamsters for a Democratic Union (TDU), a leading Teamster reform group. The September 1977 issue of *Convoy*, the TDU newspaper, reported that NCLC members were showing up at highway off-ramps and busy intersections in several cities to pass out anti-TDU (and pro-Presser) literature. In Cleveland, *Convoy* alleged, NCLC members were advising truckers to call up Presser and were offering his phone number.

ACCORDING TO DEFECTORS from NCLC, Presser became NCLC's most important link to the IBT. These claims were confirmed, in part, by IBT international vice-president Harold Gibbons in December 1979, when

asked about his union's cooperation with NCLC. "Call Jackie Presser," said Gibbons. "He's the one who's had the most contact with them."

In a subsequent phone interview, Presser denied any contact with NCLC. But his absolute denial, dubious enough in 1979, has zero credibility today. At the IBT Convention in Las Vegas last June, Presser was clearly seen by TDU members conversing in a corner of the convention hall with NCLC members who wore guest passes provided by Midwest locals. Says TDU national organizer Ken Paff: "Presser was standing with his bodyguards. He saw them [the NCLC members] ... he walked over, shook their hands, and made small talk in a very friendly way."

Presser's alleged connection with organized crime made national headlines in 1980, when a former mob enforcer, Aladena T. ("Jimmy the Weasel") Fratianno, testified in the trial of a leading San Francisco Teamster that Presser took orders from "La Cosa Nostra." But even in 1977 the connection between the mob and Cleveland Teamsters was widely known; and, certainly, it was known to NCLC: In May 1977 John Nardi was blown up by 16 sticks of dynamite in the parking lot of the Cleveland IBT Joint Council—the victim of mob infighting. *New Solidarity*, which had not previously bothered to cover such matters, carried an item on Nardi's death, noting his position as a Teamster official and speculating that he had been assassinated by the FBI as part of an alleged anti-Teamster vendetta!

NCLC's 1977 "deployments" to win friends in the IBT soon began to bear fruit not just in Cleveland but throughout the country. Cooperation with the highly educated and articulate LaRouchians—especially in efforts to smear the TDU—became quite the fashion for Teamster officials on every level, from the locals and joint councils right up to the general executive board. An NCLC article was glowing-

TEAMSTER OFFICIALS TO THE ADC:
"As leaders of the American labor movement, we give 100 percent support to your coalition's efforts to clean up the drug trade."



Left: Carlos Marcello; right: Jackie Presser.

ly summarized in *Teamster News*, the organ of Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano's Joint Council 73; and NCLC rhetoric and conspiracy theories began to show up even in the speeches and press releases of the IBT's late president, Frank Fitzsimmons.

IN ADDITION, SOPHISTICATED NCLC propaganda pamphlets such as *The Plot to Destroy the Teamsters* (which alleges control of TDU by Wall Street bankers and liberal foundations) began to circulate in locals from New York to California. By late 1977, according to *New Solidarity*, 46,000 copies of the *The Plot* had been sold, in large part through "bulk, wholesale purchases" by Teamster lo-

cals (a map purported to show bulk purchases by 20 locals in 12 states). TDU and other Teamster reform groups were later able to cite a number of instances where *The Plot* or other NCLC propaganda pieces were mailed to the membership of a local (with a cover letter from a local official and/or using union mailing labels) or were circulated at union halls.

NCLC also undertook to gather "intelligence" on behalf of Teamster leaders. For instance, they infiltrated the June 10-11, 1978, national conference of the Professional Drivers Council (PROD), an IBT reform group that has since merged with TDU. The result was a "Special Report for the Teamster Leadership,"

prepared by New Solidarity International Press Service (business name for NCLC's intelligence staff). The sophisticated 32-page report gave a detailed description of the conference and included excerpts from "background interviews" (reportedly elicited under false pretenses) with several PROD leaders and with top Justice Department organized-crime strike force officials.

Most important, NCLC offered its propaganda specialists to intervene in local Teamster elections wherever traditional leaders were threatened by insurgent slates. NCLC spokesmen appeared at union meetings prior to elections to "brief" the membership on the alleged anti-labor conspiracy of communists, PROD, TDU, Ralph Nader and liberal foundations. NCLC also provided leaflets and other literature that was used, according to TDU and PROD, in many local elections around the country.

In the fall of 1978 NCLC helped out the leadership of Local 282 on Long Island, which was challenged by reformers linked to PROD. The president of the local was John Cody, a four-time convicted felon and an associate of organized crime (the late Carlo Gambino was an official greeter at Cody's son's wedding). One official of the local during 1978 was Harold Gross, a convicted extortionist and a former associate of Murder, Inc. In the 1950s Gross had been the head of a Miami Teamster local established by Rolland McMaster—with the alleged help of Santo Trafficante, Jr.

After defeating the insurgents in December 1978, Cody told NCLC members at a victory party, according to *New Solidarity*: "You gave us the ammunition to win." Whether or not the quote is authentic, the executive board of Local 282 did purchase a \$500 subscription to NCLC's *Executive Intelligence Review* (a newsmagazine) the following month, to be sent to Cody. (Local 282 is apparently not the only purchaser of *EIR* in

Teamsterland; spokesmen for TDU report that the virulently anti-Semitic weekly has been spotted in IBT halls around the country.)

Ironically, the same month NCLC campaigned for the reelection of Cody it also staged the founding conference in Detroit of the Michigan Anti-Drug Coalition, the first of several Anti-Drug Coalitions (ADCs) that would later merge into a national organization. The Michigan coalition was tainted from the beginning by endorsements from officials of corrupt Teamster locals. For instance, an officer

ROLLAND McMASTER: "THERE'S been discussion by some locals about endorsing LaRouche.... People like [that] he's in the Democratic Party now."

of Cody's Local 282 was a cosigner of a telegram to the convention stating: "As lead-

ers of the American labor movement, we give 100 percent support to your coal-

tion's efforts to clean up the drug trade and pledge our help to rid our nation of this evil disease."

The phoniness of the ADCs became even more obvious the following May when Teamster general organizer Rolland McMaster showed up at a Michigan ADC benefit, after meeting earlier in the day with LaRouche, and issued a statement endorsing LaRouche for president and calling on Teamster officials across the nation to support their local ADCs.

NCLC reciprocated by hailing McMaster as "one of the

THE MAN FROM POWDER SPRINGS

IN 1977 NCLC'S LEADERSHIP HIRED AN OUTSIDE SECURITY expert to advise them on how to guard Lyndon LaRouche against presumed assassins.

LaRouche believed himself to be a prime target, at the time, of left-wing terrorists, who had just slain Jurgen Ponto, head of West Germany's Dresdner Bank. (LaRouche strongly identified with the policies of Ponto, whose bank bears the historic distinction of having handled the banking of Heinrich Himmler's SS during the 1930s.)

The expert hired by NCLC was Mitchell WerBell III of Powder Springs, Georgia, a former international munitions dealer who happens to be a member of the Liberty Lobby, an anti-Semitic far-right group that works closely with NCLC. WerBell sent an aide to West Germany to organize security during a trip by LaRouche to the Wiesbaden headquarters of NCLC's German branch.

WerBell is a colorful good old boy who has on two occasions plotted unsuccessful invasions of Caribbean islands. He is best known for developing the Ingram submachine gun, a popular weapon with drug smugglers. His wide contacts in the Caribbean date back to the 1950s, when he was a security adviser to Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista. Over the past decade his reported associates have included fugitive financier Bobby Vesco, Watergate burglar Frank Sturgis and a strange assortment of gunrunners, petty hoodlums, mercenaries, superpatriots, Cuban exile fanatics, Third World militarists, and former honchos of the

CIA's alliance (in the 1960s and early '70s) with Golden Triangle drug smugglers in Southeast Asia.

According to NCLC defectors, WerBell charmed the top LaRouchians with colorful stories of intrigue and also provided them with detailed information about the inner workings of the international drug traffic (much of which would find its way into the NCLC book *Dope, Inc.*, which carries an endorsement from WerBell on its back cover).

Defectors say that WerBell's political influence on the inner councils of NCLC soon became greater than that of any other outsider. Said one former member of NCLC's national staff: "They [the NCLC leadership] were on the phone with WerBell almost daily; whenever something important happened, they'd call 'Mitch.'"

WerBell provided paramilitary training for a number of LaRouchian security staffers at his Powder Springs estate, nicknamed "The Farm" in apparent imitation of the CIA's covert-action training school in Virginia. He also hosted meetings in Washington, D.C., between his friends in the CIA (he is widely believed to have been a CIA contract employee in the 1960s) and top LaRouchians such as Konstantinos Kalimtgis.

WerBell is no mobster, but his checkered history as revealed in court records, government hearings and press interviews reveals him to be a man capable of opening a few doors.

His most serious clash with the law came in a Miami drug-smuggling case in 1975-76. WerBell was indicted with four alleged coconspirators, including the late Cleveland underworld leader John Nardi (an associate of Teamster vice-president Jackie Presser), on charges of plotting to smuggle 50,000 pounds of pot from Colombia to Florida.

Before the trial began, the key prosecution witness, cocaine smuggler and former WerBell pal Kenneth Burnstine, was killed in a mysterious crash of his private plane; and all five defendants were found not guilty. But two of the defendants, a Cleveland businessman and a Florida arms dealer, were indicted separately on gun-running charges. The guns, purchased from WerBell, were allegedly to have been flown out of the country from a private Florida airstrip. Also indicted in the gun-running case were two Cleveland mobsters, Dominick Bartone and Henry A. Grecco, the latter an associate of Nardi. (Grecco and Nardi were both slain later in mob infighting. An FBI report prior to Grecco's death described him as a "cold-blooded killer.")



At home with Mitchell WerBell III.

Wide World

most respected . . . voices in all of organized labor." In fact, he is a notorious racketeer who took the Fifth Amendment more than 50 times before the McClellan Committee in 1959 and was sent to federal prison in 1966 on 32 counts of labor extortion.

ACCORDING TO *THE HOFFA Wars* by Dan Moldea (the definitive study of Teamster corruption), McMaster has long been one of the Teamsters' top muscle men and an associate of high-level organized-crime figures. Moldea devotes more attention to McMaster than to any other living Teamster leader and describes a large number of beatings, bombings and related acts of mayhem carried out, supposedly, by McMaster's followers.

One source cited by Moldea is Edward Partin, the former Teamster official whose testimony led to Jimmy Hoffa's 1964 jury-tampering conviction.

"According to Partin," writes Moldea, "McMaster was a personal Hoffa liaison to Meyer Lansky, Santos Trafficante, the Dorfman family and the syndicate in Chicago, and the Genovese mob of New Jersey and New York."

The earliest contact between McMaster and Trafficante, Moldea says, was in 1957, when Hoffa sent McMaster to Miami to set up Local 320. The local "served as a front for many of the mob's gambling and narcotics activities. Trafficante . . . occupied a small office in the union hall."

Moldea also discusses McMaster's role as the IBT's top negotiator in the Detroit steelhauling industry, which is heavily infiltrated by organized crime (for instance, the Meli crime family, which once played an important role, according to Moldea, in coordinating the Midwest heroin traffic).

McMaster's endorsement of LaRouche for president was not just a temporary enthusiasm. In a telephone interview in January 1980 he was still supportive of the NCLC chair-

IN MAY 1975 THE HOME OF AN Indiana businessman was dynamited. Afterwards Ferris was alleged to have told him: "We have some Italian friends whom I can get to do what I want."



Top: LaRouche with Joint Council 65 president Bill Bounds; bottom: LaRouche with Joint Council 65 DRIVE chairman Francis Hicks.

man, in spite of an open letter by Frank Fitzsimmons to the IBT membership disavowing the McMaster statement of May 1979 (of which NCLC had distributed—or so they claimed—over 100,000 copies). "There's been discussion by some locals about endorsing LaRouche," McMaster said, adding that he himself had been talking it up with union officials in Florida. "People like [that] he's in the Democratic Party now," McMaster explained. (LaRouche had declared as a Democrat in the fall of 1979, after presenting himself earlier as the candidate of the now-defunct U.S. Labor Party.)

But McMaster failed to mention one important item: In early September 1979 Citi-

zens for LaRouche (CFL), the official LaRouche campaign committee, had begun making payments to a consulting firm whose certificate to do business had been hastily obtained on August 30 at the Oakland County, Michigan, clerk's office. The firm, Project Consulting Services Co., was headed by one John R. Ferris, who is a close friend of McMaster.

According to *The Hoffa Wars*, McMaster is suspected by law-enforcement officials of having been Ferris's concealed business partner in a Detroit hotel and possibly in other ventures (for instance, the ownership of tractors and trailers at Capitol Cartage, a steelhauling firm linked to the Melis). The Moldea book

also alleges that:

- In 1969 McMaster, as head of Local 299, appointed Ferris to administer the local's Saline, Michigan, recreation area. A valuable stand of black walnut trees was promptly cut down and sold (on McMaster's orders)—and opponents of McMaster say the money never found its way into the union treasury.

- In the spring of 1975 Ferris came under investigation by state authorities on suspicion of involvement in a scheme to use hot trailers to haul loads of stolen steel coil. An associate of Ferris was subsequently indicted and pleaded guilty to hauling stolen steel.

- In May 1975 the home of an Indiana businessman who owed money to McMaster was dynamited. Several days later the businessman was sought out by Ferris, who allegedly stated in reference to the debt: "We have some Italian friends whom I can get to do what I want."

- Also in 1975 Ferris allowed one of McMaster's muscle men to live rent free in his hotel; and in September Ferris and McMaster were arrested for allegedly pistol-whipping a motorist during a traffic dispute on a Michigan highway (the charges were eventually dropped).

ACCORDING TO FEDERAL Election Commission (FEC) records, Citizens for LaRouche paid Project Consulting a total of \$96,231.54 in the period 1979-80, a large portion of which was paid specifically during the time in which Citizens for LaRouche was in receipt of federal matching funds (CFL eventually received over a half million dollars in taxpayers' money). Project Consulting's main function for the Lyndon LaRouche campaign was to send in experts to New Hampshire to oversee LaRouche's primary bid. One of these experts was a former Michigan state senator named Edward J. Robinson, who only the previous June had been sentenced to six months in federal prison for his role in a \$3-million land

swindle but had remained out of prison on appeal.

HIGH TIMES asked Ferris to give his version of the consulting project story. In a telephone interview he said that two of LaRouche's followers had approached him in 1979 to help with LaRouche's campaign. He was reluctant to get involved and therefore quoted them what he thought would be a prohibitive price. But to his amazement they accepted it—a price so high, he said, "I couldn't say no." Ferris had previously done political consulting work; but Project Consulting was set up exclusively for the LaRouche campaign. Ferris himself worked on the campaign in New Hampshire along with Robinson and one other employee, whose name Ferris would not reveal, although he did describe the third man as a former high-level Republican Party official in Michigan.

Did Rolland McMaster play any role in bringing Ferris and the LaRouchians together? Ferris denied it. He also denied that McMaster is a concealed partner in any of his business ventures, or that the allegations about Ferris's participation in illegal activities,

ONE DRAWBACK IN USING LaRouchians to intervene in Teamster internal affairs is that they are complete outsiders, even when they wear flowery shirts in an attempt to fit in.

reported by Moldea, were true. As to the altercation between Ferris and McMaster and the Michigan motorist: "I did whack him [the motorist] on the head with a gun—he attacked me with a knife first."

Ferris claimed that the LaRouchians still owe him \$200,000 for his New Hampshire services, although he doesn't believe he can ever collect. Curiously, this alleged debt is not listed by CFL in its latest report of debts and obligations to the FEC. Failure to report outstanding campaign debts is a violation of Section 434 of the Federal Election Campaign Act and of Section 104.3(d) of the FEC regulations.

CFL's dealings with Ferris may become an issue before the courts on other grounds as well. An FEC Audit Division report on CFL's handling of the LaRouche matching funds, released earlier this year, concluded that CFL had overspent its allocation for New Hampshire, among other things, and should be required to pay back \$110,618.53. The audit report also noted that several unspecified matters uncovered during the audit had been referred to the FEC general counsel's office.

LA ROUCHE'S POOR SHOWING of only 2,300 votes in New Hampshire apparently put an end to any possibility of major out-in-the-open support from

the Teamsters. Yet a trickle of support continued.

The president of an Illinois local, according to *New Solidarity*, ran as a candidate on LaRouche's delegate slate in the state's Democratic primary. And the March 24, 1980, "Special Teamster Edition" of LaRouche's *Campaign News* shows a picture of LaRouche with Bill Bounds, president of Joint Council 65 in Illinois. The story underneath quotes Bounds as saying (in introducing LaRouche to a monthly meeting of the joint council): "I want you to meet my dear friend Lyn LaRouche, who's been a friend of labor and of the Teamsters for years . . . He deserves your support for the presidency." (The back of the newsletter contained a picture of Rolland McMaster—glass eye and all—and the full text of his May 1979 endorsement.)

Observers at the recent IBT convention described NCLC guests hanging out with McMaster; but TDU sources say that Presser, not McMaster, is still NCLC's most important contact in the IBT. Presser is today the number two man in the entire 1.9-million-member union, and the one who (if he

HIGH TIMES DOPE DOSSIER NO. ONE

Subject: National Caucus of Labor Committees
Aliases: U.S. Labor Party, National Democratic Policy Committee.
Address: 304 West 58th Street, Manhattan, plus about 30 offices or post-office boxes around the country.

THE CULTLIKE NATIONAL CAUCUS OF LABOR COMMITTEES, led by perennial presidential candidate Lyndon LaRouche, Jr., has followed a bizarre course from the far left to the far right of the political spectrum. It began in 1968 on the Columbia University campus as a Marxist faction of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). By 1974, it was widely known for its conspiracy theories, for allegedly brainwashing its members, and for beating up rival leftists (for instance, Operation Mop-Up, a series of over 60 violent NCLC attacks on members of the Communist party and Socialist Workers party).

In 1976 NCLC repudiated Marxism and announced it would henceforth walk in the footsteps of Alexander Hamilton and George Washington. It then linked up with the anti-Semitic Liberty Lobby and Roy Frankhauser of the Pennsylvania Ku Klux Klan.

In the guise of "neoPlatonic humanism," NCLC began to publish in 1978 some of the most rabid anti-Semitic propaganda America has seen since the 1930s. LaRouche and his followers excoriated the Jews for crucifying Jesus, called the Holocaust in World War Two a Zionist myth, described the *Protocols of Zion* (a bogus document which purports to reveal a Jewish conspiracy to take over the world) as "factual," and attacked the Rothschilds and other wealthy Jewish bankers as a subhuman species, apart from the human race.

Since then, NCLC has become a wealthy organization operating with computers and highspeed document transmission machines for its rapidly growing publishing empire and its private intelligence service. It has infiltrated the Democratic party in several states; and its political front organizations, such as the NADC and the Fusion Energy Foundation (the latter best known for its "Feed Jane Fonda to the Whales" slogan), have a total membership of over 20,000.

Defectors estimate NCLC's current income from fund-raising, sale of literature, and the profits of NCLC-controlled businesses at between \$10 million and \$15 million per year.

For a full picture of NCLC's activities, see Chip Berlet's "War on Drugs: The Strange Story of Lyndon LaRouche," HIGH TIMES, May 1981.

stays out of serious legal difficulties) will probably succeed current IBT president Roy Lee Williams if the current federal indictment of Williams on bribery charges results in conviction and a prison sentence.

Apparently, both Presser and NCLC are operating in a more sophisticated manner than in the past. For IBT leaders such as Presser, one drawback in using the LaRouchians to intervene in internal Teamster matters is that the LaRouchians are complete outsiders—even when they wear flowery shirts in an attempt to fit in. Only one working Teamster in the nation ever belonged to NCLC, and he quit last year.

IBT leaders didn't attempt to use the LaRouchians very much at the convention. Instead, Presser concocted a couple of acronyms, TRUTH (Teamster Ranks United to Help) and BLAST (Brotherhood of Loyal Americans and Strong Teamsters); imported some genuine rank-and-file goons; and drafted leaflets that made the same points as the LaRouchians but without their disconcerting references to the queen of England. Result: a strong atmosphere of intimidation for the Teamster reform elements. BLAST roughed up TDU chairman Camarata in the presence of a reporter (an action somewhat less extreme than the "necktie party" recently suggested by *New Solidarity* for TDU organizer Paff); and well-known Teamster officials helped to pass out a TRUTH leaflet to reporters and delegates containing NCLC-style charges about "Commie-Rat-A" (Camarata) and "Ayatollah Mel" (TDU trustee Mel Packer).

Meanwhile, NCLC has been proving its usefulness in new ways. It has established a front group and newsletter to conduct propaganda untainted by direct association with LaRouche. And, according to TDU, it has been responsible for a wave of libelous leaflets and forged letters that have been quite damaging to the Teamster reform movement.

The nastiest of the forgeries

THE NATIONAL DIRECTOR OF THE AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education denounced LaRouche as "anti-labor, anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic and anti-minorities."



was a letter (mailed in April 1981, in a plain envelope with no return address, to Teamster locals throughout the country) that attempted to link TDU chairman Camarata to the National Right to Work Committee (NRWC), a rabidly antilabor lobbying group.

"Pete," said the letter, purportedly from the director of NRWC to Camarata, "you are going to have the NRWC's total effort of support in your upcoming effort to disrupt the Teamsters' Convention..." And so on, in that vein.

Convoy denounced the forgery as emanating from the NCLC. (Indeed, the text contained telltale references to the Mont Pelerin Society and the Heritage Foundation—key "enemies" in NCLC's

conspiracy theory of politics.) But many Teamster officials and their cronies had already seized upon it as a convenient means of discrediting TDU, just as they had seized on the *Plot* pamphlet in 1978. Reports began to pour into the TDU national office from rank-and-file Teamsters throughout the country who had received copies of the forgery. The president of an Alabama local mailed it at union expense to the homes of members. It was also distributed, according to *Convoy*, by officers of locals in St. Louis, Toledo and San Antonio; and these, *Convoy* added, were only a few of the many examples reported. "It is clear," the TDU paper said, "that a national distribution of the Big

Lie is underway."

During the 1980 LaRouche presidential campaign NCLC attempted to expand its influence into the Laborers International Union and other mob-influenced construction unions. The LaRouchians were helped by the fact that their organization has long fought against environmentalism, which is perceived by the building trades as holding up construction projects (especially nuclear power plants) and thus denying jobs to construction workers.

LaRouche's speeches and campaign literature called for the construction of 1,000 nuclear power plants and an end to high interest rates on construction loans. Soon, money was flowing into LaRouche's campaign coffers from construction contractors across the nation (perhaps the largest occupational bloc among LaRouche contributors); and he began to get support—according to *New Solidarity*—from Laborers Union officials in Wisconsin and other states.

A significant breakthrough came in May 1980, when a group of Laborers Union and building-trades officials in California announced their support for LaRouche's Democratic primary bid and launched a campaign committee (on paper, at least). According to *New Solidarity*, a similar committee was formed in Ohio. And FEC records show that Citizens for LaRouche received a \$500 donation from the Morris County, New Jersey, Building Trades Council.

At least one important trade-union official began to worry. Alexander E. Barkan, national director of the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education (COPE), wrote a memorandum for national circulation on July 31, 1980, stating: "Reports I've received contain the disturbing suggestion that some local union and local council officials not only have attended meetings convened by LaRouche, but have permitted their names to be used subsequently as members of a committee support-

ing his candidacy." Barkan's memorandum denounced LaRouche as "anti-labor, anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic and anti-minorities."

While LaRouche's campaign was in progress, the U.S. Justice Department was moving against a number of labor racketeers from coast to coast. International Longshoreman's Association vice-president Anthony Scotto was indicted and convicted. Teamsters and building-trades officials in several cities were indicted. And the bribery sting operations code-named Brilab were zeroing in on public officials, union leaders and organized-crime figures in the Sun Belt.

NCLC apparently saw Brilab as a golden opportunity to

THE NCLC HAS LAUNCHED A national campaign, similar in form to its "war on drugs," to defend reputed racketeers and mobsters.

win new friends. Among ex-NCLC members, the rumor is that emissaries of the LaRouche organization began to talk directly with top organized-crime figures in the Midwest, the Northeast and the South. True or not, NCLC

propaganda, by early 1981, was supporting mob-linked defendants in a flagrant manner:

ITEM: In March 1981 Salvatore and Nuncio Provenzano, leaders of Teamster Joint Council 73 in New Jersey,

went on trial in federal court in Newark on racketeering charges. They are the brothers of former Joint Council 73 head Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano, a captain in the Genovese crime family and currently a convict in federal prison serving 20 years for labor racketeering (to be followed by additional time for a first-degree murder conviction). *New Solidarity* ignored the actual evidence against the Provenzanos, instead choosing to blindly defend them as labor martyrs. An April 16 article, "Trial of IBT's Provenzano Brothers a Shocking Farce," accused the Justice Department of "attempting a classic frame-up" and compared it to "similar methods" allegedly used to "frame up"

THE RESORTS INTERNATIONAL CONTRACT

IN ITS ATTEMPT TO BECOME THE GUARDIAN OF PUBLIC MORALS, NCLC has long crusaded against casino gambling, and especially against Resorts International, which owns and operates an Atlantic City, New Jersey, casino.

The NCLC book *Dope, Inc.* (sold via the National Anti-Drug Coalition) devotes an entire chapter to Resorts, depicting it as the linchpin of an international Zionist operation for laundering drug money. "Resorts International equals bigtime drug trafficking," alleges the book.

NCLC leaders felt strongly enough about this point that, when the State of New Jersey was considering a permanent license for the Resorts casino in January 1979, NCLC staged a rally in Trenton, the state capital, to demand that the license be withheld.

But after NCLC adopted this public stance, a computer-software firm controlled by top NCLC leaders quietly established a connection with Resorts.

In the fall of 1979, on the recommendation of a leading minicomputer hardware manufacturer, Resorts hired Computron Technologies Corporation (the NCLC-linked firm) as one of its software vendors.

According to Resorts assistant corporate controller (now vice-president) Bob Gensamer, in an early 1980 telephone interview, Computron contracted with the casino "to write a series of programs for our development division in jobs cost, accounts payable and general ledger."

Resorts officials were apparently unaware of the Computron-NCLC connection until after the contract was completed. "I'm amazed," said Anthony Rey, vice-president of Resorts International Hotel, in a telephone interview early last year.

Computron today has severed its relations with NCLC as a result of a money dispute between the firm's founders and NCLC chairman Lyndon LaRouche. But at the time of Computron's contract with Resorts, several persons in the software firm's chain of command appeared to be linked either directly or through their spouses with NCLC's previ-

ous intelligence-gathering and harassment operations against Resorts:

- One of the Computron systems analysts who wrote the software programs for Resorts's Wang VS-2200 computer was Yoram Gelman, according to Gensamer. Gelman is the husband of Felice Gelman, the coauthor (under her maiden name Felice Merrit) of a lengthy exposé of Resorts ("Organized Crime Goes Legit") in the December 12, 1978, *Executive Intelligence Review*, a magazine published by the NCLC intelligence staff. The article attempted to prove that Resorts controls state politics in New Jersey.

- The Computron vice-president in charge of research and development (and the firm's registered agent for New Jersey) was Mark Stahlman, formerly the electronics specialist for NCLC's security staff. Stahlman is one of ten persons thanked in the acknowledgement section of *Dope, Inc.* for unspecified "contributions" to the book, which was published in late 1978.

- The Computron vice-president in charge of systems was one Fletcher James. He is the husband of Marilyn James, who is listed by the authors of *Dope, Inc.* as one of three key researchers whose work "supplied the core" of the book.

Equally amusing was the role of Konstantinos Kalimtgis (a.k.a. Gus Axios), founder of Computron, majority owner through 1978, husband of the office manager who signed the checks, and closest adviser to the firm's president.

Kalimtgis, at the time of the Resorts contract, was also chief of staff of NCLC (a job he kept until his financial squabble with LaRouche in December 1980) and as such was in charge of all NCLC intelligence-gathering operations. In addition, he was the senior of three authors of *Dope, Inc.*

At the Trenton rally against casino gambling, Kalimtgis was the keynote speaker. According to NCLC's newspaper account, he described the battle against Resorts International as a battle to save humanity from the British oligarchy (NCLC's code word for international Jewry). The NCLC article then quoted him as saying, "Of course, some of the oligarchy may die in this battle," but adding that, in a spiritual sense, "they are dead already..."

Tony Pro. The article described how the Justice Department was treating the jury to "the spectacle of a parade of bought-and-paid-for government witnesses." After the conviction of Nuncio Provenzano on May 1, a *New Solidarity* article charged that the outcome "underscores the near impossibility of receiving a fair trial in the politically motivated Justice Department prosecutions of trade union leaders."

ITEM: Also in March 1981, New Orleans organized-crime boss Carlos Marcello went on trial on charges of conspiring to bribe Louisiana public officials. His indictment, as part of the Brilab crackdown in the Gulf states, was followed in early June by a labor-racketeering indictment, in Miami, of Santo Trafficante, Jr., along with Chicago underworld leader Anthony Accardo, Laborers Union president Angelo Fosco, and 13 coconspirators.

New Solidarity's response avoided mentioning the names of Marcello, Trafficante and Accardo. Instead, the NCLC paper focused on the union officials involved, whom it described as victims of "the most widespread witch-hunt ever attempted against American labor." The New Orleans and Miami indictments were termed "anti-labor probes," and the charges against the defendants (by implication, all the defendants) were termed "bogus" and "flimsy." The article singled out for special attack one Joseph Hauser, a prosecution witness slated to testify in both trials: "There is no reason," *New Solidarity* said, "why any jury should believe a word this convicted criminal says." (Editor's note: On August 4 Carlos Marcello was found guilty on one count of conspiracy. The Trafficante trial has not yet begun.)

ITEM: In July 1980 Francis J. Sheeran, president of Teamster Local 326 in Wilmington, Delaware, was indicted in Wilmington on labor-racketeering and mail-fraud charges. This was his second indictment in less than two years. In September 1979 a

NCLC'S STRATEGY HAS BEEN TO appeal to mob-linked trade-union officials and to segments of the rank and file that view such leaders as legitimate.



Philadelphia grand jury had charged him with two murders, four attempted murders, embezzlement and a bombing and had named Russell Bufalino and the late Angelo Bruno, both top Mafia figures in Pennsylvania, as undicted coconspirators.

New Solidarity seized on Sheeran's 1980 acquittal in the Philadelphia case in order to misrepresent the Delaware case as "double jeopardy" (in fact, the charges were totally separate). The NCLC paper failed to consider seriously the evidence against Sheeran or his long history as an associate of organized crime. Instead, *New Solidarity* attacked the chief prosecution witness as a "rat," branded the government's efforts a "frame-up at-

tempt" and hailed Sheeran as "a labor leader committed to policies of growth and development for the United States."

On April 8 Sheeran held a press conference to denounce the alleged frame-up, with NCLC Baltimore leader Larry Freeman seated with him. At the close, according to *New Solidarity*, Sheeran called on Freeman to make a statement, which included an attack on the federal government and the "International Socialists" for attempting to undermine the union position of Sheeran and other "respected and traditional labor leaders." (Note: This is the same Frank Sheeran who, according to federal investigators, drove to the Pontiac, Michigan, airport to pick up

three reputed enforcers for the Genovese crime family on the morning of July 30, 1975—the day Jimmy Hoffa disappeared.)

NCLC also moved to launch a national campaign—similar in form to its "war on drugs"—to defend the above and other reputed racketeers and mobsters. The apparent strategy was to appeal to mob-linked trade-union officials and to segments of the rank and file that view such leaders as legitimate, in an effort to rally them for a political counterattack.

THE FIRST STEP WAS THE formation in 1980 of the Committee against Brilab and Abscam (CABA), with headquarters in Detroit and Houston. A press statement by CABA announced that a "prestigious roster of labor leaders" had joined CABA's advisory board. Not surprisingly, the first name on the roster was Rolland McMaster, followed by an officer of IBT Joint Council 65, and several officials of the Laborers Union and other construction unions or building-trades councils.

The Statement of Principles of the advisory board included an affirmation of support for a CABA "Trust" set up to solicit funds. The funds would be used, the statement said, to provide defendants with legal assistance and to "research background material and provide investigators for attorneys and publications" (apparently, an allusion to the work of NCLC's intelligence staff).

CABA staged a press conference in October 1980 in New Orleans—where the Brilab indictments of Marcello and four codefendants had been issued the previous June—to declare support for Brilab and Abscam defendants across the country. The spokesman at the press conference was Tim Richardson, "bureau chief" of NCLC's *Executive Intelligence Review*, who claimed that CABA had a \$35,000 war chest, mostly from national labor unions. According to the *Times-Pica-*

ANTI-DRUG COALITION A FRONT FOR NCLC

ALTHOUGH THE NATIONAL ANTI-DRUG COALITION MAY ENJOY support from sincere individuals who have no direct link to NCLC, there can be no doubt that NCLC dominates the NADC:

- NADC and its monthly magazine, *War on Drugs*, have their headquarters on the fifth floor of 304 West 58th Street in Manhattan, in an office suite that is also the national headquarters of NCLC and provides space for at least seven NCLC business fronts.

- The chairman of NADC is Allen Salisbury, a member of the national executive committee of NCLC.

- The editor in chief of *War on Drugs* is Nora Hamerman, who is a member of NCLC's national staff and the wife of top LaRouche aide Warren Hamerman.

- The majority of the staff and editorial advisory board of *War on Drugs*, as listed in the May 1981 issue, is composed of NCLC members.

- As of August 1979, the telephone numbers for ADC offices in 25 of 28 cities matched those of the U.S. Labor Party, an electoral arm of NCLC. Today, the Manhattan number for NADC's national headquarters is on the same Centrex system as the number for NCLC.

- The 406-page *Dope, Inc.* (the "bible" of NADC) was written by three top NCLC honchos and published by NCLC's publishing house. In the acknowledgements section the authors state that *Dope, Inc.* was "commissioned" by Chairman LaRouche and that it was "produced under his direction."

yune, Richardson declined to say if any of the New Orleans defendants had accepted the group's offers of aid.

Brilab indictments had also taken place in Houston; and one Houston defendant, an official of the International Union of Operating Engineers, tentatively agreed to work with CABA. An attorney for the defendant told the *Houston Post* that information gathered by CABA against a prosecution witness would be used in the defense. However, other Texas Brilab defendants rejected CABA's help; and the committee also apparently ran into opposition to its efforts to dun the local trade-union movement: Don Horn, secretary-treasurer of the Harris County AFL-CIO, denounced the LaRouche group as "cheap muscle people."

As of July 1981 the Houston phone number for CABA had been disconnected; and the group is apparently being directed exclusively from De-

troit, where its phone number and address are listed under the name of NCLC member Larry Sherman, who also signed a mail solicitation for CABA last winter and is listed as editor on the masthead of the *American Labor Beacon*, which boosts CABA's work.

Sherman recently moved to Detroit from the Boston area, where he has a well-documented history as an NCLC political operative. In 1974, he ran for Congress on an anti-busing platform in a district that included the segregationist hotbed of South Boston. In 1977 he served as an informant for the New Hampshire State Police against the Clamshell Alliance, an anti-nuke group, concocting false information about alleged Clamshell plans for "terrorism" at the Seabrook, New Hampshire, construction site.

Sherman's role as an informant was revealed in a New Hampshire State Police intelligence report made public some months later by Clam-

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shell activists. In a subsequent interview with the *Concord Monitor* Sherman proudly admitted his role and also described how NCLC had earlier provided the state police in three New England states with a ten-page intelligence report on a militant leftist group.

Curiously, the major publication of Sherman's CABA is a pamphlet that contains a vigorous denunciation of snitches and stool pigeons. Entitled *Brilab-Abscam: Union-Busting in America*, it is reprinted from *Investigative Leads*, a bimonthly counter-terrorist newsletter published by New Solidarity International Press Service, Inc. (the NCLC intelligence staff).

THE OFFICES OF BOTH *Investigative Leads* and the press service are in New York, on the fifth floor of 304 West 58th Street: the national headquarters of NCLC. In 1980, when the *Brilab* report was published, the editor of

POWERFUL TEAMSTERS HAVE provided the NCLC with the opportunity to spread its anti-Semitic propaganda within the largest trade union in America.

Investigative Leads was Michele Steinberg, wife of NCLC security chief Jeff Steinberg. Today Mrs. Steinberg is the associate editor of *War on Drugs*, magazine of the NADC.

To date, *Brilab-Abscam: Union-Busting in America* is NCLC's most comprehensive policy statement relating to organized crime and labor racketeering. It claims, among other things, that the *Brilab* prosecutions are part of an

undeclared war against the "American System," orchestrated by the Trilateral Commission and other Eastern establishment forces.

"The targeted victims in this war are America's unionized workers and their friends in business and politics—the machinery that makes America work," the pamphlet says. It then proceeds to turn accepted public morality upside down: "There is no crime in America that is more organized

than that run by the U.S. Justice Department. This is especially true of its 13 Organized Crime Strike Forces..."

Shortly after the formation of CABA, LaRouche's Detroit followers launched a national monthly newsletter, the *American Labor Beacon*, with a telephone solicitation drive and a massive mailing to IBT and AFL-CIO locals throughout the nation. Although not the official organ of CABA, the *Beacon* supports the committee's aims. (An announcement boosting CABA in the first issue states that, although contributions to the committee may not be made from union general funds, such funds "can be applied to the purchase of educational materials for their [sic] membership." The ad also reassures potential contributors that CABA "is not obligated to report donors.")

Like CABA, the *Beacon* gives a Detroit phone number and mailing address. It does not identify itself as NCLC-aff-



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filiated; but its editor is Sherman and its publisher is Allan Friedman, an NCLC member who ran for governor of Ohio in 1978 as the candidate of the U.S. Labor Party (at the time, the electoral arm of NCLC).

The *Beacon* reflects the same basic ideology as CABA and *New Solidarity*, only with more flair. One of its features is a "Rat of the Month" column targeting various prosecution witnesses from the

Federal Witness Protection Program. The *Beacon* strongly implies that the program should be disbanded, calling its participants (most of them witnesses against organized crime) "slime from the gutter."

The emergence of CABA and the *Beacon* coincided with a major expansion of Renaissance Printing Co., Inc., a Detroit NCLC business front incorporated by NCLC Michigan chairman Ken Dalto, NCLC Midwest security chief Bruce Wood, and one David Hilty, a former USLP candidate for Congress. Renaissance had previously done typesetting and/or printing for NCLC, the Michigan Anti-Drug Coalition, Citizens for LaRouche and the Teamster Committee to Elect LaRouche President. Sometime in 1980, however, NCLC members associated with Renaissance obtained sufficient capital to launch a national financial printing operation with its central plant at Renaissance. They opened affili-

ate offices in seven cities (under such names as Computype of Texas, Inc. and Computype of America Corp.) and leased state-of-the-art facsimile units for document transmission.

THE PRESIDENT OF RENAISSANCE until the recent expansion was Hilty, described by NCLC defectors as the founder and brains of the firm. But Hilty is now a vice-president, and the new chief is NCLC member Scott Elliot, who is also the chairman of the board of Computype of Texas, Inc. Elliot is described by defectors as more of a political operative than a businessman. In addition, he happens to be closely identified with the intrigues of the McMaster crowd in the Teamsters Union:

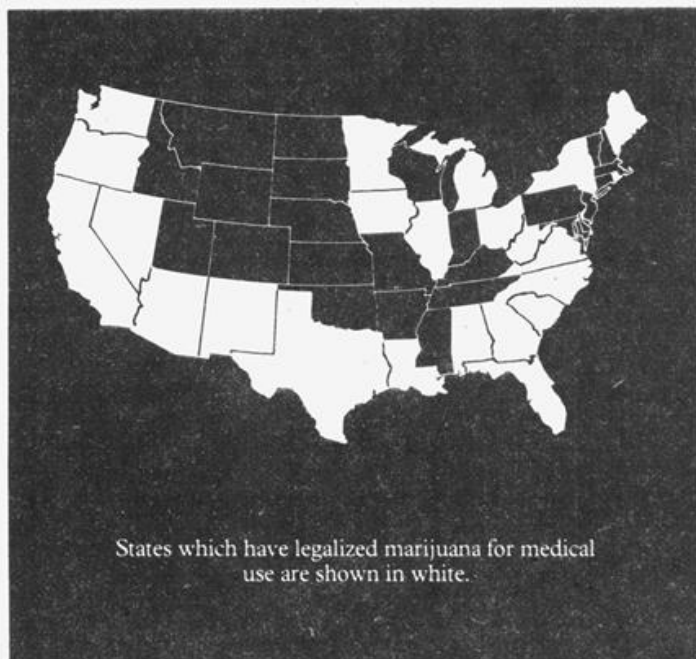
• Elliot appeared on WDIV-TV in Detroit last year with IBT Central Conference organizer Larry McHenry (McMaster's right-hand man) in an attempt to smear Local

THE DETROIT CONNECTION

Excerpted from "The LaRouche/Mob Connection," an unpublished report by an NCLC defector

BEGINNING IN LATE DECEMBER 1980 AND CONTINUING INTO 1981 a series of defectors from the organizations controlled by Lyndon LaRouche have given investigators a somewhat more clear picture of the murky interworkings of LaRouche's apparat. Many of these defectors quit after LaRouche . . . decided to denounce his Number 2 man in the United States organization ("Gus Axios") as being a dupe of "the KGB" as well as an embezzler etc. Many of the defectors in this recent period then left due to strong feelings of loyalty to Axios. Others simply used the chaos caused by the Axios purge as an excuse to leave. Yet from both these groups there are consistent rumors that the LaRouche group was getting "mob money." Within the LaRouche organization these rumors also persist. . . . Detroit is alleged to be the center of the mob connection. . . .

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299 reformers.

- Elliot worked closely with McHenry in a 1979 scheme to bring TDU cochairman Pete Camarata before the executive board of Local 299, on charges of violating the union's bylaws and to have him expelled. (In fact, Camarata was placed on probation.)

- Elliot was the treasurer of the Teamster Committee to Elect LaRouche President, a Detroit-based campaign committee that, according to *New Solidarity*, printed over 100,000 LaRouche campaign leaflets in the weeks following McMaster's endorsement of the NCLC chairman.

A puzzle: The expansion of Renaissance and Computype occurred at a point when—NCLC internal documents reveal—the entire LaRouche organization was strapped for funds as a result of the New Hampshire Democratic primary and a financial crisis at Computron Technologies Corporation (an NCLC-associated multimillion dollar software

AN ALLIANCE OF ANY KIND between the NCLC neofascists, the Teamsters and organized crime would be a potential threat to American democracy.

company, which has since severed its connection to NCLC).

NCLC defectors allege that the money for at least one of the financial printing affiliates comes, in part, from a member of the Meli family in Detroit. The charge was denied, however, by Vincent A. Meli, nephew of the late Angelo Meli and an important figure in Detroit's steel-hauling industry. But whatever the source of capital, there can be no doubt that Renaissance

and Computype have become major components of NCLC's business empire. A recent Renaissance financial report states that the firm has upwards of 150 accounts and that revenues were \$1 million for the first half of 1981, in comparison with \$780,000 for all of 1980.

What are the future prospects for NCLC's alliance with the Teamster leadership—and for its apparent attempts to curry favor with or-

ganized crime? HIGH TIMES has no evidence that figures such as McMaster, Presser and Salvatore Provenzano have been won to LaRouche's long-range vision of a totalitarian society as described in the NCLC chairman's turgid and little-known theoretical tracts. Yet powerful individuals in the IBT are willing to use NCLC for their own purposes. In doing so, they have provided NCLC with the opportunity to spread its anti-Semitic propaganda within the largest trade union in America and to make a bid for alliances of convenience with criminal elements outside the IBT.

An alliance of convenience is not the same thing as an ideological alliance. But an alliance of any kind between the NCLC neofascists, the Teamsters, organized crime and WerBell-type elements in the U.S. intelligence community's old boy network would be a potential threat to American democracy. Such an alliance should be nipped in the bud. □

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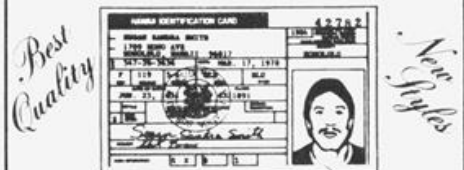
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

RAIDERS OF THE BOSS POT

by Bud Bogart

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THOSE CALIFORNIA cops. When it comes to creative law enforcement, these guys can't be beat. Feeling like they'd been embarrassed too much last year, the cops this year have zeroed in on California's fall sinse harvest with a vengeance. Before growers had a chance to baggie their crops the fuzz had raided pot plantations in 43 of the state's 50 counties. And while

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

this year's stats are still out, authorities say busts are running far ahead of last year's grand total of 1,145 individual plots on 680 pot farms yielding 156,784 plants worth about \$20 million.

Consider these developments by coastal narcos that have bedeviled growers. Remember SWAT squads? How every two-bit town had one to harry "revolutionaries"? Well, those millions of dollars that used to pour in from the LEAA—the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration—are now being used in California and elsewhere to finance sophisticated raiding parties. The California raiding parties consist of state police who don't inform the local sheriffs of their intentions, fearing that small-town law-enforcement officers who sympathize with the growers, or at least don't bother them, will tip off the growers to the raids.

And the cops seem to have gotten the last laugh on a number of indiscreet growers who last year allowed their operations to be filmed for the heated competition by network television to bring a sinsemilla farm into every home via the tube. I was personally contacted by representatives of all three networks, as well as several independent producers, wanting to film sinsemilla farms. I was of little help but all three of the biggies managed to penetrate the Northern California growing scene. CBS's "60 Minutes" and NBC's "Magazine" aired documentaries. ABC, scooped badly, canned theirs. It was all the talk of the media, how daring it was and all.

Now it turns out the cops were apparently hip to these ongoing docs at the time and pegged out the farms. Almost all of the ones that appeared on last year's TV specials have been raided this year. In the competitive sinse business some of the

most conservative growers who kept a lower profile are chortling to themselves.

"I saw this coming," one Trinity County farmer told me. "Us growers can have fortune but no fame."

This man's army... is full of drugs, they say. No shit. Here's what one grunt stationed in West Germany had to say about the recent Congressional charges that 50 percent of the GIs are heads.

"Sometimes we fire up sitting on top of the nuclear bombs like that scene from *Dr. Strangelove*—then we have to wheel them out to the planes and attach them. We do this twice a week at least. If it wasn't for the hash we'd never get it done right, it's so goddamned boring.

It's obvious the U.S. government should issue soldiers a daily hash ration. The English navy allotted, until the recent financial collapse, a spot of grog for each swabbie. **Is there intelligent life in California?** As some acid aficionados may have noticed, the size of the dosage in the best-selling blotter has waned of late. The reason, explained a sales rep from one of the big West Coast acid houses, is that the manufacturers were getting ripped off so much on fronts that they were required to reduce the mikeage from 100 to 86, to keep from losing so much money. This is the clearest example of coastal logic I've ever seen.

Ten years after: While we're on the West Coast, another movement worth looking at: the American Hemp Party Coalition and their legalized-pot referendum. It starts in January, and for the next five months they have to collect 500,000 signatures. Some of the members were with the original California Marijuana Initiative—Proposition 19—that almost changed the course of pothead history ten long—count 'em—years ago. If you see this clipboard army on the march, give them your name. **Is it in?** And yet more California dreamin' by backers of Tim Leary for governor, who are pushing this scenario: The Dems present Jerry Brown, Tom Bradley and, no shit, Gore Vidal, who is now courting political pretensions. The Republicans call on two Southern Cal stalwarts, Maureen Reagan and Barry Goldwater, Jr. Faced with this rogue's gallery, the voting populace turns to the Peace and Freedom Party and elect Leary. He then legalizes pot. Zzzzzzzzz.

White line fever: Country-Western singers love songs about trucks and drugs, and no wonder. Marijuana and cross-country driving go together like water and swimming. And most truck drivers are hip as hell, if you haven't noticed of late. Those "Cat" hats just drive women wild. Check out some of the truck stops in places like West Virginia and Omaha if you don't think so. They're little Peyton Places, with motels and bars inclusive.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

AUSTRALIA			
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Mullumbimby madness	range reefer	oz	5-25
Colombian pot	some 'mersh	oz	75-225
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one	15-20
Compressed Thai	off and on	oz	1000-1200
Putty hash	Lebanese	oz	160-200
Nepalese fingers	Frankenstein critic's choice	lb	1100-1600
Indian hash oil	champagne of oils	oz	210-250
Mushrooms	wild	lb	2800-3000
LSD	Korean "tiles"	oz	250-400
Mandrax	Sat. nite special	lb	3000-4500
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	gm	20-45
		oz	420-620
		oz	50-75

CANADA			
Commercial Colombian	good flow	oz	50-65
Gold and red Colombian	gone like the wind	lb	500-650
Hawaiian buds	none in sight	oz	60-85
Mexican tops	a few in season	lb	500-750
California sinsemilla	nada	oz	325-350
Homegrown pot	mild	lb	2800-3600
Hash	headscratcher red and blond Leb	oz	50-85
LSD	your choice	lb	450-650
Mandrax	steady	oz	200-275
Cocaine	danced on heavily	lb	2000-2600
		oz	10-15
		lb	50-200
		oz	140-175
		lb	1900-2500
		one	4-10
		100	200-450
		one	3-6
		100	275-450
		gm	110-160
		oz	1850-2500

COLOMBIA			
Santa Marta golds, reds	slow	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	usual strong	lb	60-100
Colombian hash	supply forgettable	oz	2-5
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb	30-80
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	8-25
Cocaine	good assortment	lb	100-225
		oz	150-200
		oz	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK			
Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	oz	50-100
Black Afghani hash	top banana	kilo	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	60-120
Cocaine	brisk market	kilo	1200-2200
		oz	100-135
		oz	100-150
		gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR			
Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Emeraldas swamp grass	the worst	lb	200
		lb	6-10
		oz	70-100
		oz	2-4
		lb	40-60

Cocaine base	lots	gm	negotiable
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gm	25-40
LSD	traded for blow	one	5

ENGLAND			
African grass	dedicated	oz	90-100
Colombian grass	potheads only	lb	750-1000
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	oz	100-175
Thai sticks	great, rare	lb	850-1200
Homegrown	shaping up as record year	one	10
Jamaican pot	lots on the reggae circuit	oz	110-130
Black Kashmir hash	high tide	oz	15-25
Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	oz	free to 50
Paki black hash	extraordinaire	lb	100-350
Nepal temple ball hash	world's finest	lb	100-125
Hash oil	palpable, palatable	lb	1100-1250
LSD	considerable of late	gm	150-200
Cocaine	scarce but there	oz	1750-2000
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	oz	20-30
		one	475-525
		100	500-700
		oz	135-180
		oz	270
		one	3-6

MEXICO			
Oaxacan tops	from expatriate Texans	oz	12-15
Mexican sinsemilla	worth a shot	lb	75-100
Acapulco gold	yippie	oz	10-12
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos when around	lb	80-110
Cocaine	don't be a chump	oz	10-20
		oz	90-130
		oz	7-12
		gm	65-125
		oz	30-50
		oz	400-700

PANAMA			
Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stoney	lb	1650-1750
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	180
		lb	1800
		oz	50-65
		lb	560

UNITED STATES			
Area Bulletins			
Mystic, Conn.	Peruvian toot, top of the lines	gr	140
Madison, Wisc.	slightly waterlogged boatweed	oz	35
Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N.Y.	'ludes, genuine	lb	330
Philly	dried 'shrooms	one	6
Hopland, Cal.	purple sinse "skunkweed"	oz	125
Las Vegas	peyote, potent	oz	125
Santa Ana, Cal.	crystal meth, 8-12 hours a clip	one (2')	5
Memphis	commie 'mersh	gr	85
Key West	uncut kilos coke	oz	40
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.	8 percent pure coke	one	60,000
		gr	100

National Market			
U.S. sinsemilla	some real cannons	oz	125-225
Commercial Mexican	trucker's special	oz	10-40
Top-grade Mexican	around once again	lb	100-435
Mexican sinsemilla	and Oaxacan	oz	45-60
Jamaican	appears and disappears	lb	475-550
sinsemilla	crackjack	oz	120-145
Commercial	when around	lb	1200-1500
Colombian	glut has	oz	35-45
Connoisseur	evaporated	lb	375-450
Colombian	disappeared of a sudden	oz	70-100
		lb	700-1000
		oz	30-40
		oz	265-350
		oz	45-55
		lb	475-600

Thai sticks	doggy	one	10-25
Loose Thai	short season	oz	180-225
Various Africans	so what?	oz	200-220
Hawaiian	fits and starts	lb	1950-2400
Moroccan hash	greenish black	oz	40-55
Citrali hash	absent of late	lb	425-550
Lebanese hash	some past its prime	oz	235-300
Black Afghani hash	with gold seal	lb	2700-3200
Nepalese fingers	dreamy and aromatic	oz	150-180
Paki hash	bits and pieces	lb	1600-2000
Hash oils	Nep honey, terrific	oz	175
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried, encapsulated wet, harder to eat	lb	1825-2200
Peyote	tough to come by right now	oz	100-130
LSD	100 mike blots	lb	900-1450
Cocaine	prices creeping up	oz	150-200
Methaqualone	some real bulldozers	lb	1700-2300
Crosses and black beaubs	erratic	oz	175-225
Methamphetamine	crystalline, potent	gm	165
		oz	1600-1900
		gm	35-65
		oz	500-1000
		oz	100-150
		lb	1650
		oz	1750-25
		oz	35-60
		lb	300-500
		one	2-4
		100	150-300
		gm	100-140
		oz	2000-3000
		one	4-6
		100	300-500
		100	25-200

Alaska			
Commercial Colombian	prices more in line of late	oz	45-55
Domestic weed	halide homegrown	lb	430-550
Mexican weed	summer's best	oz	15-35
Mainland sinsemilla	B-grade here; A-1 there	lb	75-175
Lebanese hash	big mover	oz	50-65
Cocaine	roll of the dice	lb	500-600
		oz	225-300
		lb	2000-2750
		gm	15-20
		oz	130-200
		gm	100-150
		oz	2000-2800

Hawaii			
Puna buds	victim of inflation	oz	200-275
Kona gold	banana-size buds	lb	2000-2700
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	225-275
Maui wowie	grower stash	lb	2000-2500
LSD	grade; other grades less	oz	200-250
Mushrooms	fresh from the lab	lb	2000-2500
Cocaine	for cheap	oz	250-300
Amphetamines	not a big mover	lb	2700-3200
	speedy relief	one	2

WEST GERMANY			
Moroccan hash	fresh	gm	7
Leb hash	reds, golds	kg	95
LSD	50 mike blotter	gm	4000
		oz	4
		oz	60
		one	5

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

A relatively new phenomenon in the 18-wheeler culture is the traveling dope peddler, often making his contacts with a CB. Truckers on the road have a hell of a hard time getting pot away from home, and these dealmobiles provide just the

tonic after a long haul. Only catch: high prices.

A letter from an Amarillo, Texas, trucker gives prices he encountered along the road in the last couple of months. Amarillo: Mexican passed off as Colombian, top-

notch, \$60 for 3/4 of an ounce; Memphis: \$40 for an ounce of 'lombo that gets you off for one hour; Marion, Va.: "off-boat 'lombo" for \$30 and \$35 an ounce. If you meet a trucker who's a head, steer him to your local dealer and give the guy a break.

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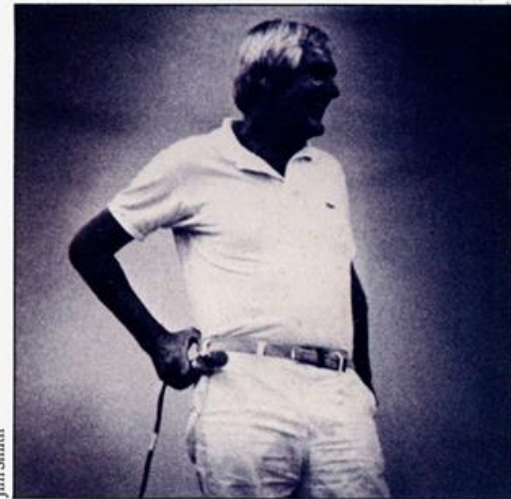
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COLLOQUIUM

'81:

Higher Consciousness and Creativity

Tim Leary



Dr. Timothy Leary, a well-known advocate for psychedelics, space migration and life extension, is the author of two dozen books, the latest called *The Game of Life*.

It was billed as "Colloquium II: The Future of Consciousness." Heady, pedantic stuff. But in the end, it came off as a cross between a psychedelic class reunion and a Friar's Club roast. Which was just as well.

The big names of the consciousness movement drew the droves to bucolic Santa Cruz, California, last July, to convene among the magnificent redwoods. There would be Leary and Lilly; Stanley Krippner, parapsychologist and dream researcher; Dr. Stanislav Grof, he of the pioneering LSD psychotherapy; cheery Andy Weil, the Dr. Spock of natural highs; and, for good karma, Zen Bastard Paul Krassner, to keep everyone honest.

It was a three-day affair crammed with minisessions and wine-and-cheese and organic-veggie receptions, and old-time sensitivity-encounter gang-OM-bangs (talk about flashbacks!). The entire West Coast illicit drug research establishment was there, ranging from Dr. Ron Siegal, of freebase fame, to Fitz Hugh Ludlow drug librarians Michael Horowitz and Michael Aldrich, to Ed Rosenthal, best-selling author of *The Marijuana Growers Guide*—along with some nameless primo growers armed with samples. Smoke and schmooze city.

But the highlight was the Saturday-afternoon session. The panel was ostensibly "Higher Intelligence and Creativity," but from the moment a white-LaCoste'd Leary leaped onto the stage, nomenclature and agenda flew out the window. Leary swung into a free-form monologue, half Harvard-halls-of-academe, half Borscht Belt. He paced, he gestured, he called up colleagues like Dr. Frank Barron, a University of California psych prof specializing in creativity, and Dr. Walter Houston Clark, professor emeritus at Andover Newton Theological Seminary and an old LSD researcher.

More Leary theory and then Krassner and Weil got the call, joined shortly by "Illuminatus Trilogy" author Robert Anton Wilson. It was beginning to look less like a panel and more like the Last Supper of Psychedelia.

So, in the interests of higher science (and because the majority of the panelists are *High Times* contributors), we are proud to present forthwith excerpts from the "Higher Intelligence and Creativity" session from Colloquium II. Hold onto your chromosomes and let 'em roll.

TIMOTHY LEARY: The title of this afternoon's colloquium is "Higher Intelligence." Now I did not suggest that. But being stuck with it, there's only one thing to do, and that's go with it, huh?

I thought—and other people have suggested—that we should try to focus on the future of intelligence and the future of higher intelligence from the scientific point of view. I think it's all about the brain. Or, certainly, the brain is the key to consciousness and intelligence.

The brain, as we well know, is the taboo organ in the twentieth century. In the nineteenth century, a hundred years ago in Victorian England or in Freudian Vienna, it was *the body* that was the taboo organ, and strong men would faint at the sight of a young lady's ankle, or a young man's ankle, and vice versa. I hope I haven't left anyone out. In any case, the human body, for many reasons, is no longer such a taboo situation. You can hardly walk down the street of any city without seeing pictures on newsstands of the glorious and wonderful instrument which is called the human body.

So the brain, I think it's safe to say, is now

the taboo organ. We simply have not been ready as a species to understand, to come to grips with, the meaning of the human brain. There are many other things that we have not come to grips with which are associated with the human brain. I say the same is true of the bomb.

You know, it struck many of us—many of us—that there is quite a correlation between the development—the discovery—of mass-produced, easily available, mass-consumption brain activators like LSD coming along exactly at the time when human intelligence and human neurology deciphered the secret of the atom and fission of the atom, and made available, for our use or abuse, that source of energy.

The brain is forty billion... It increases, like inflation. I used to say it was ten billion cells. Then it was fifteen. Then it was twenty for a while. It's like gold. The cerebellum, itself, makes the cortex look like small potatoes. So we are dealing with an instrument that has more connections than there are atoms in the universe.

The brain—and I'm sure that very few of you would debate this issue—the brain is a perfect instrument. It's the programming, the accidental imprinting, that creates the conflicts and the sufferings and the anguishes and the disillusionments and so forth. But I

see no reason to assume anything other than that the human brain is a perfect instrument. And we are primitive, superstitious savages, kind of looking at it from the outside, not understanding how to activate it, how to access it, what its dimensions are.

We do know—certainly everyone in this room knows—that there are realms and infinities and levels and circuits and spheres of intelligence, and perhaps what we haven't even dreamed of, that reside in the few inches behind our skull, waiting and ready to be accessed when the genetic time has come. And I think that genetic time has come.

I have been reading for the last few years a book which I'm sure most or all of you are familiar with. It's *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* by Thomas S. Kuhn. Michael Polanyi has also written about this; matter of fact, most philosophers of science have been discussing this issue.

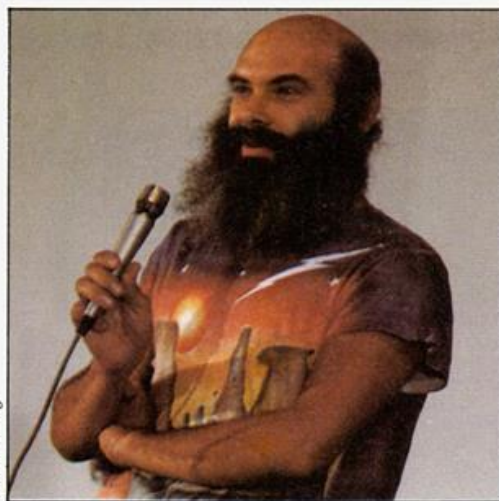
How does society, or, indeed, how does a species handle a new technology, a new discovery—a new "paradigm," to use Kuhn's phrase—which is gonna change everything? I'm here to tell you, and I'm sure you're ready to agree with me, that *that's not easy* to introduce into a jumpy, easily spooked species of domesticated primates of the twentieth century, whose heads have been

Paul Krassner



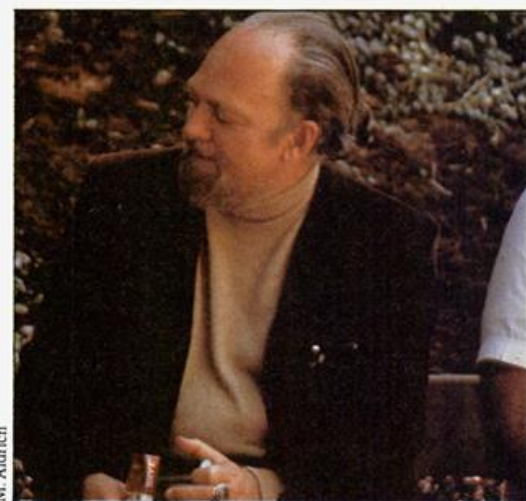
Paul Krassner, editor of *The Realist* and a founder of the Youth International Party, is a political activist/satirist whose latest book is *Tales of Tongue Fu*.

Andrew Weil



Dr. Andrew Weil is author of *The Natural Mind* and *The Marriage of the Sun and the Moon*, and the president of the Beneficial Plant Research Association.

Robert Anton Wilson



Dr. Robert Anton Wilson is coauthor of *The Illuminatus Trilogy* and author of many books, including *Cosmic Trigger*, *Schrodinger's Cat* and *Masks of the Illuminati*. He also edits the Institute for the Study of the Human Future's *Trajectories*.

screwed up in the preceding two thousand years by the Judeo-Christian Bible.

I'm sure most of you know this, but it's always worthwhile to review the amusing fact that the first book of the Judeo-Christian Bible, Genesis, starts off with an evolutionary theory of creation that everything was created by a man named Jehovah. He's a bad-tempered, paranoid, jealous, Mafia capo, condominium owner [laughter] who created this Garden of Eden for Adam... and then later Eve, who was thrown in, as you know, to help Adam as his servant. They read that. Believe it! Even in the twentieth century, they read it.

And he said, "In the Garden of Eden you can do anything you want, except there are two things you can't do. There's a tree there that has fruit, and it's a 'controlled substance'. And you are forbidden by eternal law to ingest, absorb, snort, sniff it in any way. Because if you do, the blinds will fall from your eyes and you will see through good and evil and become a God-like being!" And Adam said, "Gee, I don't want to do that, sir."

And God said, "The other tree is an FDA, DEA 'controlled substance', and you're forbidden to touch that. Because if you eat that, you'll become immortal and become a God."

And Adam said he didn't want anything to do with transcending good and evil, because he knew that would put a lot of people out of business. And he certainly didn't want immortality, because that would really blow the religious thing into a new dimension.

You know, the Judeo-Christian Bible is not very friendly to women. They blamed it all on Eve, didn't they? My theory is that Eve never bought that story right from the beginning. The minute Jehovah jumped in the squad car and went back to headquarters, she went over to that tree and she took the fruit and the rest is history.

Going back to Kuhn, he gives many ex-

amples of how difficult it was to introduce a new model that was going to change the structure of consciousness in any society. Lord Kelvin, you know, went to his death bed saying that the X ray was just an elaborate hoax. Rutherford, who was the leading atomic physicist at the time, said it's impossible to fission the atom. You know what happened to Semmelweis because he told doctors to wash their hands before they treated patients. Lord Lister got the Nobel prize a generation later for that.

The introduction of a new technology—a new paradigm, a new world model—to a primitive society takes a lot of delicate doing. You can't spook them too quickly.

Polanyi says you have to attach the new model to some of the old theories. That's why, I think, in the 1960s many people attempted to say that the easiest way to understand the psychedelic experience was in the religious mode. Because psychology, certainly, had no terms or phrases except things like *psychotomimetic*. Remember? I hope you don't!

So we used the religious metaphor to comfort people and assuage people and somehow seduce people and to get them to relax about the notion that it is now possible to access your brain—it's now possible to activate circuits that were undreamed of before. It is now possible to learn how to dial and tune your brain, so that there will be no more excuse to feel any way you don't want to feel, there's no limits to the creativity and imagination and novelty and intelligence that can be generated by this instrument, the brain, whose function we are now realizing is to fabricate reality.

I think, though, that the time has come—we are now one generation beyond the 1960s—where we can really get down, and address this problem with the intelligence and the discipline and the courage that is necessary.

The next step in accessing the brain is to

use scientific metaphors. I certainly hope one of the many wonderful things that will come out of this conference this week is the feeling of encouragement, and support, and active participation in more scientific studies for accessing the brain: drugs.

Now I think we should state right from the beginning my point of view on drugs: I am one thousand percent pro dope. I'm not advocating that anyone do any specific thing. The more you understand about the complexities of the brain and the type of pharmaceuticals that activate it, the more cautious, the more careful, the more experimental, the more scientific you are—before you rush around, activating this instrument. But I think the time has come to be scientific about it.

And the nice thing is that I think the DNA code, or the Gaia intelligence, or egg wisdom, or I don't know what name you give her—the person who has designed and created this wonderful adventure with the tools that we have at our access—I think what DNA had in mind at this moment in our evolution was that the first generation after World War II, the first baby-boom generation—the great generation in human history—the largest [group] of young people that were born in that wonderful position would become more intelligent, in an affluent, secure society like the American society, founded on the principle of individual freedom, individual exploration, frontier thinking, nose thumbing at authority—I mean those only could really happen in a mass level in a place like America at the moment, at America's highest moment, or almost highest moment.

It was inevitable, too, that the technology that would develop the atomic energy would stumble upon the keys to access the brain. It will be inevitable that the first generation of those who introduced this powerful tool would upset, irritate, offend,

alarm and spook society. It's a wonder that any of us are alive! [*Microphone snarl, and laughter.*] You know, at any other time in any other place except wonderful America, we wouldn't be around as long as we have been around nor would we be having reunions of this sort.

You know, I find it a scandal, a humiliation, an embarrassment to have to say some of the things that we're saying here today, twenty-one years after we all were there at Harvard, you know. What has the government done? What have the pharmaceutical companies done? What has our intellectual community done?

You know, they just simply couldn't look the fact in the eye: that the human brain can be accessed, dialed and tuned. Not only has the government and religion and politics and every aspect of our intellectual community done everything in their power to derogate... I mean, the taboos surrounding the word *drugs*. You know, we're so used to it we don't realize how totally insane it is.

The way it worked, though, was that between seven and eight million people—most of the young people in the 1960s and early '70s—did access their brain. They learned how to do it, and they did it, and now, fifteen to twenty years later, there is a new generation of young scientists and older scientists, too, because it's in the air, in the zeitgeist. You know, when it starts to happen, it happens all over.

Socrates in the third century B.C. said the only function of intelligent life is to learn how to get smarter. The pursuit of knowledge. The increase of intelligence. It's the oldest concept in human history. It's now taking over science, and I want to suggest six or seven branches of science in which this same notion of self-actualization, of taking responsibility for your own destiny—you realize that no one's going to do it for you; you've got to manage it yourself.

You know, the second law of thermodynamics has been repealed by Ilya Prigogine. I never believed in the second law of thermodynamics and "entropy"—if that wasn't a Protestant ethic! God is some banker up there saying, "Well, I'm gonna..." I never went for that!

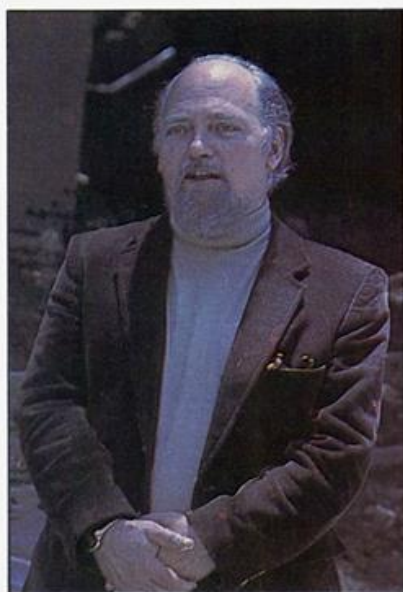
Well, anyway, Prigogine has gloriously, scientifically and empirically said "No!" That we get dissipated structures that we have to dissolve. But "Sure, there's entropy, because we're simply loosening up before the next structure takes over."

We've repealed the law of gravity—not only internally, but our space adventurers are going where no women or men have gone before.

It's no accident that the space movement totally paralleled the movement inward; that when the inner movement—the great acid movement—kind of went underground for a while, the space movement went underground during Nixon. It's no accident that now, with the space shuttle and the new acid that's around [*applause*]...

We've repealed the law of entropy, so that

"There was one group here—it's a new cult. They derive their entire theology from Celestial Seasonings tea bag boxes."—Krassner



D. Rothenberg



Jim Smith



Jim Smith

now we can intelligently dissipate the structures around us—and intelligently and harmoniously link up to make better. We have repealed the law of gravity. We're not going to spend the rest of our lives like barnacles and snails growing along the bottom of this six thousand mile—you know, we're going to build our own cities in space.

Notice running through all of this—the new humanistic psychology, of course, the new understanding of drugs—every one of these disciplines. In quantum physics, Jack Sarfatti and Nick Herbert and the rest of them, saying, you know, "The universe is exactly what you think it is, so you better think grandly and gloriously and high, wide and handsome." All of these sciences are now saying the same thing: "It's up to us to step into the driver's seat," as Henry Ford said, of our own machinery, and write a new script.

So it's going to be science that's going to lead the way. I happen to believe—and I think Paul [Krassner] agrees with me [*laughter*]. You agree? Can I go back and say it? *If it ain't funny, it's not true!*

It's not the survival of the fittest. It's the survival of the people with a sense of humor, who could say, "Look at those dinosaurs! We won't go that way!" The ability to laugh at yourself, back there—the humility! You know, the butterfly giggling at the caterpillar—because we are caterpillars, and we are butterflies. You can only evolve and mutate when you can laugh at your old form and go beyond it. So that's why we're on the circuit, right Paul?

PAUL KRASSNER: Also to pay the rent.

LEARY: I'd like to ask the rest of the panel to come on up, one right after each other, and take this wonderful, symbiotic community we have here in new and higher and differ-

ent ways.

ANDREW WEIL: Let me give you a few examples in support of Tim's argument from the field in which I fight some of these battles: clinical medicine. Medicine is deeply conservative. And that means, among other things, that it lags very far behind other sectors of science and society. And I see things beginning to happen in medicine today that I think happened in other areas of society in the '60s. And it's both strange and frustrating—and funny—to watch it happen.

It revolves around this idea of the breakdown of the old model, or paradigm, and the beginning of a new one which is very difficult for people to accept. In conventional medicine today, things that you can't see or perceive with your senses or measure with instruments don't exist. That includes the mind. So the mind does not exist for doctors. It's not something that's "real," and although it may be given lip service and mentioned here and there in little phrases, it has no real meaning in medical theory or practice.

That makes it very difficult for doctors—and this is how paradigms break down—to take account of a number of phenomena that pass before their eyes every day. Now what do you do if you're attached to an old model, and anomalies begin to accumulate that you can't explain? First, you try to explain them with ever more complicated theories. But if they're too big for that, then you try not to look at them—or sweep them under the rug, or pretend that they have no relevance to what you're doing. That is what I see happening all over the place in medicine today.

The inability of doctors, for example, to explain why systems of treatment—based on theories that make no sense in their

terms—cure people is one of the most interesting ones. And that's one that's been out for a long time.

When homeopathy first came to America, it had tremendous successes in the 1840s. Homeopaths were much better than regular doctors at curing people of major infectious diseases. There were cholera epidemics in the Midwest, for example, and they had much better cure records. That's why allopaths began to convert to homeopathy. That scared regular doctors and eventually led to the creation of the AMA.

One of the first organized attacks on homeopathy was a pamphlet written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was a professor at Harvard Medical School. It was called *Homeopathy and Its Kindred Delusions*. And one of the things he said in that—that I thought was wonderful—he said, "The fact that homeopathy cures people shouldn't be admitted as evidence. Because," he said, "ninety percent of the patients will get better, no matter what you do to them." Now that's a very interesting statement. I happen to think it's true. It's very interesting.

Look at the inability of doctors to grasp the placebo effect or its significance. I mean, that's a marvelous, magical, wonderful thing—and the things that doctors believe about placebos are just amazing! One of the things they believe is that placebo effects are somehow less real, and less important, than so-called objective effects. But you can die of placebo effects; there's a well-known phenomenon called placebo death. There are placebo total cures of cancer. What more can you ask for from it? Often placebo effects can be—there's no limit to their magnitude.

Another misbelief about placebo effects that doctors like to parade out is that some people show them. A common statement is that only people who are "less educated" are susceptible to placebo effects. If you've been to college and certainly been to medical school, you're certainly not supposed to show placebo effects. Nonsense! Or that Southern Italians are very vulnerable to placebo effects, but Scandinavians aren't. Everybody—everybody—if the circumstances are right, will show placebo effects.

Another great misconception is the failure to distinguish between two kinds of placebos. What most people think of when we talk about placebos is sugar pills. That's one kind of placebo, the inactive placebo; it's something that has no intrinsic effect. But the much more interesting kind of placebo is the active placebo—something that does do something on its own, but it doesn't directly cause the end effect that you look at. And active placebos are much more powerful than inactive placebos at generating belief, because they make you feel different, they make something happen to you.

I have maintained—and I still do—that all psychoactive drugs are really active placebos. They make you feel temporarily different, and you associate that feeling with a certain state of consciousness. Well, I think

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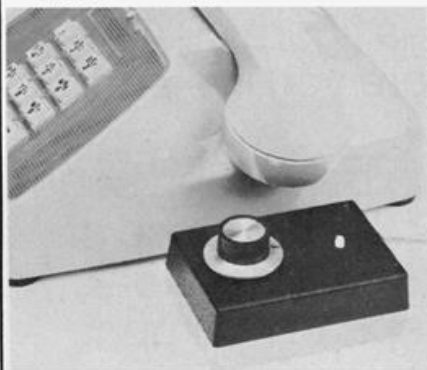


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"I think mind-altering drugs of all sorts are evolutionary necessities that had to appear at this point."—Wilson

most medical procedures are active placebos. The act of walking into the doctor's office is an active placebo. Certainly, getting injected is an active placebo, regardless of what's in the syringe. And that produces major, major effects.

I like to tell stories about wart cures—something that I go around collecting. I have a huge list now of things that people do, successfully, to get rid of warts. And they range from rubbing a cut potato on the wart and then burying it under a certain kind of tree at a certain phase of the moon, to being touched by the neighborhood wart healer. Some very strange ones; I've found a few that don't even involve the wart. I've met a guy who told me his mother had told him, "In the middle of the night you should go down to the refrigerator and steal something from the refrigerator"—and she must not know what it was. And that was it! And the wart fell off.

What does that have in common with rubbing a potato on the wart? There's no unity there. But there is tremendous unity to the response.

Very typically, somebody does one of these things, in the afternoon or evening, and the next morning wakes up and the wart falls off—and doesn't grow back. The less common pattern is that you do one of these things and over the next two to three weeks the wart shrivels and dries up.

Now compare that to the way we treat warts in regular medicine. We burn them out, gouge them out, freeze them off with liquid nitrogen, or put an acid on that's so corrosive that you have to be very careful of getting it on regular tissue. And in better than fifty percent of the instances when we do that kind of treatment, the warts grow back—often multiply.

Now the reason I'm interested in this is it's the perfect example of what happens when a great big anomaly grows in your paradigm. [Applause.] Wart cures are not uncommon. I think better than fifty percent of the population of this part of the world has experienced wart cures, usually as children. This is a very common phenomenon.

Despite the fact that this is so common and so dramatic—literally, in twelve hours, a foreign tissue, associated with strange, foreign organisms, viruses, very disordered-looking tissue growth disappears, melts away, falls off and doesn't grow back... no one has researched that. No one has taken that seriously as a question for physiological research.

What happens there? The unifying factor is the mind. It's belief in what you do. And somehow that gets translated through the nervous system and something happens at the tissue level, very dramatically and very fast.

If I were in charge of giving out money

for cancer research in this country, I would give a big chunk of it to trying to find out what the mechanism of a wart cure is.

And the fact that this is not taken seriously is an example of what happens when you cling to a model that doesn't allow for things that are real and important—like the mind—which, indeed, I think, in medicine has been very taboo. It's very forgotten, and to watch doctors, painfully and awkwardly, trying to discover the mind in 1981, as I say, is both frustrating and funny—and, I suppose, ultimately, hopeful.

KRASSNER: I think I've OD'd on cosmic consciousness. Where is Carl Sagan now that we need him? The Barry Manilow of science!

Well, we're supposed to talk here about why we're hopeful and optimistic. The main reason I am is because of severely damaged chromosomes. [Laughter and applause.]

Well, Colloquium II has been going on since yesterday. I thought I would fill you in on a few details that you may have missed. I've been roaming around, watching it.

One guy I've seen with pretty ladies on his lap—a different pretty lady every half hour. And he's developed this lower-back massage, and he pinpoints—just like some kind of acupuncture—and just really pinpoints. But whenever a good statement is—he's willing to lose the pinpoint, in order to applaud. So that's one of the things that gives me hope: that you can divide your attention between the sensory and the eternal.

In fact, Tim once made a statement which I pointed out a long time ago—that "Smoking marijuana makes you dumb, but sensual." Is that a fair quote, Tim? [Laughter.] "Oh, I don't know. I've been smoking..." [Laughter.]

Well, last night they had a researcher who was trying to test this out. They did this with Canadian mice. Half of them were given marijuana to smoke, and half of them weren't. Then all of them were injected with cancer. Now, the half that were still intelligent—because they hadn't smoked grass—volunteered for the laetrile experiments. [Laughter.] And the other half went out and got laid! [Laughter.] And both groups got cured! [Laughter and applause.] You see, there's always a happy ending that suddenly pops in there.

Last night there was a discussion of how you could be conscious with everything and still have Kundalini. Kundalini always has seemed to me like a very male-oriented sexual practice, where the man holds back the ejaculation and reverses into a back-stroke, and the spermatozoa go back up the penis, up the spine, into the cranial cavity—to cure baldness from the inside. [Laughter and applause.]

There was one group here—it's a new cult. They derive their entire theology from Celestial Seasonings tea bag boxes.

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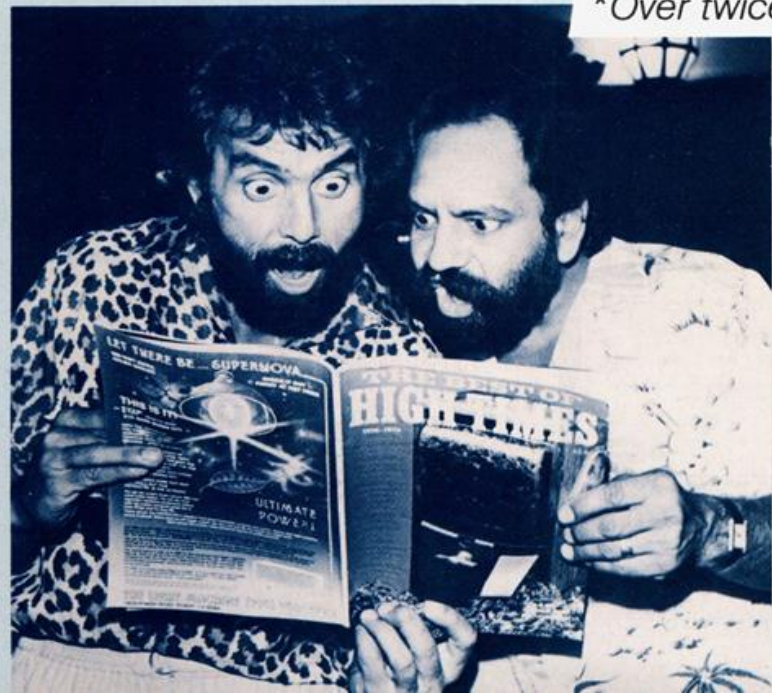
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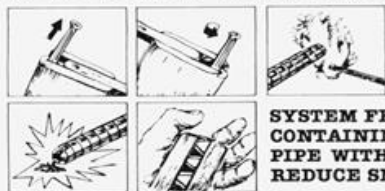
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One of the things that gives me more hope than anything is, if we were the "weirdos," it's the children of the weirdos that give me hope.

I was in Minneapolis a couple of weeks ago, and I met a woman who had a ten-year-old daughter who noticed sexism in a TV commercial—that the mother hadn't noticed. A ten-year-old girl said it.

It was a beer commercial for Rondo beer, and it had a man athlete come in and he drinks his beer and then he crushes his beer can. A woman comes in, drinks her beer and *doesn't* crush the can. And the ten-year-old girl was perceptive enough to notice that, and know the implications of it. So that's one of the things that gives me hope. You know, that kind of consciousness.

I also met a six-year-old hash dealer that gives me—[laughter]. This wasn't in America, though. It was at Woodstock. [Laughter]

What they do—Reagan now wants to spell Woodstock with two cs, in order to make up for those people who spelled America with a k. It's sort of an FCC equal-time thing.

My own daughter, Holly, who is now seventeen, has given me a lot of reason for hope. When I was her age, I couldn't talk to my parents about sex. When she was sixteen, she called up, and she played Carly Simon's record of "Daddy, I'm No Virgin." You know—I mean, I was just, I was proud of her!

There was, I have to admit, a touch of resentment—because I wasn't getting any when I was sixteen, you know, and you try not to have sour grapes... but you think, "Ah, these kids today—they don't appreciate the joy of yearning!" [Laughter]

I mean, they've missed the learning experience of "blue balls." Is blue balls still—or is it Are blue balls?—is *blue balls* a collective noun? I know that when Buckminster Fuller gets blue balls, they are verbs. [Laughter]

Where was I? Oh, okay. So, my daughter, Holly, just graduated high school. And they had a drug rehabilitation crew come to her class to try and warn the kids about "dangers." And the kids are very sophisticated. But the people from drug rehab have to be very gung ho, so they can stay out of jail.

And the kids know that, so they kind of play along with them, you know. They hear about these tests that... If males have breasts, in case they're going to have a baby—and smoking marijuana can give a male a breast—maybe this is another portent, you know. Or else it could cut down on sexual harassment in the office. It's just, you know, "Take a letter while I just fondle myself."

I keep forgetting, is it the right brain that makes the left nipple erect? [Laughter] I always get a headache when I try to remember that shit.

Do you know what the mounds of Montgomery are? This is an intelligent audience! Where is "Higher Intelligence"? Do you know what the mounds of Montgomery are?

I mean, it's not a situation comedy—you know, "The Mounds of Montgomery."

It's—you know, your nipples? That's a
continued on page 70

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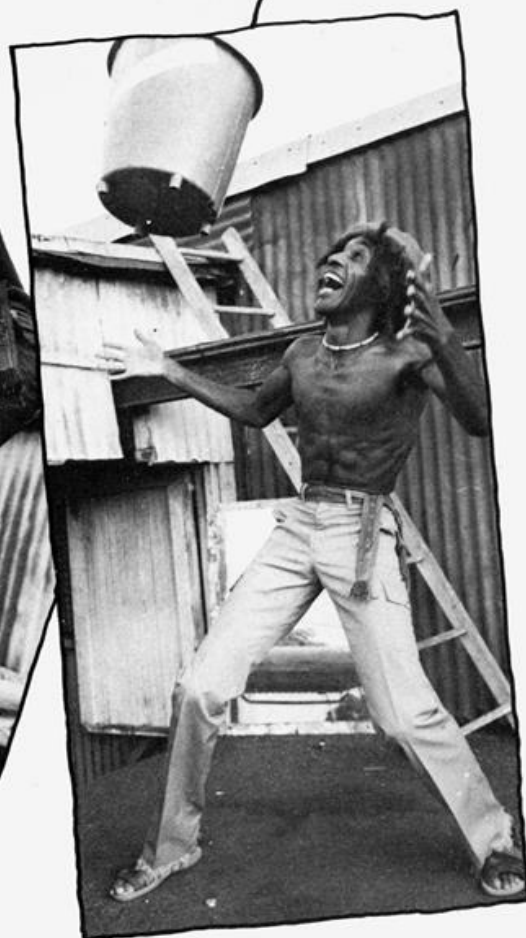
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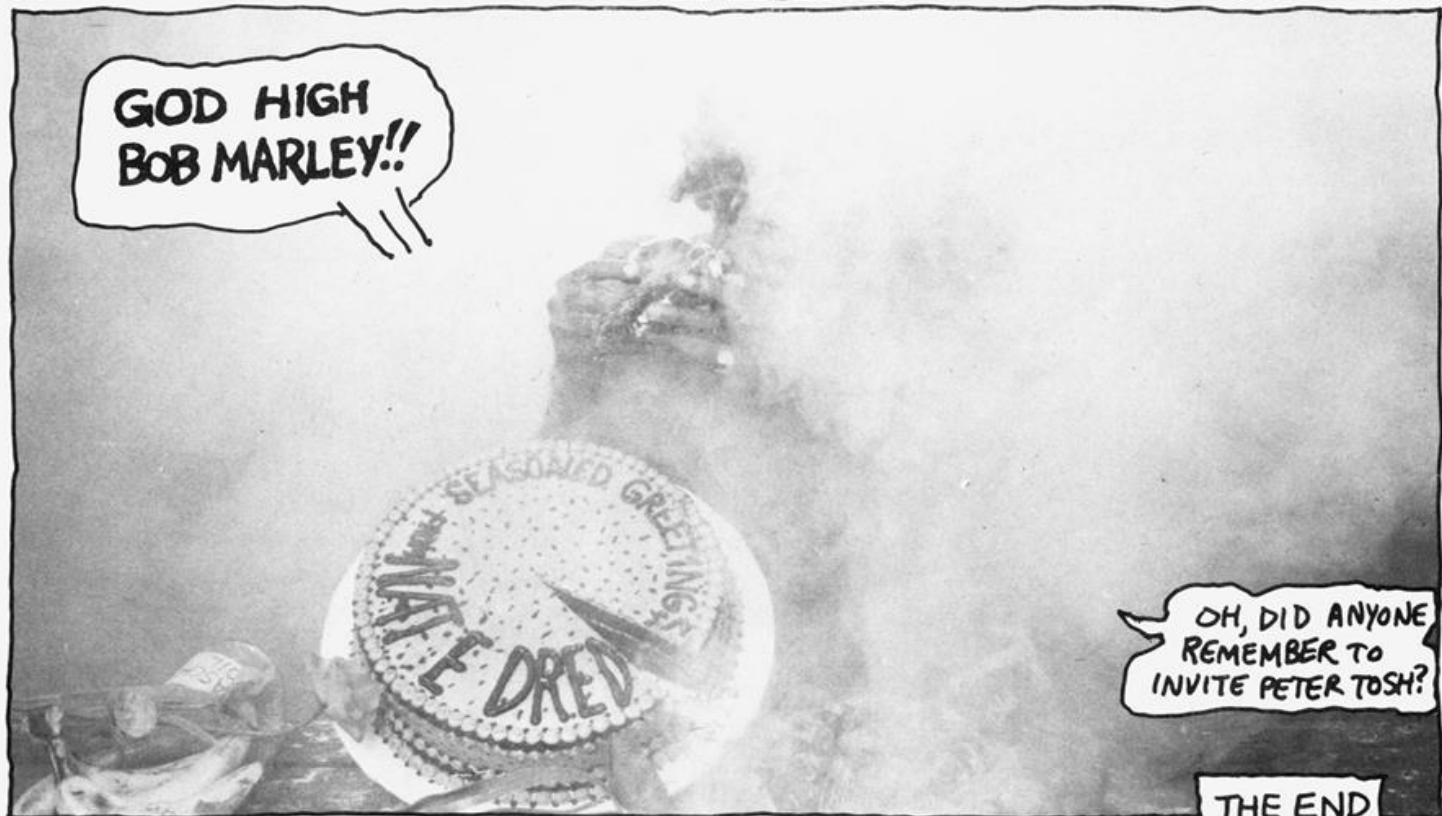
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THE END

RAGING BULLSHIT

The Eddie Elson Story

by Jerry Pokar



Outside Jingles' Stadium Bar and Grill, a youthful vendor is peddling Mad Dogs on buns to a boisterous, postgame crowd of Wisconsin football fans. Out of the throng looms a towering lout in a red and white jersey, a belligerent look in his eye. He glares down at the kid contemptuously; tells him, through beer breath, to take his weenies and beat it. The kid protests. The behemoth kicks the side of the Mad Dog cart and makes a

"I am a member of a religion called the Disciples of Akhna-ton."

threatening lunge for the little vendor, who scampers off, terrified. But, in seconds, he is back, tears in his eyes, pointing an accusing finger; and, from behind him, out of the river of bodies bursts his boss, Mad Dog Elson himself, at a dead run. The squat frankfurter czar pulls up short before the harasser. Furious, but almost smiling, Elson squints up at the menacing drunk for just an instant, then springs off his right foot, hooks a left into the big fellow's nose and, as he reaches the top of his leap, slashes a right overhand to the brute's left temple. The huge red-shirted body falls to the gravel like an uprooted tree.

"I love to taste bully's blood," Elson is heard to cackle as he strides away with his young employee and wheeled hot-dog stand in tow.

A few days later, Mad Dog Elson is sitting on a park bench on Madison's Capitol

Square, dandling his 18-month-old son, Ben—a.k.a. the Mad Puppy—on his knee. It is one of those last, cherished, warm days of fall, when everyone who can, in this largely white-collar city, takes the air. Now, in the person of attorney Edward Ben Elson, Eddie is holding court for a small audience of other lawyers.

Since the incident following Saturday's Badger loss, the tale of Mad Dog's knock-out victory has been grist for the rumor mill. Its importance as gossip increased greatly when it was learned that the loser in the Jingles row was a well-known local columnist and sportscaster, who happened to be scabbing against his union in a protracted newspaper strike. In this notoriously liberal city, the Mad Dog has become something of a hero.

"I love to taste bully's blood. I love it! I love it!" squawks Elson in Satanic delight.

"Gleelelele!" his son chimes imitatively.

"But Eddie," protests one of the lawyers, a local prosecutor, "that was assault and battery."

"You gonna bust me? He fucked with one of my people," Eddie shoots back.

"Eddie, you're an officer of the court," chides another of the lawyers. "Agents of justice can't go around beating people up in broad daylight. Besides, he might sue."

"I'd eat him alive in court. And the scumbag'll be too ashamed and too afraid. I'd disembowel him in front of a judge. I love to taste bully's blood," he repeats in a tone of soft menace.

The Mad Puppy grits his baby teeth and hammers his tiny fist at the air.

The spirit of the Merry Franksters, of all imaginative warriors fighting the brain police, radiates from this sly little fat man, who can playfully loosen the tightest sphincters in officialdom, do a marathon dance above the abyss of disbarment, and yet zip off to Palm Beach or Alton, Illinois, to win seemingly unwinnable cases. Elson is an anarchical lawyer, a self-conscious eccentric, an egotistical altruist, a gentle bully.

Mostly he's in it for the fun of rattling the cages of the good girls and boys, but he does have values. He truly loves fighting for retarded people and mental patients, for the wild-eyed visionaries and badasses who won't wear motorcycle helmets, for all the victims of victimless crimes, and the misfits who don't fit the flow charts of the social engineers. Sure, he knows there have to be rules, that it's not in the communal interest to crash red lights in heavy traffic, but he also believes gaiety is often wiser than wisdom, and that most of us grow up more dead, or sheeplike, than we ought to.

Which is why Edward Ben Elson, candidate for Wisconsin superintendent of schools, leered out at a statewide television audience not so many years ago and told them in excruciating detail how he drove a pencil through the eye of his junior-high-school science teacher, Mr. Benway. Benway's crime was trying to force young Eddie to see the universe through Benway's and science's eyes rather than Eddie's own. The guerrilla theater was accompanied by a

platform of educational free choice, operating through the Yellow Pages on a publicly funded voucher system—a program similar to ones promoted today by a host of conservative educational reformers. There is often a method to the Mad Dog's madness, but the silliness is the hook to snare the audience.

Sometimes the silliness is its own reward: Eddie's Kohoutek Kaper brought his biggest publicity haul ever, and publicity for Elson is like holy weed for Mr. Natural. The Comet Kohoutek was almost as hot copy as Richard Nixon in 1973. Elson's line was that a "beautiful, black, womanly angel," encapsulated in blue light, had dropped out of a UFO and into Eddie's shocking-purple suburban home.

"Beautiful dreamer, Eddie Elson," the angel spake, "I am the goddess of your creation and the benefactor of those you love."

The angel's revelation was an elaborate model of stoned astronomy, but the bottom line was that the body

of the comet was hollow and would function as an intergalactic rescue ship

for 144,000 of earth's population. The tail of the comet, made of hydrogen and carbon, would come into contact with the planet's atmosphere and explode into a shower of petroleum, solving the energy crisis but extinguishing all energy users.

All but the chosen 144,000. Of these, 143,000 already had been miniaturized to an inch in height and mysteriously delivered to Elson's basement in ten-bushel baskets. They waited there in suspended animation for the flight from apocalypse. The Kohoutekians assigned Captain Elson the task of allocating the remaining 1,000 slots. He had tickets printed and gave most of them away to "poor people, women and blacks." The remainder he sold for ten dollars apiece.

Asked why he was selling seats to some people he considered scumbags, Elson shrugged and said that even Noah allowed lizards and snakes on the ark. As the final hour approached, one man, Elson claims, offered \$30,000 for a seat, and an additional \$10,000 to insure that the intergalactic entrepreneur would not sell one to his wife.

The story sounded like so much celestial poppycock, but the tale took hold in Jerry Ford's America. Countless newspapers picked it up; 163 radio stations did interviews; Tom Snyder had a number of on-the-air conversations with the founder of "the Church of the Odd Infinitum"; *Time* included Elson in its Kohoutek cover story; Dick Gregory and entourage descended on Elson's home to endorse his imaginative play. When the prophecy didn't pan out, the

trickster offered his sweetly demented grin and noted that the American people were starved for imaginative fantasies. Alternately, he claimed his fancy wife, a "gold-digger" to the core, had sold one of the little people to a local car dealer for use as a hood ornament, and this betrayal of cosmic trust had so disgusted the angelic Kohoutekians that they decided to split and leave the miserable earthlings to their wretched fate.

The Church of the Odd Infinitum is only one of many religious bodies into which Elson has breathed life. There was also the Church of Samson Avenging (COSA)—the Kamikaze Church to its less literate adherents. The prime tenet of COSA was: "Jesus teaches you how to live; Samson teaches you how to die. Take a psychiatrist with you when you go" (Most members of the congregation of COSA were former mental patients.)

The Church of Elvis Presley was driven to the catacombs when the Presley interests threatened legal action, but the theologically protean Elson, who claims to "lie in the lap of an Immense Intelligence which makes me a receiver of its truth and an organ of its activity," then founded the Disciples of Akhnaton, the sect he now heads. Eddie is a legally constituted minister of the church and has performed one marriage in that capacity, of a couple for whom he later won acquittal in a major Florida weed-smuggling case.

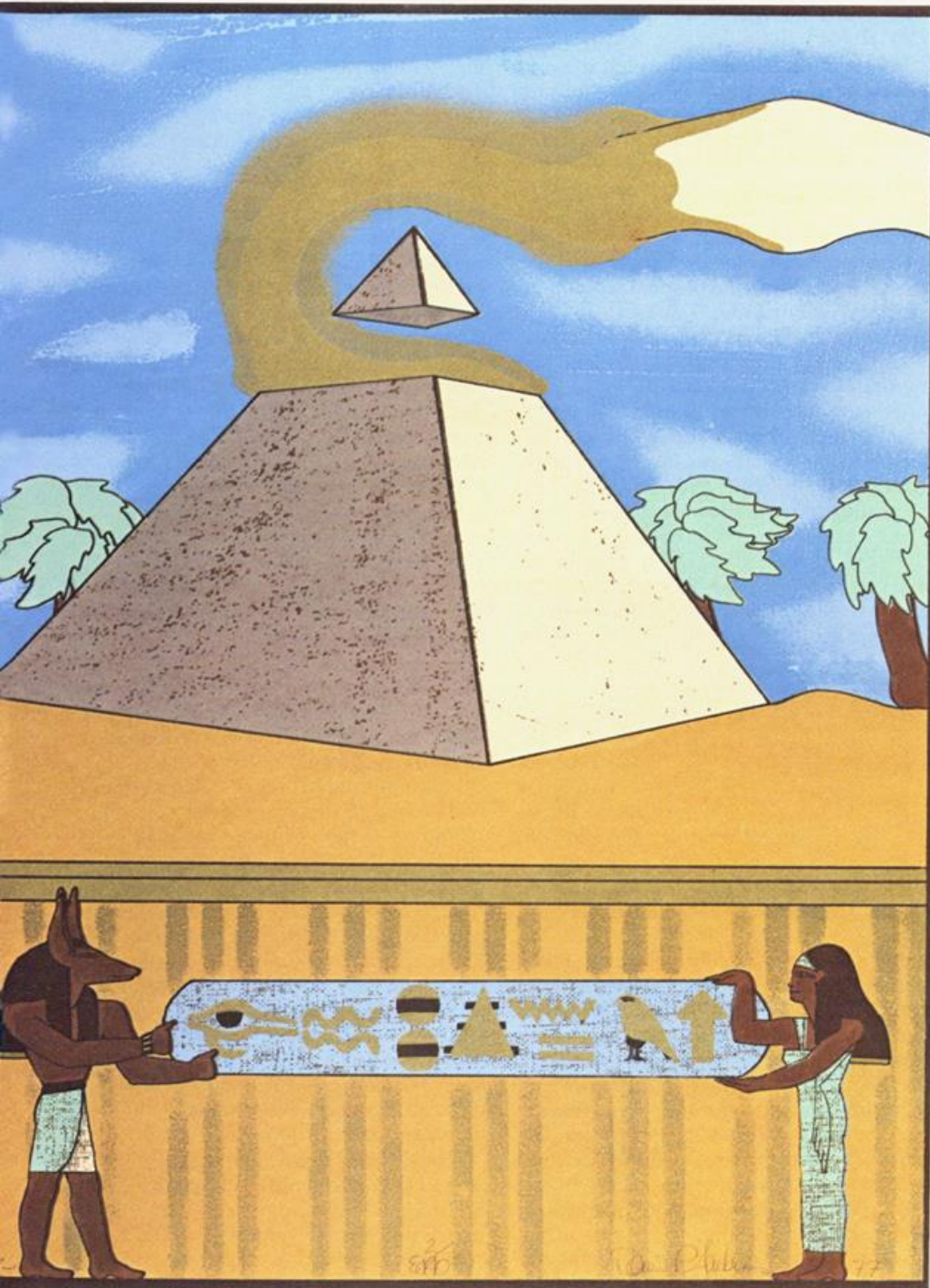
The Disciples have a complex creed. Controversial cosmologist Emanuel Velikovskiy, Elson's patron saint, figures importantly, as does a disputed history of the Egyptian royal dynasty, the Oedipus Myth, pyramidology, telekinesis, and a case for the value of incest. (Eddie is currently handling the legal case of a Chicago concert violinist who is suing to be allowed to be artificially inseminated by her 15-year-old son.)

The capstone of the faith, though, is the belief that when the missing crystal capstone of the Great Pyramid of Giza is restored, whoever is lying in the sarcophagus of Cheops will be baptized in a sea of liquid light and become messianic. Elson claims the Disciples believe in multiple messiahs. Nonetheless, guess who claims to know where the capstone is, and guess who's likely to be the first one cooling his buns in the funereal apartment when and if the Great Pyramid is topped off?

Which is what drew the "Real People" people. Those homogenized, Crest-test freak-show barkers descended on Elson's house in rural McFarland and were immediately disappointed when told there was only a scale model of the famous banana boat; the full-size vessel, Eddie said, had sunk in Lake Waubesa the week before.

The banana boat? Ah, yes; well, you see, the universe is encapsulated in a membrane shaped like a banana, and this banana undergoes a particular yaw, roll and pitch as it floats in a sea of liquid light. What we call stars are really pinholes in the membrane through which the universal liquid light pours. The Akhnaton family had a banana

**There's
not one ounce
of love in a thousand
pounds
of law."**



THE SOLE END for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. John Stuart Mill

boat in Egypt; and if you lie down in one, and go with the yaw, pitch and roll, you synch yourself up with the harmony of the universe and unite with the oversoul, and . . .

But, anyway, the Reallies got annoyed when they didn't find a real banana boat and discovered the Temple of Akhnaton was only Elson's Lake Waubesa boathouse. Where were the bushels of miniaturized humans?

"The refulgent being came and carried them away," Elson politely explained to John Barbour.

No pictures?

There were, but when the little people disappeared, the photos mysteriously turned black.

"Real People" likes its freaks cute and harmless, and TV, after all, is no goddamn theater of ideas. But Elson's neo-Second Dynasty Egyptian dashiki and matching headdress helped, as did the jovially sinister tone with which he expostulated his theories of the universe. The footage was shot and became one of the most popular "Real People" episode.

Eddie was invited to participate in the program's first anniversary show, but he sent a double in his stead—an Algerian nuclear-engineering student who bears a remarkable resemblance to the original but who speaks with a heavy French accent and doesn't know Akhnaton from Menachem Begin. Si-Ahmed was his name, and he was given Hollywood limousine hospitality. But, when it was time for the taping and they asked him about Kohoutek and Akhnaton and the universe as banana, he was only able to smile amiably. The Reallies were furious; they threatened to sue and demanded reimbursement for their not inconsiderable expenses.

"If they weren't so lackluster and stupid, they would have realized they could have done a delightful segment on the hoax," Eddie rejoined, "but they're absolutely humorless and not very creative at all. It's a vulgar and tasteless operation with very little substance, and only jerk-offs are entertained by it. I feel no remorse whatsoever."

Vulgar and tasteless? Substance?

For 15 years Elson has worked and played at developing the arresting public persona of Crazy Eddie, society's scourge, who enjoys picking his nose and wiping the boogers on Propriety's sleeve. He's hawked cocaine enemas (delivery of the product was held up at the supply end), which supposedly gave men the sensation of giving birth; claimed to have discovered the dental anesthetic xylocaine could be used as a stay-hard cream for "sexual sissies"; and peddled negative ionization machines as a cure for masturbation. And back in the early days, back when he ran No Hassle, the first head shop in Madison, and was jacking up and punching out members of the San Francisco Mime Troupe for calling him a capitalist pig, Eddie advertised, "Jews and dogs get 50 percent off whether they deserve it or not."

continued

He once published an elaborate tale of an alleged murder in which the victim was processed as Oscar Mayer sausage products—Oscar Mayer being the largest industrial operation in Madison. He used to mow his lawn in the nude, and he bared his butt on the cover of the literary magazine *Quixote*. He rubbed dog feces in the hair of a man who let his beast do it on the sidewalk, frequently screamed obscenities at legislators who took positions contrary to his own on individual rights, and predicted the sudden death of his "satanically possessed" opponent in a judicial race.

Elson on vulgarity and tastelessness is like Muhammad Ali on humility or Al Goldstein on chastity. Yet Crazy Eddie isn't just burbling nonsense when he complains of "Real People's" vulgarity and tastelessness. Whether or not one agrees with his motives, Eddie's assaults on the limits of civilized behavior are usually intentional in a way their "vulgarity" is not.

The views he's expressed on the legal system have been known to threaten what many of his colleagues consider the "dignity of the profession." In the course of the judicial race noted above, Elson told a daily paper, "I hate punks and chickens. I hate most of all gutless freaks who follow orders and don't think for themselves. We must be protected from the robot lawmakers and that's the job of judge."

Asked his opinion of grand juries, he remarked, "I would love to have the opportunity to be called in front of the grand jury, so I could tell them stories that would make their hair turn gray, make their eyeballs bulge, make their teeth rattle in their heads. People should stick their tongues out at the judge, in his face; they should wink at the district attorney and make up lies." They don't teach you to talk that way in law school.

During a motorcycle-helmet-law-violation case in Green County, Wisconsin, Elson offered the following testimony to the court:

Elson: I am a member of a religion called the Disciples of Akhnaton, and we believe that the faculty called telekinesis is found in the posterior of the brain and that this faculty can, in fact, ward off objects from hitting you. When I drive my motorcycle, I am in need of having the back of my head exposed to ward off objects and forces which might be endangering me.... And I think that, by the opinion wherein the Wisconsin Supreme Court endorsed and ratified the legislative decision [regarding helmet laws], it is going to put in jeopardy the rights of the members of the supreme court to get to heaven when they die.

The Court: What was that last?

Elson: I think the right of the seven members of the Wisconsin Supreme Court to get to heaven when they die is going to be jeopardized by their unanimous decision in the Bisensius case. I believe that if you enter into day-by-day participation in the encroachment of a person's right to self-sovereignty you jeopardize your right to go to heaven and you end up in the place in the ground where the tree stumps are generally located.

Mr. Leeper: I have no further questions.

The Court: Mr. Hustad, any questions?
Mr. Hustad: No.

In one criminal case, Elson felt the jury was being overly impressed by the uniform of a testifying cop, so the attorney came back from recess dressed as a priest. At the next recess, still in priest's garb, he went to a local drugstore and bought a large supply of condoms. "We're all human," Eddie sweetly told the startled salesgirl.

On another occasion he was arrested and dragged out of a mental hospital screaming, "You're crucifying me."

When S. Howard Young, a New York art dealer, left \$20 million to the Lakeland Memorial Hospital in Woodruff, Wisconsin, provided that the institution change its name to the S. Howard Young Medical Center, Elson immediately trotted off to the secretary of state's office and copyrighted the name for five dollars. He then informed

the folks in Woodruff they could have the name in exchange for an agreement that the newlyendowed medical center would not forcib-

Elson:
"I love to taste bully's blood. I love it! I love it!"

blyadminister drugs to its patients nor perform electroshock therapy or lobotomies. He also wanted them to give a \$1 million donation to St. Coletta's, a Jefferson, Wisconsin, home for the mentally retarded. Eddie thinks Rosemary Kennedy (sister to John and Bobby and Ted) is being held prisoner in a cottage at St. Coletta's, but he doesn't blame the nuns who run the place; he blames the Kennedys. He likes St. Coletta's and sometimes spends his free time playing with its retarded residents. In this case, the nuns of St. Coletta's refused the donation and Eddie dropped the game.

Except for the arrest and subsequent disorderly conduct conviction, which was unsuccessfully appealed as far as the state supreme court, none of these shenanigans were strictly illegal, but, to many, they constituted conduct unbecoming an officer of the court. Because of the conviction, the S. Howard Young "extortion" attempt, and a nursing home break-in to liberate a woman being held under illegal guardianship, disbarment charges were leveled against the Mad Dog. Confronted by the elders whose job it was to defend justice's honor, Elson wept openly and told them leukemia had left him with at most six months to live, and that he didn't want his wife and widowed mother to have to face besmirchment of the family honor while they knew the maggots were eating his flesh. In the end, though, the evidence against him was weak and the disbarment failed.

If some spiritually sclerotic counselors get pissed at the way this clown moons and

talks dirty in the presence of Lady Justice, other members of the profession are genuinely enthralled with the middle-aged imp. The attorney general of Wisconsin, Bronson LaFollette, scion of the state's greatest political family, is his best friend. Supreme-court justice Nathan Heffernan says Eddie makes him laugh and, "what's more, he is often profound." Federal judge James E. Doyle volunteers, "Whenever I think of Eddie, I think of the idea of a holy fool." Which doesn't mean he's a sellout or an important iconoclast; it just means he can work both sides of the street. He can come on like Sid Vicious one moment and prepare a solid, tactically astute case for a client the next. So the best of the establishment types know they can't easily dismiss him. They also understand Elson represents a healthy, if disloyal, opposition to the oppressive aspects of the law.

"There's not one ounce of love in a thousand pounds of law," says the Craze. But this is no peace-and-love flower child talking; his rep as a street fighter is unquestioned and near legendary on his Wisconsin turf. Elson claims he only resorts to violence when dealing with bullies, but some people, who knew him back in the '60s, say that, at least then, his violence was sometimes "gratuitous," or at least premature. The jury is still out on that question.

Philosophically, though, Eddie sounds like a child of the psychedelic revolution. "Contrary to the Puritans, I see man as basically good," he says. "Darwin was full of crap; the natural state of man is cooperation, not competition. Man and God are one. You are a leg on a centipede and I am a leg; it is unnatural for one leg to attack another, and it is likewise unnatural for the centipede itself to bite off its own leg." (Strange metaphor for a libertarian, but perhaps it's unfair to expect linguistic consistency from a man who describes himself as a "blast of pellets helter-skelter in all directions at once.")

Again, "You have a child that is innocent and good. You call him bad for a trifle, and he becomes worse for eternity. You have a man who is upright, proud, joyous. You call him criminal because he gambles, smokes marijuana, makes love or rides his motorcycle without a helmet."

Elson is demonstrably a lover of the divine spark in humanity, and if that love hasn't quite transformed him into a Jewish Mother Teresa, it has translated into years of compassionate work on behalf of mental patients, the retarded, minorities, victims of authority, and eccentrics of every stripe. He's a passionate libertarian who believes the brain police, the social engineers, the lawyers, teachers, psychiatrists and scientists—all the agents of the rationalistic, life-controlling, life-denying, white consciousness—have worked to stifle the spontaneous, intuitive, joyful spark in all of us.

Much of his energy over the past 15 years has been devoted to "loony law." "I am mentally ill and proud of it," trumpets Ed-

continued on page 99

The Last Run of the *Helena Star*

by Pedro Vera, first mate

Translated by Sandra Jacoste Frady

The true-life odyssey of the West Coast's biggest-ever boat bust—38 tons of marimba in April 1978—told in the chief officer's own words.

FIRST OF TWO INSTALLMENTS



Illustrations by Terry Allen

CARTAGENA DE INDIAS, AS THE SPANIARDS named it, is an old city that still evokes the colonial past with its romantic stone architecture. It was already old when Sir Francis Drake burned it to the ground in 1572. Now, besieging the timeworn heroic citadel, shimmer the modern steel skyscrapers that house the casinos, the interna-

tional hotels, the luxury apartments and entertainment centers for exclusive cosmopolitan clientele. The city exhibits a modern silhouette, casting its reflection upon the magnificent bay, while it attempts to hide the thousands of miserable shacks scattered in the outskirts. It is a dazzling city of contrasts where there is never a winter.

On that early March day of 1978, Cartagena, Colombia, glistened under a jubilant sun. Shortly after noon, three or four miles offshore, a ship of not too elegant lines almost imperceptibly inscribed its outline on the horizon, shabbily and discreetly. In the wide bay of Cartagena, very near Muelle de Pescadores (Fisherman's Wharf), a motor-

boat shoved off from the old stone walls and began to trace a wide curve toward Bocagrande, a headway inaccessible to ships of greater draft. It reached open sea and began to toss lightly in the waves. It was a little after 2:30 in the afternoon and for me the story was starting.

Inside the motorboat two passengers and the pilot were thrown about by each dash of the keel against the waves. I was one of them and I was on my way to assume the duties of first mate onboard that old hulk of a freighter that was becoming less desirable by the minute. When the motorboat got close enough for me to discern the details of the ship, I learned the name of my future domain. On the stern in very weathered white letters it read: *Helena Star*. Below that, in even ancients relief, one could make out the original name, *Fraternité*.

The stranger who one hour before had picked me up at a hotel in the city piloted the small craft quite deftly; he drew it up to the port side of the ship and the crewmen caught the line we threw.

As I climbed aboard the ship and the crewmen began the rapid maneuver of lifting two oil barrels from the launch, Román welcomed me with a wave and a smile from the command brigade.

"¡Hola! Bienvenido a bordo. I guess you're all set to begin your life as a smuggler."

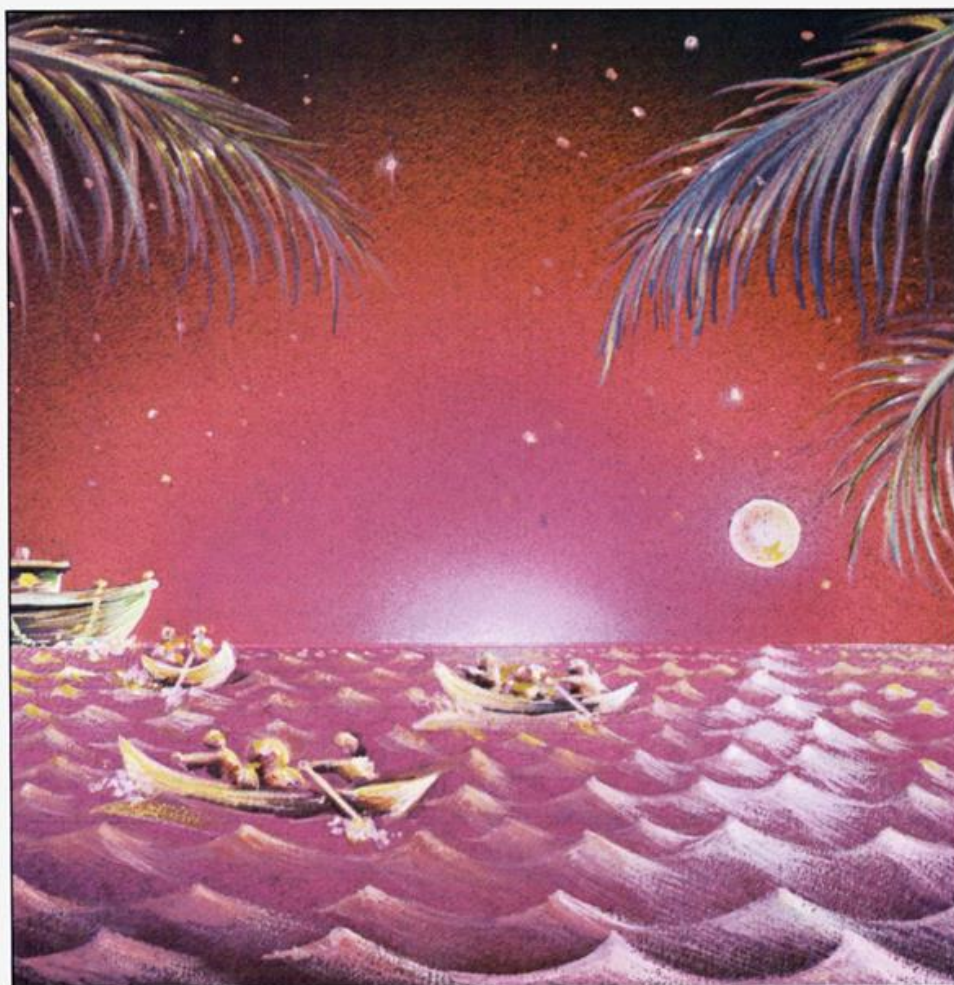
And it was true.

But it was also true that Román was just beginning that life, just as I was. I would find out later that he, the ship's captain, and I, the first mate, were the only ones onboard without previous experience in these activities.

Román and I had met a few years before in the Caribbean, trawling shrimp for a Colombian company. He was the captain of his own boat and I was on a company shrimp trawler. Román is a schooled mariner and a cultured European. We were drawn to each other as much by discussion, differences of opinion and analysis, as we were by the struggles and sea-lashings, fishing worries and catch information. We disagreed on many, many things. And we could calmly argue about them for hours and hours. That uncommon exercise bound us into a deep and lasting friendship. Now, for the first time, we were embarking on the same ship and on an adventure that would have seemed preposterous to us a few months earlier.

I had spent a long time away from Cartagena, over on the Pacific coast, trying to live "my way." I came back broke and in need of immediate work. I looked Román up to ask him to take me on and discovered that he was about to lose the shrimpboat that was his only fortune. A few serious reverses and a string of poor hauls had dumped him on the edge of bankruptcy. He owed more money than was allowable and, astonishingly, he was about to make a marijuana run in order to pay off his debts and have a little money left to start all over.

Román chose to make that run. He chose that road to salvage what he could, conscious of the risk he ran. When the moral-



ists analyze this decision, they have as much right to do so as anyone who has never found himself at the juncture of "having to choose."

THE *HELENA STAR* BORE SEAWARD AND gained depth enough to chart a direct course to the Panama Canal.

I arranged my scanty belongings in the berth Román had assigned to me and I made a cursory survey of the ship. She was a small freighter, about a hundred sixty feet from stem to stern, built over thirty years ago in a Dutch dockyard. She seemed—deceptively—a solid, comfortable and seaworthy vessel. She had been modified several times by additions and changes, most of which had been wrought hurriedly, without craftsmanship. Hundreds of meters of disused pipes and ropes hung like tapestries around the bulkheads of the helm, the radio room and the engine room. She had an English engine that they said was installed just two years before. I believed them. But no one could tell me what that engine did before, or where.

The galley was a small room aft, with a four-burner stove, a refrigerator, a dishwasher, a countertop cabinet and little else. Next to that room, toward the bow, was the small crewmen's mess; and on the starboard side was the very small dining room where, supposedly, the officers ate. Under the kitchen, the steward's room and the

crewmen's berths were all very narrow.

The chief engineer shared a double cabin with me, halfway between the main deck and the engine room. Román used another cabin located on the main deck, which had an old inscription: *KAPITAN*. Next to his quarters was an emergency infirmary that contained a sofa shoved against the wall.

An auxiliary generator housed on the forward deck provided electrical energy for the whole vessel (when it worked).

I barely glanced at all this—perhaps because in the uneasy tribunal of my conscience I did not intend to spend much time in that hulk—and I went up to the helm-room, which turned out to be much more interesting.

The steering wheel of the *Helena Star* was large and elegant. It was an old wooden wheel, polished by the hands of many helmsmen. It responded through a hydraulic system added on after the ship was built, and it most likely had been in use for many years, but it worked perfectly. Opposite the wheel, atop an old cylindrical platform, also of polished wood, rested a venerable compass on brilliant bronze supports. Gauges that indicated fuel and oil pressure, engine temperature, et cetera, were behind the helm; some functioned, but others, the majority, had been out of use for many years.

The radar was English made, solid and not very modern, but it seemed quite serviceable. Toward the stern, separated from the helm-

Marijuana's greatest crime is that it does not pay taxes. I do not feel the slightest moral twinge for having transported marijuana.

room by a thin wooden partition, the small radio room was overrun with anomalously ultrasophisticated gadgets: one radio locator in use and another in reserve; two short-wave sets for maritime frequencies; one small short-wave transceiver with which we would be able to communicate with Colombia from almost anywhere at sea; two barometers; the fuse box of a complicated electrical installation, and the on-off switch for the ship's running lights. There was also a countertop cabinet where the maritime charts were stored and upon which the ship's course was plotted. Above this counter, attached to the ceiling, was the apparatus that interested me the most at that moment: a gorgeous, exciting, resplendent loran. This was my first chance to work with one of those fascinating contraptions. I was eager to try it out and test its efficiency.

In that cubicle of less than three meters of space was the brain of the ship. Had this middle-aged, much-battered merchant-woman, the *Helena Star*, been chosen specifically to disguise this preposterous concentration of space-age communications technology? Among it, of course, Román was just now finishing setting the course for Panama.

The sea, very calm in that beautiful even-tide, presaged smooth sailing, a journey without problems. We ascertained that the ship was on course; then Román said to me, "It's a beautiful day for you to begin navi-

gating, *verdad*? Take it easy. You don't have to start your work until we leave Panama."

"Are the watches complete?"

"Of course. They change every four hours. No problem. Let's go down below for a drink and you can bring me up to date on Cartagena gossip."

Everything seemed to be going without a hitch. We went to the stateroom and while we fixed ourselves gin on the rocks, I asked him about the ship.

"*Hombre: bien. Bastante bien.* Actually, I know little more than what you have seen. She sails well. Her engine seems to be in good shape. They say she does ten knots. We took her to Santo Domingo to load gypsum, four hundred tons for ballast, and she behaved well, although I don't think she gave us the ten knots I was promised."

"And the crew? Good sailors?"

"*Si.* They've worked all right so far. Apparently on this type of cruise they don't take their duties too seriously. But we'll see, once we load the *marimba*. You know one of the engine men: that Brazilian that came with you from Guiana, Manuel."

"*Si.* But I didn't know he did this. When do we load? Where? I mean, if you can say..."

"*Bueno.* I don't know either answer yet, for sure. I know that we will load in the Pacific and I think we are going to Canada."

"*Canada*?! That's a tremendous trip. And a killing cold! Is there warm clothing aboard?"

"There is some, but I think they will bring us a little more in Panama. At any rate, I'm still not sure about *la cosa*. I'm telling you, they will fill me in there. Another thing: I said I needed a first mate if the trip were long. They told me 'okay' and to hire one. That's when I told them to find you. Did they discuss pay with you?"

"No. And I didn't ask, either. They picked me up at noon today, after calling me by telephone on your behalf. I don't even know if the character who brought me knows anything about *la cosa*. I didn't talk to anyone."

"*Bueno.* I suppose, then, that it will be the same amount as the chief engineer will get. Emilio's charging fifteen thousand dollars. They advanced him five thousand, one-third, like they did for everyone."

"They didn't advance me even the time of day! I've been living on the three-hundred-dollar loan you sent me. But, *bueno*, for my part, that's all right. The important thing, besides the *plata*, of course, is that on a long run I will be able to learn all the navigating tricks from you. I need you to teach me ocean navigation."

"No problem there. We have an overabundance of time, I think. And besides, it will be interesting navigating."

SHIPS OF EVERY FLAG AWAITED THEIR TURN to cross over the Panama Canal to the Pacific, or were leaving to find ports in the Atlantic. I settled in the command bridge after checking to be sure everything was in order, and I studied the bay under the hot, clear night. There were enormous Japanese

supertankers alongside which the *Helena Star* seemed an insignificant dinghy. Occasionally the lights of a fast launch indicated that one of the Canal Company pilots was about to initiate a trip through the isthmus. Whenever ship movement occurred during the night, it was preceded by the scrambling of small craft ferrying passengers. The canal seldom rests. And the spectacle that it offers any seaman always demands attention.

I have smoked marijuana only once, a few years ago. The only effect it had on me was a light dizziness with no aftereffects. That experience pales in comparison with the sweet intoxications brought on by French cognac in Cayenne, rum in Colombia or *caña* in Río de la Plata.

I know people who smoke habitually and enjoy the weed. I also know many people who smoke marijuana at parties just to "fit in"; but I am sure that it does not affect many of them *in the least*. Naturally, they put on a sort of drunkenness, almost always very exaggerated, in order to be "with it." They amuse me with their naiveté and their foolish snobbery.

I believe that a large number of people smoke marijuana simply because it is prohibited. They are the people who do not dare to rebel openly against a system that they suppose they do not like or does not suit them, and with these small acts of "defiance" they fancy themselves "heroic" and "fulfilled."

I am convinced that many people would quit smoking marijuana if it were legalized and stripped of the mystery and the aura that smuggling gives it. Marijuana's greatest crime is that it does not pay taxes. And taxes are the lifeblood of the state machinery everywhere. If marijuana were legalized, cigarette producers and whiskey distillers would probably lose money. And since they do pay taxes...

So, quite definitely—I'm sorry if this causes scandalized chills for anyone, as I sit here in my American prison cell, thinking back on that first night on the *Helena Star*—I do not feel the slightest moral twinge for having transported marijuana.

CONDORITO IS THE OLDEST OF THE CREW. He is a small, thin man, all muscle and tendon. He is one of the helmsmen; plus, Román has named him honorary boatswain. He must be between fifty-five and sixty years old, but he could just as well be a little younger or a little older. A few gray strands shine out from his short-cropped, kinky hair. And the wrinkles in his face: You can't decide whether to chalk them up to his age or to the constant smile that involves everything from his forehead to his chin.

He says that he has twenty-three children and I believe him.

"¿*Sabe*? With this woman I have six boys and five girls; but they are all grown, thanks to God... and thanks to the *maní* as well."

He smiled as he spoke, rather slyly and spiritedly, and his nose, which resembles a

vulture's beak, wrinkled as though it were preparing to strike.

"*¡Imágnese!* Shootin' forth so many *negritos* takes *plata*. And far be it from me to turn anyone down: I never minded the chore, anyway. And *marimba* always leaves a little extra."

"Have you trafficked much in this? You must be well padded!"

The beak wrinkled again in a grin as he took a slug of coffee and threw in more sugar.

"*Bueno*. Don't think . . . At least, I just finished buying the house. I paid it off with the advance they gave us. And *mire*, it took years! People wouldn't believe me, but I told them I was going to buy the house and there it is! *Completa*. But they don't believe a poor man until he gets his head above water, do they?"

He evinced a pride that was moving and frank. That house had cost less than three thousand American dollars. About ninety thousand Colombian pesos. That seems very little, but it is this man's triumph.

He chattered on in his rapid Spanish spiced with interjections, as he drank the sugary coffee and smoked cigarette after cigarette. For a long time he had not dared to think seriously that he, the natural product of poverty and ignorance, could be the owner of anything. Even his "woman" and his children were only half his.

"*¡Imágnese!* *La negra* washing other people's clothes all her life. When I told her that the house was ours, she almost went into shock!"

"*Bueno*, Condorito. What's this about twenty-three children? You must be pulling my leg. To have such a large family you would have to be a millionaire. Weren't there any movie theaters in your town?"

He cackled like an old woman. He feels very proud of this feat and does not hide it.

"Movie theaters? They didn't have any of those in the swamps. And, besides, what for? Twenty-three kids, *¡sí señor!* Now, don't think . . . Many nights we went to bed on wind *sangüiches* and a drink of water. But, *bueno*, they got made and they are still making it, no? Seven are married: five females and two males. And there are three other females, available and . . . tested. But that is another life! After this job, God willing, I'm going to buy myself a little boat and an outboard motor. Close-in fishing yields enough, *sabe?* And the boys can work it when I'm on a run. The middle ones can fish, and the littlest ones can sell, don't you think?"

"So, then, you expect to keep on doing this?"

"And if I didn't? I'll do it as long as I can. I am just now beginning to get on my feet!"

There stood that feisty, animated little cock, wrapped in old work clothes, smoking like a chimney, stubbornly challenging the enormous global contraband-interdiction machinery. Obstinate bent upon making something of his tribe, as he calls it. As important to him as one *comino* seed are the billions of dollars and thousands of agents employed by the international bu-

The *Helena Star* sailed laden with some forty tons of Colombian gold. From that moment on everything had to go perfectly, or . . . Better not to consider the alternative.

reaus in charge of repressing marijuana smuggling. It is manifest that there will always be Condoritos scoffing at the implacable government agents.

Who can convince this man that he is hurting anything?

He "travels" for five thousand dollars, this time. That represents for him getting off the last rung of poverty and advancing an enormous step, escaping with all his tribe from the diet of rice and yucca, when there is any. Those American dollars, worryingly and wantonly won, represent the lifesaving boat, the oar-sweat saving motor . . . and the school for his *negritos*, and the sewing and seamstress lessons for the *pintonas*, his blushing ripe daughters.

Condorito is a patriarch, although he does not know it. And even if that pains and disturbs the Drug Enforcement Administration, in his eyes he is only fulfilling his obligation: finding money wherever and however he can. Who can convince him that he should stop making mischief for the government agents? Since Condorito does not go to the movies, he has not yet learned that the "good guys" always win. Much less does he know that the "good guys" are elegant and well-paid government boys to whom hunger is just a word applied always in the past tense and generally referring to Asia, Africa or South America.

Condorito knows nothing about that. And because he knows nothing about it, because he was not "taught" at the proper time, he has the temerity to break out of poverty any way he can. Because he knows he has to live and that he has to support a family. That is part of what he understands by "to live." And he hauls sacks of *maraca-chafa* while he daydreams about new paint for the house.

His house. This little "vulture beak" is a smiling and obstinate threat that must make the drug agents of all nations, the world over, tremble.

That night, between coffee and plumes of tobacco smoke, he told me bits of his life. Outsmarting poverty was the first thing he learned as a boy, drifting around town looking for a little food that never stretched far enough at home. He was a peon, a carrier, a good-for-everything at anything that would give him something to chew on. School? He

knew such a thing existed, but it was a luxury of time which he needed to scratch out a living. At any rate, in order to go to school, first one must be alive; and in order to be alive, one must eat . . . et cetera.

He was jailed in Venezuela several times for jumping the line in search of higher and surer salaries in the fields on the other side.

"That was fierce! Men and boys, fifty or sixty to a cell, all mixed together with the trash. Food? Maybe a little broth of God knows what weeds . . . And the women separated from their men to entertain the guards! What's the point of telling you?"

They would get kicked back across the border in two weeks. And two or three days later they would filter right back in. What else could they do? Later he cut bananas on the American-owned plantations. He helped build roads . . .

And every year life would bring him a crying *negrito* that demanded food! Irresponsible? Perhaps. Certainly. But, when was he ever "taught" that his life-generating powers could be controlled?

Condorito began to haul bags of marijuana in trucks that disappeared fleetly into the mountain nights. It didn't matter to him one *comino* what he hauled, but the money they paid him turned out to be too pleasant a surprise to go unnoticed. The first couple of times he thought they had made a mistake. He feigned ignorance and waited to see what would happen. What happened was that they called him again a few days later for the same thing, and again they paid him as he had never dreamed of being paid. This developed into a connection with an "agent" who recommended him to a friend on the coast. He embarked on the Atlantic coast and began to smuggle coffee to the islands. On the way back, he brought whiskey and cigarettes.

"That's where I got a few *pesitos* together, *sabe?* I brought all my family to Cartagena and we rented a big old house. That was the first time I was able to keep them all together. *La negra* began to wash clothes on the outside and the children shined shoes."

The life of the seaman in the tiny boats that make the *ruta del café* ("coffee run") is a harsh school. Those little boats, loaded to capacity, sail on the open sea three or four days over and the same coming back. A man who does not learn to stand the sea is knocked out of the business.

One day they loaded a few sacks of marijuana and they hauled them to a waiting boat two or three miles out. He offered his services to the captain and, as he needed people, he accepted Condorito on board. He sailed twelve days and, when he returned they gave him a thousand dollars. Green American dollars.

"That was the most money I had ever seen in my life! And they were *dollars!* I had heard that that money was more. That it was worth something, *sabe?* And then when I found myself with that onshore, I gathered my courage and I went to an ex-

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If it's Lamb's Bread, I must be in Jamaica.

Text and photos by Laurence Cherniak



IT WAS THE indentured Hindu servants and field hands—brought 3,000 miles by their British subjugators to clear the jungles and serve high tea—who introduced marijuana to the Jamaicans back in the mid 19th century. The locals took to ganja smoking like a Canadian beaver to a silver-tipped spruce, and the rest, as they say, is history. (*Ganja* itself is an Indian word; Jamaicans call their primo stash either lamb's bread or Kali-herb, Kali being the consort of the powerful Indian deity Shiva.)

Jamaicans love experimenting with cultivation techniques. They regularly collect seeds not only from the previous year's harvest but also from friends who import seeds to Jamaica for the sole purpose of growing better herb.

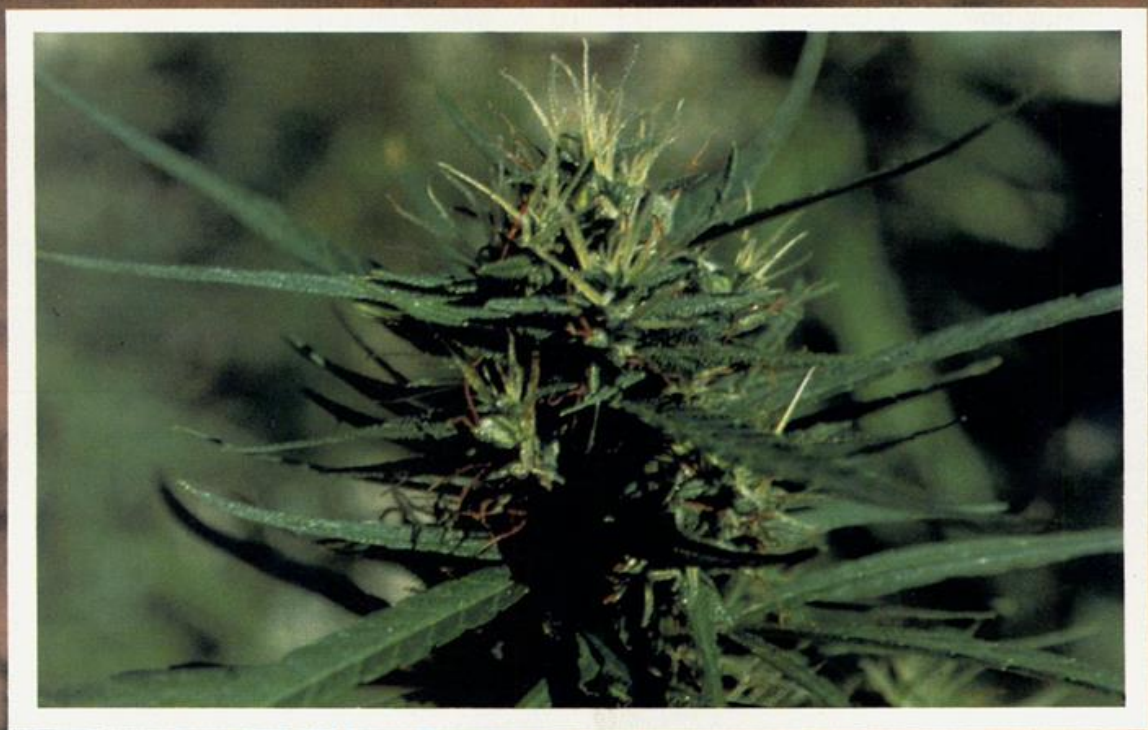
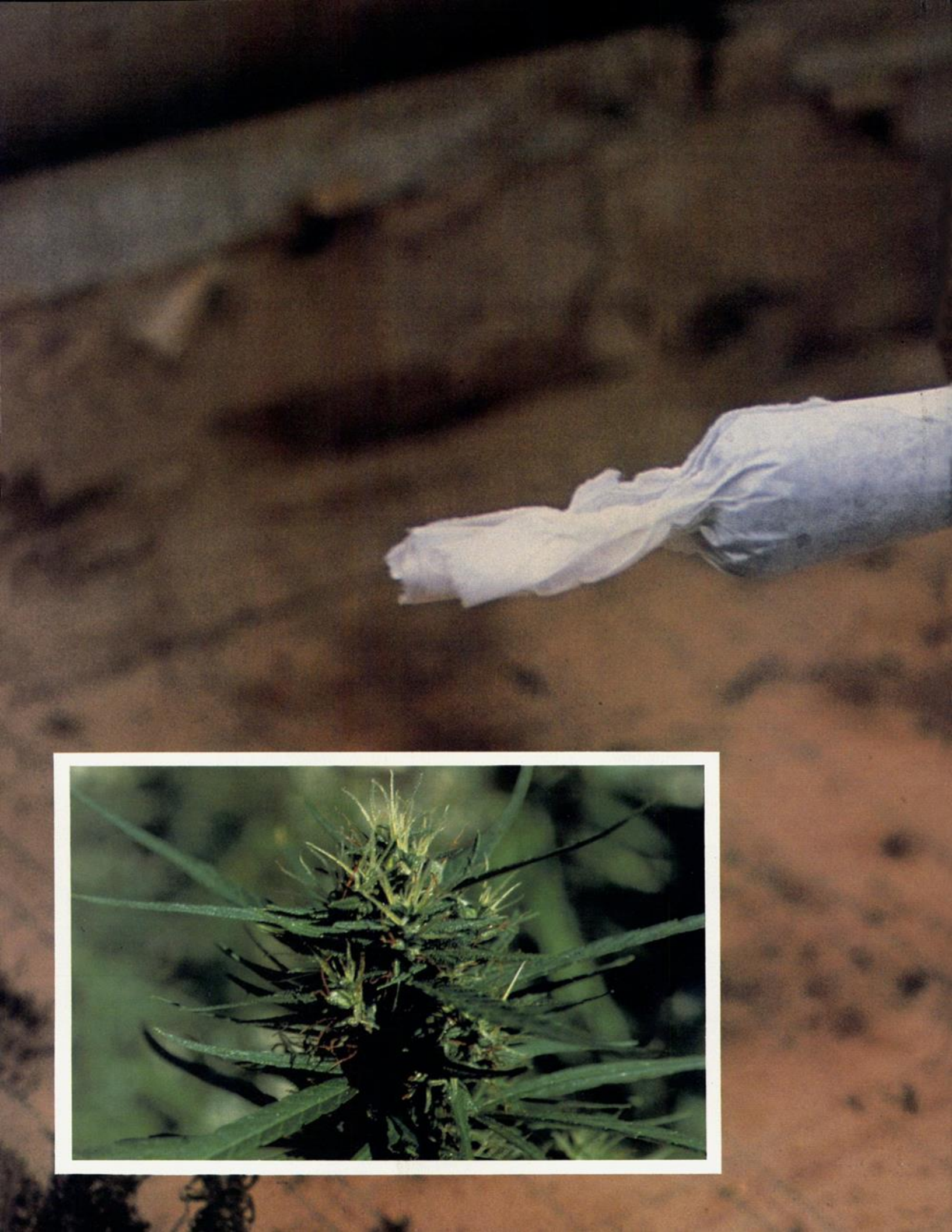
Young plants are usually started in planter boxes, barrels or any other handy and suitable container. Then, after the plants reach a height of at least eight inches, they are transported to hidden valleys or gulleys in the countryside for transplanting. Though the plants can often grow 10 to 15 feet tall, most are pruned to avoid detection, and plants grown in the shallow pockets of soil in the limestone hills rarely exceed 5 feet in height. The color of Jamaican herb varies greatly; it can be gold, green, brown or red, depending on the origin of the seeds.

When it's ganja-gleaning time along the Green River, Jamaican growers come away with some of the plumpest, resiny buds this side of Nepal. I can almost see them now, gathering at the close of the day upon a small hill overlooking the ocean to "smoke the chalice," staring into the sunset, lost in the sound of their own Sony Walkmans as the reggae music blasts through their dreadlocks.



Top: Jamaican manicured buds tied for hanging to dry.
Bottom: Ready to plant a barrel of six-to-eight-inch seedlings for transplanting in the mountains.

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A prepublication excerpt from Book II of *The Great Books of Hashish*.







Clockwise, from top left: Young Rasta mother of eight enjoying a free moment to toke on a chalice pipe; a Jamaican farmer kept his personal stash of 20 kilos from the last harvest (notice the bags of seeds on the weed in the sandboard box for the next crop); a bundle of ganja opened to show the pressed mixture of leaves and buds from which seeds have been removed; both types of marijuana displayed on this cutting board were grown in Jamaica: The gold-colored one (above) was grown from Colombian seeds and the darker one (below left) was grown from local seeds.



Overleaf: The famous Jamaican spliff is usually over six inches long. Spliffs like this one are often made from popcorn bags because cigarette papers are not sold on the island. Inset: Flowering bud at peak of florescence, ready to harvest.



ap·o·gee (ap'ə jē') *n.* 1. the point in an orbit farthest from the earth. 2. the highest point.

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Storing and Curing Your Floral Clusters

by Robert Connell Clarke

CURING

HARVESTING, DRYING, CURING and storage of *Cannabis* floral clusters to preserve and enhance appearance, taste and psychoactivity are often discussed among growers. More floral clusters are ruined by poor handling after harvest than by any other single cause. When the plant is harvested, the production of fine floral clusters for smoking begins. *Cannabis* floral clusters are harvested by two basic methods: either individually, by cutting them from the stalks and carefully packaging them in shallow boxes or trays, or all simultaneously by uprooting or cutting off the entire plant. In instances where the floral clusters mature sequentially, individual harvest is used because the entire plant is not ripe at any given time. Removing individual clusters also makes drying easier

and quicker because the stalks are divided into shorter pieces. Floral clusters will dry much more slowly if the plant is dried whole. This means that all of the water in the plant must pass through the stomata on the surface of the leaves and calyxes instead of through cut stem ends. The stomata close soon after harvest and drying is slowed since little water vapor escapes.

Boiling attached *Cannabis* roots after harvesting whole plants, but before drying, is an interesting technique. Originally it was thought by cultivators that boiling the roots would force resins to the floral clusters. In actuality, there are very few resins within the vascular system of the plant, and most resins have been secreted in the heads of glandular trichomes. Once resins are secreted they are no longer water-soluble and are not part of the vascular system. As a result, neither boiling

nor any other process will move resins and cannabinoids around the plant. However, boiling the roots does lengthen the drying time of the whole plant. Boiling the roots shocks the stomata of the leaves and forces them to close immediately; less water vapor is allowed to escape and the floral clusters dry more slowly. If the leaves are left intact when drying, the water evaporates through the leaves instead of through the flowers.

Whole plants, limbs and floral clusters are usually hung upside down or laid out on screen trays to dry. Many cultivators believe that hanging floral clusters upside down to dry makes the resins flow by gravity to the limb tips. As with boiling roots, little if any transport of cannabinoids and resins through the vascular system occurs after the plant is harvested. Inverted drying does cause the leaves to hang next to the floral clusters as they dry, and the resins are protected from rubbing off during handling. Floral clusters also appear more attractive and larger if they are hung to dry. When laid out flat to dry, floral clusters usually develop a flattened, slightly pressed profile, and the leaves do not dry around the floral clusters and protect them. Also, the floral clusters are usually turned to prevent spoilage; this requires extra handling. It is easy to bruise the clusters during handling, and upon drying, bruised tissue will turn dark green or brown. Resins are very fragile and fall from the outside of the calyx if shaken. The less handling the floral clusters receive the better they look, taste and smoke. Floral clusters, including large leaves and stems, usually dry to about 25 percent of their original fresh weight. When dry enough to store without the threat of mold, the central stem of the floral cluster will snap briskly when bent. Usually about 10 percent water remains in dry, stored *Cannabis* floral clusters prepared for smoking. If some water content is not maintained, the resins will lose potency and the clusters will disintegrate into a useless powder.

As floral clusters dry, and even after they are sealed and packaged, they continue to cure. Curing removes the unpleasant green taste and

allows the resins and cannabinoids to finish ripening. Drying is merely the removal of water from the floral clusters so they will be dry enough to burn. Curing takes this process one step further to produce tasty and psychoactive marijuana. If drying occurs too rapidly, the green taste will be sealed into the tissues and may remain there indefinitely. A floral cluster is not dead after harvest any more than an apple is. Certain metabolic activities take place for some time, much like the ripening and eventual spoiling of an apple after it is picked. During this period, cannabinoid acids decarboxylate into the psychoactive cannabinoids, and



Old head's tale: For years growers thought that boiling plant roots would increase bud potency. Not true.



Jim Smith © 1981



Robert C. Clarke

terpenes isomerize to create new polyterpenes with tastes and aromas different from fresh floral clusters. It is suspected that cannabinoid biosynthesis may also continue for a short time after harvest. Taste and aroma also improve as chlorophylls and other pigments begin to break down. When floral clusters are dried slowly they are kept at a humidity very near that of the inside of the stomata. Alternatively, sealing and opening bags or jars or clusters is a procedure that keeps the humidity high within the container and allows the periodic venting of gases given off during curing. It also exposes the clusters to the

fresh air needed for proper curing.

If the container is airtight and not vented, then rot from anaerobic bacteria and mold is often seen. Paper boxes breathe air but also retain moisture and are often used for curing *Cannabis*. Dry floral clusters are usually trimmed of outer leaves just prior to smoking. This is called *manicuring*.

The leaves act as a wrapper to protect the delicate floral clusters. If manicured before drying, a significant increase in the rate of THC breakdown occurs.

STORING

Cannabis floral clusters are best stored in a cool, dark place. Refrigeration will retard the breakdown of cannabinoids, but freezing has adverse effects. Freezing forces moisture to the surface

from the inside of the floral tissues and this may harm the resins secreted on the surface. Floral clusters with the

shade leaves intact are well protected from abrasion and accidental removal of resins, but manicured floral clusters are best tightly packed so they do not rub together. Glass jars and plastic freezer bags are the most common containers for the storage of floral clusters. Polyethylene plastic sandwich or trash bags are not suited to long-term storage since they breathe air and water vapor. This may cause the floral clusters to dry out excessively and lose potency. Heat-sealed boilable plastic pouches do not breathe and are fre-

Drying your plants upside down will give them a fuller, more attractive appearance.

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GOD'S OTHER SON

by the Right Rev. Billy Sol Hargus

Not since Luther banged his 95 Theses onto that old church wall has there been such consternation in the Christian world, following the recent unearthing of a set of tapes containing the oral testament of the late Rev. Billy Sol Hargus. Hargus, the eminent electronic evangelist, who disappeared a few years back following an unsuccessful attempt to walk on the Sea of Galilee, claimed to be God's second son. His ministry, which included an airline called Jesus Jets and consumer products such as Billy Sol's Sacred Fried Chicken and Cheeses of Nazareth, attracted millions.

HIGH TIMES is proud to present the first reel of Billy Sol's tapes, as transcribed by his faithful servant, the outrageous NYC disc jockey Don Imus. Roll away the stone...

GOD HAD TWO SONS.

JESUS WAS HIS FIRST, AND I, BILLY SOL HARGUS, AM HIS SECOND.

God our Father is my Father and Jesus is my Brother, and that's the truth.

Father took Jesus and now He's takin' me. As I speak these words I'm prepared to meet Him. The Lord's comin' and He's comin' soon.

In my final days on earth, there were many who sought me. There were those who laughed at me, taunted and humiliated me. Many doubted my words.

You are all forgiven!

Though there are heathen sons-a-bitches and atheist Communist bastards among you, I understand and it's okay.

The Lord, my Father, has directed me to leave all of you a complete record of my life, my words and deeds. Now I may be the *second* Son, but I'm gonna be the *first* to do what I'm doing—something no member of The Family ever did. Not Jesus, or Joseph, or Mary, or any of the Apostles. Not *one* of 'em ever saw fit to keep any kind of day-to-day diary.

God knows why, but they didn't.

What I am about to do here is deliver unto the world a first-person account of my life. For the first time ever, a Son of God is gonna tell His own story in His own words!

First of all, for the record, I'm white. I'm an American and I'm a Baptist. That's what I am and that's all I need to be.

Figure it out. If I, a son of God, am white, an American and a Baptist, what's that make God? See?

And so, if ever again you hear some atheistic, egghead anthropologist sayin' God is something else, you got my personal, holy

permission to wrap a tire iron around his head! God's what I am—period.

Yet, there are many who choose to believe that God is somethin' else; what *they* are, like an Indian or an Arab or somethin'. Or a *woman*, for God's sake! A *woman*! Jesus Christ! There ain't never been or ever gonna be no *woman* that was *father* of anything, let alone *everything*! And God ain't a talkin' rock or a burnin' bush or a bird or a bolt of lightning or some peculiar feelin' down deep inside an overeducated heathen moron who's only got a cramp. Nor is God black. If you could be anything you wanted to be, would you choose to be colored? Hey, I'm sorry about all this, but I didn't make the rules.

Like Father, like Son. That also happens to mean that my brother, Jesus, does *not* look at all like them pictures you see of 'im hangin' on motel-room walls. You know, the one with the eyes that follow you all around the room, painted by some Eye-talian who's got Him lookin' like a halfbreed Mexican checkin' over His shoulder for the border patrol!

Now, pardon me, but that's a load of shit! Jesus, of course, looks like me and we *both* favor Dad.

I oughta also point out here that simply because your lot in life is something less than you might-a hoped for, circumstances got you born in a time or place you didn't like, well, that don't mean God wanted or ever intended for you to go figurin' that He's what you are. No sir. If you're of some racial persuasion other than white, well, you're just shit outta luck.

And another thing. While there sure as hell been lotsa folks who've gotten the physical image of Jesus all cockeyed, there's been a whole bunch more who have cast

doubt and derision upon His Word over the years an' that really pisses me off! By God, the bastards ain't ever gonna get a chance to do that to me. No, sir! I'm takin' care of that right now with this here microphone and tape recorder! They'll never be able to go twistin' things around and castin' doubt on my words when all they have to do is punch a button an' play 'em back as spoken!

Poor ol' Jesus, though. I tell you, I just get to feelin' so bad when I think of how it all worked out for Him. Jesus, He devoted His whole life to doin' good things for others; savin' folks, knockin' Hissself out workin' miracles; drivin' out the most godawful diseases; cookin' for the multitudes. You ever cook for a multitude? Hell, no. You think you've worked a miracle feedin' half a dozen folks on the Fourth of July? Someday try feedin' 50,000 with a dead fish and a hunk of stale bread. I'm here to tell you, you *had* to be God to pull off that kind of thing and keep all your teeth! But Jesus managed it, time and again. I'll swear, there just ain't *never* been nobody had a nicer older brother. An' what'd He get for it? Two thousand years of no 'count Communist ingrates puttin' doubt on what He did and on what He said.

You see, Jesus never got to tell His own story. Ain't that ridiculous? Here you had the Son of God, the *oh-riginal*, for Christ-sakes, right here on Earth spreading the Word. Hell, He *was* the Word. Yet no one ever took down one single, solitary syllable straight from His mouth, a direct quote, and put it in Jesus' own book! Does that make *any* sense? Nothin' Jesus ever wrote, if He wrote anything at all, nothin' ever got into *any* book, let alone the *one* book it oughta got in, the Bible. And don't you know that a preacher like Jesus was just dyin' to tell His own story? Particularly when He was the

The Gospel According to Don Imus

From *God's Other Son* by Don Imus. Copyright © 1981 by John Donald Imus. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster.



Dana Ventura

preacher He was preachin' about! God! What a shame.

'Course, if you think about it just a minute, how *could* He? There was hardly time to write anything down, considerin' how they had to do it back then; carve it out on a boulder or stand around waitin' for a tub of marsh weeds to dry out so's they could weave it up and write something on it. I mean, Jesus was a minister for only three years. By the time He'd a-gotten around to writin' everything down He'd a-been dead a hundred.

And besides, our Father never gave Him much of a chance to take notes, even. My God, He nearly worked the Boy to death! Why, I just know that as soon as my Brother woulda got set down ready to whack out somethin' on a rock, Dad woulda run another leper in on Him. And so, today, we don't even have so much as a "Jesus Slept Here" in His own, personal handwritin'.

Nope, we don't.

What we *do* know about Jesus, His birth, His ministry, His death and resurrection, we got from the Gospels of Matthew, Mark,

Luke and John. And if Paul hadn't wandered off to Damascus, seen the light, and started spreadin' the word, we might not even have *that*. Still, it ain't much.

What we *don't* know about Jesus also comes from the Gospels. *When* He was born. *When* He died. How *old* He was. What the hell He did for those 30-odd years *before* He started preachin' and whatever *happened* to Him. Hell, you could write four *more* Gospels just on things we *don't* know!

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work hosin' turds out of a manger. They have to know more about you than what we know about Jesus just to throw your ass in jail.

And yet, I know that God, for some *adequate reason*, did not direct that a complete biography be written about my Brother's life. He could have, and personally, I think He should have. It sure would've made it a hell of a lot easier tellin' folks about Him if He had.

Instead, God directed that the story of Jesus be written by Matthew, who was a tax collector; Mark, who we're only told was the son of Peter; Luke, who was a doctor; and John, who was a fisherman.

Now, isn't that a fine bunch to pick to write the life story of the most important figure in the history of the world? Not exactly your basic Book-of-the-Month Club candidates, that's for *damn* sure!

But we'll just have to live with it. Their works were divinely inspired and they *are* the Word of God. I guess what we know about Jesus from the Gospels is all we're *supposed* to know. We accept that and the Word of God on faith.

Now, right there's a big problem.

We accept it, but is that good enough for a world full of heathens runnin' around huntin' facts? Nooooo! Christ! These bastards wanna know *everything*! They have no faith. If Brother Jesus just coulda done what I'm doin', told His whole life Hisself, we could have avoided 2,000 years of unChristian, unholy infidels askin' questions about things that are, frankly, none of their god-damn business.

I've had to preach to these dumbbells and I know what the hell I'm talkin' about. I spent a lifetime tellin' 'em about faith. Jesus, they thought I was crazy. I explained to 'em over and over again that God had an *adequate reason* for havin' the Gospels turn out like they did.

"Okay, Hargus," they'd ask, "what was the adequate reason?"

"Goddamnit!" I'd scream at 'em. "How am I supposed to know? It was adequate! What th' hell difference does it make?"

The bastards laughed at me.

Throughout my ministry I was constantly faced by heathen skeptics who would insist, "Facts before faith!" Well, it nearly drove me nuts. I've spent years talkin' about Jesus an' I can tell you that after you've quoted Him a few times there just ain't a hell of a lot more to talk about. And heathens just *love* findin' loopholes! Let them run across one thing that don't quite jibe with somethin' else and they'll jump on you like dirty on a duck! I was continually having to make excuses and fill in the blanks.

F'r instance, I don't know how many times I run up against this one: They'd sneer at me, "How come the Gospels can't even agree on what the names of the Twelve Apostles were?"

Now, if they'd a-just thought a minute before they went shootin' off their mouths, they'd realize Jesus *had* to know who His

men were. You can bet He just didn't up and say, "Hey, you, what's-your-face, bring me another gimpy A-rab to fix up!" The Gospels tell us that Jesus even *changed* the names of His Apostles to suit Him better. So it's pretty obvious He had to know their names to start with. But a heathen won't let up.

"Okay," they snicker, "what were they?"

"I don't know."

"When was Jesus born?"

"I don't know."

"When did He die?"

"Long time ago."

"Where is He?"

"Don't know."

"When's He comin' back?"

"When it's time."

"Come on, Hargus, give us some god-damn dates!"

Honest to God, I wished I could've told 'em just to have shut 'em up! And as much as I hate to have to admit it, it's true: The Gospels got Matthew, Mark, Luke and John soundin' like a bunch of welfare loafers tryin' to explain where their new Cadillac came from! Listen, the next time you've got nothin' to do, just sit down and try to figure out, and then explain it to a heathen, how it is we're told that Jesus was born in the year 4 B.C. Does that make any sense? How in God's name can they tell us that Jesus Christ was born four years before Jesus Christ was born?!? Even with the way those stooges jacked around with the calendar you would've thought they could've pinned down a fairly important birth date, wouldn't you? But no, "Christ was born four years before Christ was born." Jesus! You begin to get an idea what I been up against? And *then*, as though just to make damned sure nobody would ever be able to figure out nothin' for certain, the Gospels were written in the city of Rome, in the Greek language, 30, 40 and 50 years *after* Brother Jesus was gone!

See? If only we could have heard the words of Jesus Himself, we'd know. Imagine that! Jesus actually speakin' to us as I'm speakin' to you. We'd have the answers. But He didn't, and so, we don't.

Now, our pseudo-intellectual smartbutts allege that after the death of Jesus, His followers, who were Jews, *remained* Jews and drove the Romans out of Israel in the Holy Wars simply because they hated garlic. Jews, they say, became Christians when the authors of the New Testament rewrote history in an effort to brownnose the Romans. And Christianity was born, some of these imbeciles say, when they had to come up with a name for all the folks they were feedin' to the lions. I even had one of 'em point out to me that Jesus said He was a Jew *hissself*!

Well, of course He *said* He was Jewish! What the hell was He supposed to say? "Hi, there, all you fine folks of Israel. I'm the Messiah you been waitin' for, the True Light of the World, the Son of God, and, oh yeah, by the way, I'm a Jehovah's Witness!"

Let's get serious here. They'd a-grabbed the hammer and nails right then and there.

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I've always regarded it as a wuss drug for those who couldn't handle the payback from amphetamines.

not qualified. "I hate the stuff. Never touch it," I tell him. "I won't even allow it in my house!" "Great idea," he says, obviously paying no attention to what I'm saying. "Write it."

On the spot I demand research expenses. It was the least he could do. Now what drone scribe wouldn't be tickled at the opportunity?

I don't exactly hate cocaine. I can't work up too much bile about a relatively obscure, benign, non-habit-forming substance that, in its natural state, *Erythroxylon coca*, serves as a mainstay of the diet of the highland Indians of Peru. Privately, I've always regarded it as a wuss drug for those who couldn't handle the payback from amphetamines. And the cheerful sense of well-being it fosters is too unworldly for my taste. Still, in low doses it's reasonably pleasant, and once in a while a spoon gets me through a particularly tedious piece of writing.

No, I can't work up too much bile about a mere substance. What bothers me is how the coke biz trades on its reputation. The lady's developed a smarmy, pornographic appeal that benefits only the people in the business. The spurious glamour that adheres to coke on account of its price tag only pushes the price higher. There's less and less coke in every gram nowadays: maximum consumption for minimal gratification. Time was you could afford to do enough to enjoy it; now you do it because you can afford it.

People who trade in coke are doing more than Customs, the Coast Guard and the DEA to keep snow out of the hands of most people. And the concept of a drug so unapproachably expensive you have to reserve a safe-deposit box for it works against the development of the serious drug abuser's levelheaded appreciation of the substance at hand. That probably works to the advantage of the dealers, too. If anyone ever took up the subject on a connoisseur level, he'd probably notice that of all the drugs used recreationally, only coke has no discernible head of its own.

Coke doesn't produce the perceptual changes that give other drugs their serendipitous effect. There's nothing that's more fun on coke—except more of the same. As a party drug, it's a laugh. Coke becomes a

WHY I HATE COCAINE (And Won't Allow It In My House)

ON THE SECOND MONDAY OF EVERY month, my boss here solemnly announces that he's never going to buy cocaine again. I don't ask him why and I don't ask him why he's made the same resolution in favor of abstinence every month for the past eight. It's his way of telling me what a hellzapoppin' weekend he just had and would I please go away until the curse of the bourgeoisie ceases to cast its pall over his jangled central nervous system.

Pretty tacky all around, like opening a conversation with a declaration of one's annual income. From the editor of the leading drug mag, one would expect a certain cool discretion, a nonchalance about the drugs of abuse: Ain't nobody's business but our own, thank you please, and will you kindly call off the thought police? But now that

by Sheera Stern, Associate Editor

coke's become the naughty darling of the rec-drug crowd, even people who like it seem to believe all the bad press. So my editor vows not to buy it because, get this, if it's in the house, he just can't resist it.

I've already fixed myself but good with the boss, so I might as well let on what he does with his coke. He stashes it in his safe-deposit box. That's the truth. Every time he wants to get high, he has to go to the bank. There's a man who's lost his sense of humor about multiple-drug abuse. He salts away this little good-times fund and then he goes and makes a formal withdrawal for purposes of partying.

I don't mind bad-mouthing the guy because I've never gotten so much as a hit off of him. Besides, he's the one who suckered me into writing this column. He's trying to get some extra work out of me so he asks if I'll write about cocaine and sex. I demur. I'm

Mick Rock

dumb substitute for the party itself; you feel good without expending anything but money. Acid gave us the yellow submarine; coke gave us Steve Rubell.

What makes coke a really lousy drug is that no one ever forgets how much it costs. I had to ban it from the house. When I lived alone, I used to get calls from men bearing coke. "Hey baby, I have some coke. Wanna party?" I thought it was a pretty tacky way to get invited over, waving a C note in my face. For a while I made up excuses. "No, I'm busy wrapping Christmas presents. And it's such a bad night—why don't you wait until the snow melts?" Then I started to say flatly, "I hate coke." I don't hate coke any more than they needed it to get through the door, but a turnaround was something we could both understand.

When my expense check from the magazine finally came through, I scored the teeniest little mountain of snow—on my standard of living, about a day's wages, before taxes. And after a start on that, I figured the most efficient way to get a reading on this theory of sex and coke was to set up an amiable rendezvous with my constant companion and see for myself. So with the rest of my expense money setting up a comfortable rattle in my coat pocket, I set out to score a spare garter and nylons at an outlet where I'd always found the salespeople particularly friendly.

I was en route to the appropriate counter when my eyes skittered over to some leather bit-and-bridle apparatus. I was hooked. I started to read everything: "For the simultaneous titillation and chastisement of the genitalia." The creams, the jellies, the six-way massage devices... Six-way?

"What do you do with this?" is what my old man demanded to know, pointing to a particularly arcane mechanical innovation.

"I dunno. Wanna go to bed?"

"Wanna do some coke?"

We divvied up some lines, holding the glass precariously balanced over the clutter of shopping bags and tangled leather. Brightening considerably, my mate agreeably suggested he straighten up while I got myself arranged. "I'll be right back," he shouted as he catapulted out the kitchen door with an armload of plastic trash bags.

By the time I had the twenty-eighth stay tied, my partner in adventure was finishing the kitchen floor. He didn't even notice the jut of Technicolor heron feathers that flashed by when I got him the vacuum cleaner. I hid the coke when he started negotiating for new drapes.

But in a few days things were really out of hand. Absolutely anything became an excuse to do coke, and coke was enough justification to do nothing else. "Honey, would you mind doing the dishes?"

"Wait a minute, babydoll, lemme toot up a couple lines to get the strength."

That was it. I banned it from the house. □



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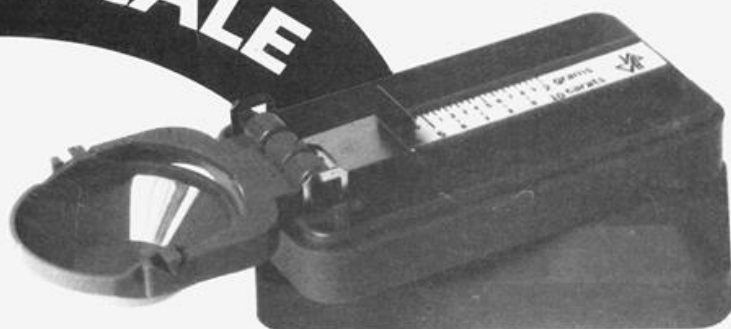
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rhetorical question; don't introduce yourselves. [Laughter] And around the nipples, there's the areola—the shady part. Those little bumps are the mounds of Montgomery. I mean, you should know them, talk to them. They have personalities. They have—you should have mounds-of-Montgomery consciousness.

So these drug rehabilitation people come and they warn the kids. They say, you know, "If you go home, your parents know you've been smoking dope! They can tell. Your pupils are dilated, your speech is slurred, you have short-term memory loss." And the kids say, "What happens if you go home and your parents are zonked out? You know, your father is speaking slurred and giggling a lot, and you say, 'Hey, Mom!' and she says, 'Huh?'" She's forgotten her name, as well as her role!

And they admit this is a problem. They try to give the kids warnings. They say, "How many of you kids here take Quaaludes?" About six or seven kids have, but they can't raise their hands. So he says, "If you smoke a joint three days after you take a Quaalude, you'll get the effects of the Quaalude again." So, you know, it's like 1984. It was meant as a warning, and people take it as a blueprint.

So these kids say, "Okay. It's like a homework assignment. Three days. I'll have Quaaludes and try it out." [Laughter] "Day one..." And they just test it out.

There was one kid there who asked if "silver rectangles" was good acid. Now the drug rehab people had heard of orange sunshine, which was a tab, and green pyramid, which was a jellied substance with the acid injected. They had not heard of silver rectangles until one kid confessed that it was from... You know library books? They have this little metal strip, sort of, which has been electronically treated, so that if you go through a metal detector it beeps to show that you've been shoplifting.

And so a kid had been giving those out, and that's what it was. Except one kid in the back of the room screamed: He had taken one, and he was tripping from the placebo effect.

So the kids took him down to the library when the bell rang, and he kept pretending that he was stealing books and then going through, and it would beep. And they finally got him completely undressed and he walked through and it beeped. So they called in someone to "repair" the machine.

Let me tell you my favorite story about the reason to be optimistic, and then I will turn the proceedings over to Robert Anton Wilson.

This happened a few years ago at the University of Kansas. There was a panel discussion, and on the panel were Ken Kesey, myself and Max Lerner—who they got from Rent-a-Liberal. [Applause and laughter] Probably when he tells it, he says they got us from

"In the next ten years we're going to get things moving faster and higher than ever before!"—Leary

Rent-a-Weirdo, so it balances out. And there was also a Chicano professor from the university on the panel.

Now, at the end of the panel there were questions. There was a microphone, and people would come up and ask questions, and people would answer them. About halfway through that proceeding, a dwarf—who was crippled—came up, on crutches, to the microphone, and everybody kind of remained a little bit tense and silent. This was before the disabled liberation movement, and people were kind of a little bit shocked to see somebody coming forward—a dwarf on crutches—to the microphone.

And he started lambasting the panel, and saying, "I, for one, resent the pessimism that I've heard coming from this panel. I don't like that negativity. I read a lot of papers in the underground and the overground. I speak to a lot of people on the phone. I know that bartending is beginning to become popular, even in the middle class. I see food co-ops developing. I see people fighting city hall on every possible, imaginative level..." He said, "I see..." and he just went on with a delineation of all the things that he felt we were to be optimistic about.

And nobody on the panel wanted to answer him. Except the Chicano professor got up, and he said, "Well, that's easy for you to say. You're white!" [Laughter and applause.]

So I always try to remember that in moments of optimism.

I'll leave you now with the good news and the bad news. The bad news is that if you see *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, they have this clock that they put on the cover periodically, which is a doomsday clock, which tells you how many minutes we have to go, according to some time scale that only they know what it represents. And the last time they did it, a few months ago, they updated the clock so it's *three minutes to midnight*, which means "nuclear devastation." That's the bad news.

The good news is that scientists are just like the rest of us. *They always set their clocks ten minutes ahead*. So we have that grace period. Thank you. [Applause.]

ROBERT ANTON WILSON: One of the interesting things about the placebo effect, which was discussed by Dr. Weil, is that a recent study showed doctors are most likely to give placebos to people who will not profit by them, and least likely to give placebos to people who will profit by them.

This study was done in a large hospital, and it turned out that there are basically two kinds of patients: There are the ones who want to get well, and there are the ones who want to stay sick a while longer—because they manage to avoid certain problems that they'd have to confront if they got the hell out of the hospital.

And doctors give placebos to the ones who would rather stay sick. And the patients ignore the placebos, just like they ignore any other type of therapy—because it doesn't fit into their game plan.

The people who will respond best to placebos are the ones who want to get well. But doctors don't give them placebos. Because doctors give placebos to people to punish them, it turns out. It's the doctor's way of saying, "I'm smarter than you, you schmuck—I know you're faking it!" That's why they give them placebos. So they never give placebos to the people who take advantage of them.

Goethe said that the difference between a "beautiful woman" and a "pretty woman" is that a beautiful woman has "a touch of the bizarre." And that has to do with creativity.

Creativity has "a touch of the bizarre." Creativity is the unusual combination. It's what you don't expect. Like, "Roses are red, / Violets are blue, / You think this will rhyme, / But it ain't gonna." That is a moderate feat of creativity by Steve Allen.

All creativity basically takes that form, which is why Goethe saw that beauty had a quality of "the bizarre." And yet, when Goethe heard Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, he said, "This is *merely* grandiose and stupendous."

It was "merely stupendous" because the combinations were too unusual, too bizarre. It took fifty years for Europe to begin to understand that. It's taken about sixty years for most of the literary world to understand James Joyce's *Ulysses*. At first, Joyce was "merely grandiose and stupendous."

The interesting thing about "intelligence increase" is that it is part of an evolutionary process that can actually be seen on graphs. Count Korzybski started making graphs of that sort, back in the '20s. A psychologist named Bontrager at the University of Pennsylvania has hundreds of such graphs. Bucky Fuller has been making graphs of this type since 1928.

One the most interesting ones is the one I call the "Jumping Jesus Phenomenon." I thought I'd give Jesus some of the fame that Ohm and Faraday, who had the farad named after him—and Volta—who had the volt named after him, had. And eventually, we're going to have a unit called a leary—that's bound to come. And I thought I'd do Jesus a favor by making him a unit.

I got this from George Anderla, a French economist who did a study for the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, in which he tried to estimate the number of facts known each year since the beginning of recorded history. He didn't try to measure wisdom, because that's a little more subtle. Facts you can count and estimate, using modern informa-

tion theory and various statistical devices. You can get a pretty good approximation.

And he put his number of facts each year on a graph to see what the shape of the graph was like. And, of course, the son of a bitch was like a skyrocket!

He took, for instance, the number of known facts at the time of the birth of Christ as one unit, to keep the graph simple. And then he looked at how long it took for this to double, to yield twice as many facts.

And so I call the beginning of his graph 1 Jesus, since it dates from A.D. 1—the alleged birth of the late redeemer. [Laughter] Actually, He was born in 4 B.C., but that's a complicated historical digression we needn't go into—if we didn't have chromosome damage...

It took until 1500 to get 2 Jesus—for the total number of facts to double. By 1500, we had 2 Jesus in the human larder. And by 1500, we had the Renaissance going full blast.

The next doubling occurred by 1750—which was only two hundred and fifty years. It took fifteen hundred years to go from one to two units—2 Jesus. And two hundred and fifty years, to go from 2 Jesus to 4 Jesus.

We wound up with 8 Jesus in 1900, which was only one hundred and fifty years after the previous doubling. The next doubling got us up to 8 Jesus, and that was by 1900. The next doubling got us up to 16 Jesus by 1950. The next doubling got us up to 32 Jesus by 1960. You notice the intervals are getting shorter, and the doubling is moving faster.

By 1960 we have the world 'round "youth revolution" beginning, which everybody's been trying to put a cap on ever since, though nobody knows where it's leading. By 1967, we have the next doubling—to 64 Jesus. And by 1973 we have the next doubling, to 128 Jesus—at which point George Anderla completed his study. Since 1973 I haven't found any statistics of this sort, but there can be little doubt that the doubling is continuing.

Tim, in his mystical way, suggests that life-extension researchers arriving at the same time as "space migration"—because the DNA knows that with life extension, we're going to get the hell off one planet. I think mind-altering drugs of all sorts—not just psychedelics, but every dimension of "mind-change drug"—tranquilizers, anti-psychotic drugs, energizers, the whole field that has been opening up since the '60s and opening up faster all the time—is an evolutionary necessity that had to appear at this point.

Since things are moving faster and faster, we cannot afford the amount of stupidity that we used to be able to tolerate. The phenomenon that Tim was talking about—that Kuhn's book is about, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*—basically what it comes down to is that with few exceptions, few strange mutants, older scientists never accept a new paradigm. The way the new paradigm gets accepted is the old ones die off, and the

continued on page 110



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6. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM, I DRINK, I GET DRUNK, I FALL DOWN, NO PROBLEM
7. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
8. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
9. HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
10. SAVE OUR BEACHES, HARPOON A FAT CHICK!
11. HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
12. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
13. NO FAT CHICKS
14. NO FAT DUDES
15. WE DIVE AT FIVE
16. WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW

17. IN OUTERSPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART
18. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND
19. NO TEENIE WENIES
20. MINE'S BIGGER
21. I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO"
22. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM
23. BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!
24. PARTY SIZE
25. 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
26. I DO, BUT NOT WITH YOU
27. LOVE ME TILL I SCREAM
28. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
29. I'M FOR LUST
30. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
31. I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
32. ONE OF A KIND
33. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
34. GO POUND SAND!
35. SCHOOL SUCKS!
36. ASK ME IF I CARE
37. SNOW BLIND
38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY

39. TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS
41. KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS
42. I SNATCH KISSES AND VICE-VERSA
43. PUT A HAT ON BEFORE SOMEONE THINKS YOU'RE A DICK!
44. GIVE ME HEAD TILL I'M DEAD
45. IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE, TAKE A DICK
46. DON'T ARGUE WITH YOUR WIFE, JUST DICKER!
47. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT
48. NO MUFFS TO TUFF
49. SAVE A MOUSE, EAT A PUSSY
50. I'VE GOT MORE DRAGGING THAN YOU'VE GOT HANGING
51. DISCO SUCKS, BUT PUNK SWALLOWS
52. DISCO SUCKS, BUT COUNTRY SWALLOWS
53. NO STINKIE TWINKIES
54. LET ME LICK YOUR THIGHS
55. EAT A BOK LUNCH AT THE "Y"
56. WORLD'S GREATEST PIECE OF ASS
57. CAN I EAT MY WAY TO YOUR HEART?
58. IT IS BETTER TO BE PISSED OFF THAN PISSED ON
59. GO PISS UPSIDE DOWN

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FLASHES

continued from page 13

POT AND PROPHYLAXIS

Editor:

According to the New York Times science writers, "chronic" marijuana smoking is supposed to make women frigid and cause them to have "anovulatory periods." If that had been true in 1974, we wouldn't have gotten married, shotgun style, because Babs wouldn't have gotten pregnant. And if it had been true any time before 1980, we wouldn't have our three gorgeous kids. When, exactly, we'd like to know, did grass start making women frigid and infertile?

—Steve and Babs
New York, N.Y.

That must have happened about the same time grass started growing breasts on men: in the early '70s, when some high-tech antidope docs discovered in marijuana a substance that looked—on a computer printout—like a "female" sex hormone called estradiol. Though they never did find if this substance has any effect at all on humans, or even if it survives burning in the joint, in 1973 a British doc promptly came forth with two hash-smoking men with enlarged breasts. And though these men may have been homosexuals taking special hormone treatments—nobody since then has ever come up with any such breast-enlargement cases—the prurient rumor is still rife among antidope nuts that grass grows tits on men.

And if this estradiol-like thing in grass grows tits on men, it certainly should have an equally drastic effect on women. Since in extremely high oral doses estradiol does diminish the sex urge in both sexes, it's certainly no crazier to say that grass makes women frigid and infertile than to say it grows tits on men. The problem is coming up with any remotest clinical suggestion that it does anything of the sort.

Since federal regulations paternalistically forbid giving grass to human female test volunteers, research in this area has been necessarily murky. In 1978, at Baylor University in Texas, one Dr. Carol Grace Smith was shooting up monkeys with pure THC, for example. On the first few shots, she noted, the monkeys showed a conspicuous drop in bloodstream levels of a hormone called prolactin, which tamps down the activity of "positive" male and female sex hormones like testosterone and estrogens. After repeated doses, though, the monkeys' systems quickly compensated for this effect by producing more prolactin; balance was re-established, and things went on as usual as long as the THC dose stayed steady.

Then, just as some THC-treated female monkeys were about to ovulate, Dr. Smith cut them off cold turkey. As you might expect, for a while the animals went on overproducing prolactin like crazy; this extinguished their

"positive" hormones temporarily, including the hormones involved with ovulation. Thus Dr. Smith, who is very prominent in anti-dope political circles, was able to report proudly (and very fishily) that "marijuana... may be associated with the production of anovulatory periods" in her official report.

The particular antidope pressure group on which Dr. Smith is an "advisory board" member—the American Council on Marijuana and Other Psychoactive Substances—began sending well-tailored media kits around to the papers in 1979. In early 1980 a lot of this antigraass propaganda showed up in a New York Times article. And though the article was not in their "Science" but in their "Lifestyles" section—and though the author, Jane Brody, specializes in nutrition, not pharmacology—the story did somehow go out over their science wire service, wherever it's syndicated.

If anyone out there, believing the Great Gray Lady of Times Square, is using marijuana as a contraceptive adjunct, they should be warned to expect only calamity. All grass does is encourage procreation.

FORWARD INTO THE PAST

Editor:

I don't know how it happened, but the fun has gone out of getting high. Really, \$200 an ounce for smoke, tons of trash in the coke, just what the fuck is going on? I've been smoking since 1957 when no one knew what the hell pot even smelled like, and DEA was just the first three letters in the word deal. Now everybody is an expert on drugs, and the government is running around all over the place busting everybody. As if that weren't enough, the Colombians are making millions with their toot and their monopoly in the weed market has got all consumers over a barrel. I remember when a kilo of kickass south-of-the-border dope sold for \$100 plus—and it was party, make-you-want-to-laugh-and-boogie dope—not the laid-back and coma dope of Colombia. Perhaps I'm getting old—I'll be 40 in a few weeks—but I can't help feeling that the heads of today have really lost it. Gone are the good old daze. —Amie Akullian
Travemier, Fla.

THE IMPUDENT HEADSHOP OWNER II

Editor:

Some observations regarding a recent letter in your "Flashes" section [August '81] from Stephen Farish, an Oregon headshop owner, who had stopped stocking *High Times*. He stated that *High Times* "no longer represents the high folks of this country." Such a statement is as meaningless as his impudent assumption that everyone in his community partakes in his opinion. He also noted that you "merely try to fill the spaces between advertisements with cheap garbage." This is truly strange, for from the intellect displayed in his letter he seems to be the sort of person who's content to just look at the pictures and not bother with reading the articles. Anyway, enough with him. You're doing a great job, keep up the good work.

—Mike Talstick
Greenville, N.C.

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We won't promise your plants will LEAP TALL BUILDINGS or grow FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET.

We can however guarantee them up to 40% FASTER GROWTH RATE as well as up to 8 to 10 TIMES THE YIELD of soil grown plants.

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Send _____ PHASE II GARDENS @ \$49.95 each and _____ Modular Add-On Units @ \$44.95 each.

All shipping and handling charges included. (Calif. residents add 6% sales tax). TOTAL AMOUNT _____

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Now! the perfect POWDERIZER

The **POWDERIZER!** A unique system to reduce any substance (vitamins, herbs, spices, etc.) to the finest consistency possible. By mulling* any substance on the thermostatically controlled ceramic surface, you obtain the finest consistency while increasing volume.

The decorative 6"x6" ceramic tile top, has been

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Hot Stuff's moisture-free dry heat system is quality crafted and technologically safe. It is the "perfect **Powderizer**."

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"Powderizer" becomes decorative trivet when used with lucite stand.

Send _____ Powderizers @ \$39.95 each: \$ _____
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Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

*The grinding of paints, powders, etc. on a slab of stone or the like.

What to give when a tie's too little and Thai's too much? We've combed the marketplace for this year's Christmas gift suggestions—our most outrageous selection yet.

Christmas Pleasures



▲ NIBBLE-DE-DOO-DAH Erotic chocolates for loved ones and those you'd like to offend. Dolly Lolly, Bosom Buddies, Hot Lips, Sweet Cheeks, Wee Weinie and Jumbo Frank, priced from \$3.95 to \$9.95. Order information on request. Unmentionnibbles, P.O. Box 1561, Saint Louis, MO 63163.



▲ JUST DON'T TELL US WHAT YOU'RE USING IT FOR The Hirobo Enstrom D-S 22 can do 70 mph, carries a payload equivalent to, say, the weight of a portable video camera, and can be fitted with pontoons and navigational lights in case you're offloading—that is, flying—at night. Cost is about \$900 for the kit; \$1,800 prebuilt. For maximum flexibility pair it with the top-of-the-line preprogrammable Futaba FP-8JN radio control unit, about \$800. N.B.: FBI monitors purchase of radio-controlled planes. We found ours at Polk's Hobby, 314 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10001.

Photos: Carl Kravats

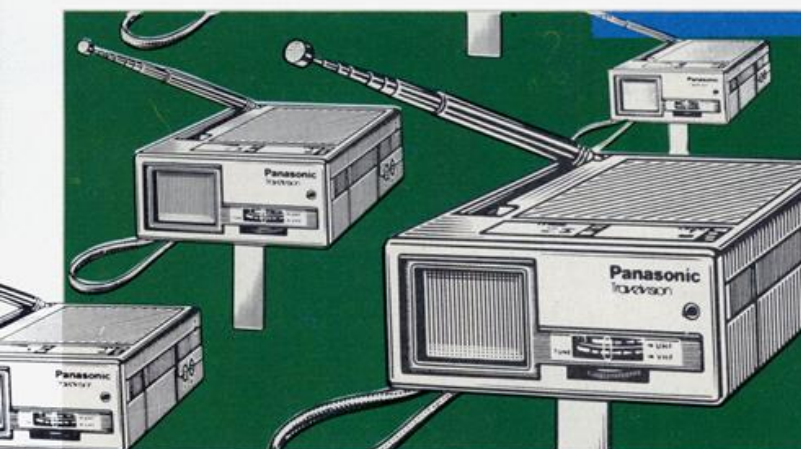
PLEASURES



▲ **DEAL FOR REAL** Or the next best thing —fun. An attack-strategy game based on the economics of the dope marketplace, designed by a cop. Grass, \$795, ppd. E.M. Lee, 34 Rodney Street, Port Jefferson Station, NY 11776.



▲ **THE ART OF BEING A HEAD** Fantasy art from Rick Bryant and Esteban Maroto. Portfolios suitable for framing. At bookstores or direct from the publisher, \$13 ppd. Continuity Associates, 9 E. 48th St., New York, NY 10017.



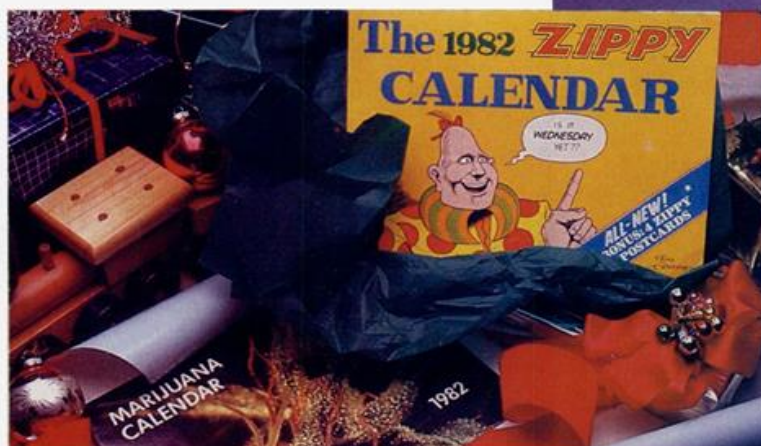
▲ **DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT** And with a television so small the screen's only 1.5 inches, why should you? It's black and white, weighs only 1.2 pounds, and can be powered by rechargeable battery, AC/DC, or plugged into the cigarette lighter of your car. The Travelvision TR-1010P lists for about \$170. From Panasonic.



▲ **WHAT A COME-ON!** A T-shirt that says "Message My Back" can be a lot of fun if you give it to the right person. Massage instructions, scaled to shirt size, are printed on the back. T-shirt (\$13.45, ppd.), sizes S, M, L. Panties (\$4.25, ppd.) in ladies' 5, 6, 7. Magic Fingers, 2210 Wilshire Blvd., #426, Santa Monica, CA 90403.



▲ **WHAT A CARD!** Outrageous greetings for the near insensible. Eight cards with envelopes, \$8.50, ppd. Sweet B Images, 250 W. 57th St., New York, NY 10107.

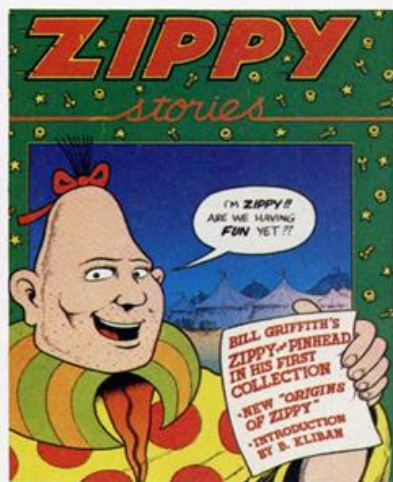


▲ **POT OF THE MONTH** To your friends who already have the HIGH TIMES calendar in every room, give the other pot calendar. The 1982 Marijuana Calendar, And/Or Press, P.O. Box 2246, Berkeley, CA 94702.

▲ **IS IT CHRISTMAS YET?** For your friends who don't know The Zippy Calendar, \$5.70, ppd. Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94110.



◀ **DRAPE DE CHINE** No rock group should be without hand-dyed, hand-sewn fantasy clothing in china silk or crepe de chine. Pick something out for yourself, too. Left: wizard robe (\$350); above: halter (\$45), camisole (\$50), harem pants (\$120), socks (\$8). To order, write for brochure, \$1. Fit to Be Dyed, P.O. Box 449, Kelseyville, CA 95451.



▲ **IS IT A CULT YET?** Bill Griffith's *Zippy Stories*, the collected adventures of everybody's favorite pinhead. At bookstores, or \$8.95, ppd., from And/Or Press, P.O. Box 2246, Berkeley CA 94702.

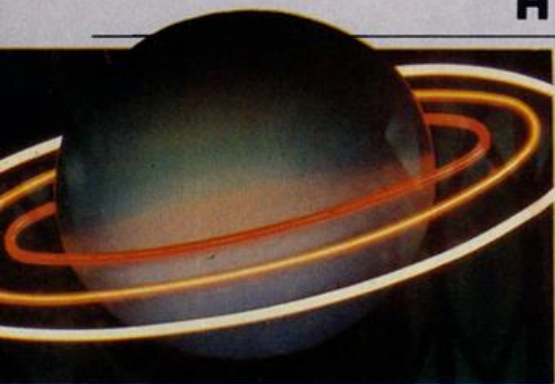


▲ **DON'T FACE THE SUPER BOWL WITHOUT IT** Never mind the point spread. Pigskin Vegas, the board game endorsed by Jimmy the Greek, organizes play-by-play betting. Just add a television, a coupla six-packs and some gullible friends. Wherever toys are sold. Boxed set, \$17; case model, \$2499. From Jokari.



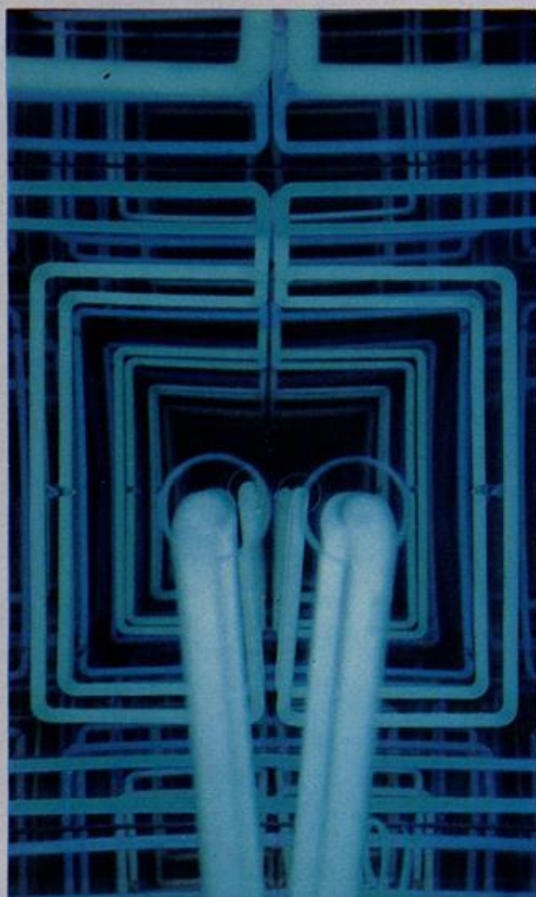
▲ **NEONOSPHERE** A tribute to Voyager II, in neon, for wall or tabletop. No installation necessary. \$280, ppd. Neon New York, 55 Bethune St., New York, NY 10014

HIGH INTERIORS



NEON =
NEON

BY ELEANORE KENNEDY



TO GET A TABLE WITH A VIEW, SOME PEOPLE WILL MAKE RESERVATIONS AT SOME FANCY-schmancy dineria and then wait months for their number to come up. A more imaginative couple bought a skyline for their dining room and, presto, they had a window on the world. Neon fantasies.

Neon memorabilia had a brief vogue, but now neon's coming into its own as an art form. All the neon pieces on this page are in private residences. And they're not nostalgia pieces either. They were commissioned from Rudi Stern, whose New York studio Let There Be Neon keeps 12 artists busy turning out fantasy pieces. Herewith, five sculptures that give neon a whole new context.

All neon this page courtesy Let There Be Neon, New York, N.Y. Clockwise from top left: Saturn designed by Nils Eklund; Unicorn, Ron Lem; Skyline, Abe Rezny; Circles, Rudi Stern; Infinity Squares, Rudi Stern.



HIGH TIMES

1982
Calendar

The all new 1982 High Times Calendar.

Filled with 12 luscious color photographs of all your favorite smokables, snortables and poppables. The same kind of pictures you've been oohing and ahing over each month in our centerfolds. In fact, we promise that if you like our centerfolds, you'll love our calendars.

YES, I'D LIKE TO ORDER MY HIGH TIMES 1982 CALENDAR AT \$5.95 each.

Order now and High Times will pay postage and handling.

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order for _____ calendars @ \$5.95 for a total \$_____.

Make all checks payable to High Times. New York State residents please add sales tax.

NAME _____

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Send to High Times Calendar, Box 1414, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

Get High on

**Christmas copping got you down?
Straight sales clerks
make you paranoid? Escape
the holiday hordes and
crowded stores by ordering
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plus \$2.50 postage.**



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get behind our 100% cotton High Times
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Christmas

FIRST TIME OFFERED!
High Times Decorative Mirrors



The High Times Decorative Mirror measuring 9" x 6 1/2" provides enough surface area for you and a select group of friends to decorate yourselves silly, complete with nonskid felt back. \$12.00 plus \$1.25 postage.

RUSH ME

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| <input type="checkbox"/> High Times Centerfold T-shirt \$6 ⁰⁰ <input type="checkbox"/> S <input type="checkbox"/> M <input type="checkbox"/> L <input type="checkbox"/> XL | _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> High Times Airplane T-shirt/beige \$7 ⁰⁰ <input type="checkbox"/> S <input type="checkbox"/> M <input type="checkbox"/> L <input type="checkbox"/> XL | _____ |
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Allow 6-8 weeks for processing and delivery. New York State residents please add applicable sales tax.

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A Proven System Bringing Commercial Greenhouse Techniques To The Home Grower

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Ranch Wagon



actually shown is aurelia, marigolds, petunias, & english ivy.

The secret of this patented process lies in the nutrient sock - enough time release nutrients in each sock to bring your plants from seed to maturity.



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Exclusive 6 ft. canopy height to accommodate the rapid growth inherent in the Herbal Oasis system. Patio Planter allows for maximum plant height in a confined space. Both canopies interchangeable with either system. Optional Herbal Oasis Grow-Lite offers the indoor grower the optimum in growth potential.



The book entitled "Growing for Growth" will provide the Herbal Oasis home grower with a unique description of growing the commercial product in the home environment.

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☐ **Herbal Oasis Grow-Lite** — a high performance metal halide, the ultimate in indoor growing. \$225.00

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Prices exclude freight. Cashier's check, money order, or C.O.D. C.O.D. orders send \$25.00 deposit. Allow 3-4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents add 6% sales tax.

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MARIJUANA EPIDEMIC TOTALS U.S. ARMY



WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Joint Chiefs of Staff today called a Priority One Red Alert when every soldier in the U.S. armed services suddenly came down with symptoms of terminal marijuana toxicity. Unfortunately, no one on duty at the time was capable of implementing the emergency measures.

Consternation reigned nationwide as the lungs of thousands of soldiers suddenly erupted up through their throats, splashing out their noses and ears. Thousands more were immobilized in despair when their testicles abruptly shriveled like prunes and retracted into their bellies. Disaster was narrowly averted at many strategic nuclear installations when troops began running amok in psychotic THC flashbacks; luckily, the

worst of the disorders consisted mainly of draping posies over the noses of ICBMs.

"We told you so," said Dr.

Robert DuPonce of the American Cowsill on Marijuana and Other Psychoactive Drugs, the nation's leading political anti-

dope lobby. "We've been guaranteeing for years this had to happen. Remember, we said it first."

SURVIVAL OF THE HOMELIEST

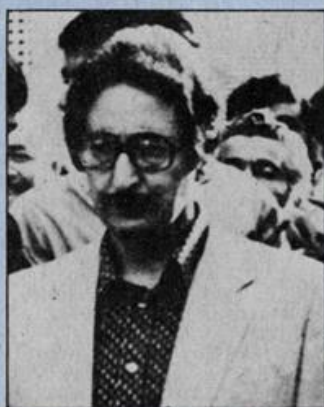
The Rev. Dr. J. Frederick Muggs, first primate of the ultrafundamentalist Charismatic Congregation of the St. Louis Zoo, emphasizes his point in a televised revival sermon against the theory of evolution by squeezing the innards out of a full-grown marmoset. "Atheist evolution teaches that gorillas and humans alike descended down out of disgusting little chattering, beady-eyed critters like this," scoffs Reverend Muggs. "How can a sensible Christian primate entertain for a second any such disgusting Satan-inspired notion?"



IRAN REBEL CELEB TAKES SELF HOSTAGE

COTE D'AZUR, FRANCE—Former Iranian president Abolhassan Bani-Sadr announced yesterday that he has violently seized control of his own body, and intends to keep himself at his mercy until "someone, anyone at all, purges Iran of the demonic ruling clique, whatever it is this month, and pledges total repentance and restitution for the suffering to which they have subjected my people. Whoever they may be."

Breaking frequently into tears in the course of his address to a half dozen news correspondents at this plush Riviera resort, Bani-Sadr warned that he may keep himself hostage as



long as the record 444-day siege of the U.S. embassy in Tehran, back when he was president. "I know all the tricks," he warned. "If the Great Satan, America,

tries another rescue ploy with her jets and marines, be assured that the results will be even more lamentable than the last attempt."

After his deposition by disgusted Islamic clerics last spring, Bani-Sadr moved for months underground in Iran with a collection of Islamic Marxist guerrillas, and ultimately slipped off to Paris, where he moved among circles of Islamic Marxist exiles until recently. "Meanest fucking bastards in the world," he characterized them after his self-kidnapping to the Riviera.

"And crazy? Can you imagine how crazy you have to be to try to fit Marxism into Islam? Every time I slipped out to Montmartre and came back with escargot on my breath, they'd take a vote on whether to shoot me on the spot for bourgeois inclinations. And there is no pussy at all in the Islamic Revolution."

Accordingly, Bani-Sadr intends to besiege himself, for the foreseeable future, within a 20-acre seaside villa on the Mediterranean belonging to French actress Heloise D'Vavoom, 37-22-36.

MOVIE STAR RESISTS 'RAPE OF SEASHORE'



MALIBU BEACH, CALIFORNIA—Retired movie actor Ronald Reagan, 61, has angrily pledged to mobilize residents of this exclusive seaside community against the Irv-Hal Independent Development Corporation, which last week began drilling for oil on the edge of his multimillion-dollar beachfront property.

"I was just peacefully dozing on the beach one morning with Nancy," recalls Reagan, referring to his wife, "and all of a sudden there was this hell's-a-poppin' racket. I looked up, and here was this Irv-Hal drilling crew dropping a shaft into the sand right beyond the high-tide line, where it becomes federal property. You can imagine how we felt. Suppose that ever happened to your family!"

Reagan has since been pressing a house-to-house effort to deluge the White House itself with calls from indignant neighbor-

hood residents. "Apparently the big muckamucks in Washington have given industrial developers the green light to go ahead and rape our seashores, poison our air and desecrate our precious wilderness areas by deregulating the whole industry," says Reagan. "Well, it's a scandal, and we won't sit still for it." His spunky wife, Nancy, backs him up completely: "This is America the beautiful," she smiles. "Let's keep it that way."

The owners of the drilling firm, Irving Luchinsky and Hal Boynton of Salamadoola, Texas, are unfazed. "The law says we can do it, and we're gonna do it as long as the law says so," snaps Boynton.

Ronald Reagan's last movie, *Bedtime for Bonzo*, was in 1954. After that he worked in commercials and dabbled in politics. He is remembered for his portrayal of the classically romantic B-movie cowboy.



HEY HOWARD, DUCK! Several hundred creditors of Howard Hughes, of Summa Corp., and of the Hughes Tool Company, along with sundry pro-Nixon Watergate buffs, and various investors in the Spruce Goose—having heard that the "late" billionaire is really alive, and his 1977 death was only a case of "playing possum"—gather at Rose O'Sharon, Iowa, to perfect pistol techniques in case they ever spot the thieving son of a bitch in person.

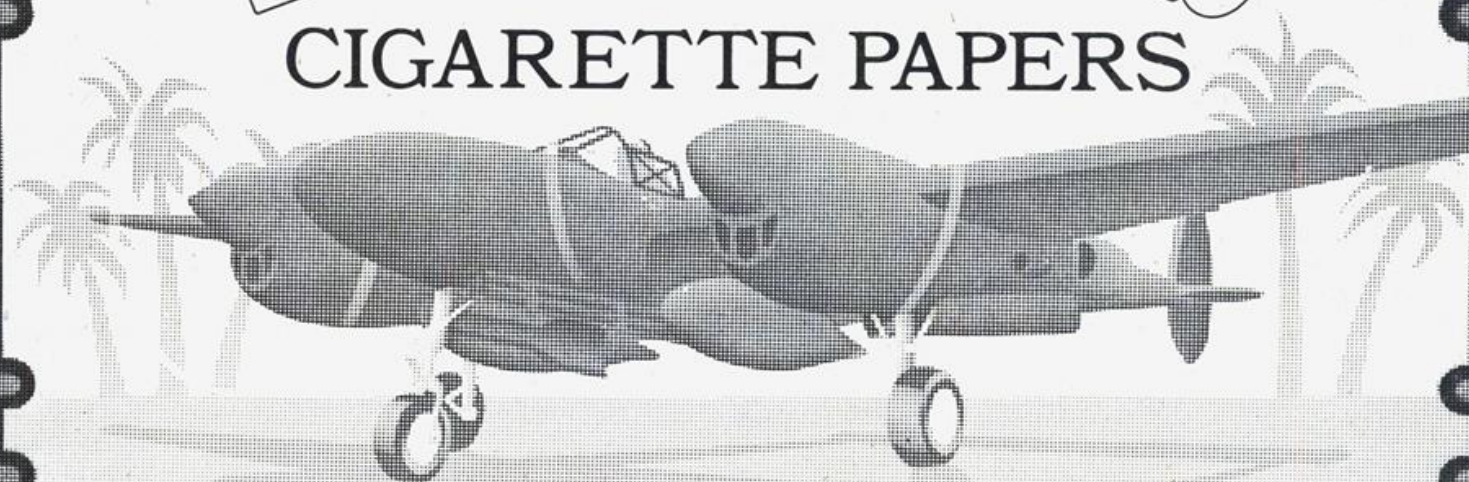


DON'T SHOOT, I'M NOT HOWARD! Three men bearing uncanny resemblances to late billionaire Howard R. Hughes, at various stages in his life, wish to inform the world that they are *not* in fact Howard Hughes. None of the three set up the Watergate caper, none built the Spruce Goose, none has ever been addicted to morphine-and-cocaine injections, and none owns casinos through which Mafia money is washed.

Finally, after 7 years

HIGH TIMES

CIGARETTE PAPERS



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Order by the box—

25 packs for \$12 plus \$1 shipping and handling.

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Give High Times rolling papers as gifts and save. Five boxes for only \$50, postage paid.

Send check or money order, no cash, to High Times Papers, P.O. Box 1414, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023.

YES, I want to try your new cigarette rolling papers.

☐ Send me _____ box(es) @ \$12 = \$ _____

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Look for them soon in your favorite smoking accessories shop.

Retailers' and distributors' inquiries invited.

General Alexander Haig's INSIDE STRAIGHT

It seems I have been writing this column with a wrong assumption about the readers of *HIGH TIMES*. As a military man I don't have too much contact with hipsters and beatniks and drug addicts and so forth. Nobody below the rank of captain does. Naturally I assumed that the kind of hashhead we had around today was much like the hairballs that used to get shot by our National Guardsmen during the 'Nam conflict. (I wouldn't dignify it with the title of war).

In other words, I assumed that this column was being written for a lot of rubber-wrists and Ivory Snow boys who wouldn't fight even if the friggin' commo's came right into their crash pads and jumped on their stereos with jackboots, put a flame thrower to their hindoo books and stuffed their goddamn gods-eyes up their pinkholes. My chief aide, Col. John Senior, Jr., tells me this is no longer the case and has drawn several recent articles on the cocaine trade in this magazine to my attention.

I was surprised to learn that some of today's drug-using persons are as vicious and unpredictable a bunch of hard bars as any commander could wish to send against the enemies of democracy. Some of these "dealers," as they are called, have shown a willingness to take extreme action against persons not directly concerned in the disagreement they are having, such as children, total strangers, bystanders, neighbors of their enemies and etc. This commendable ruthlessness is all too rarely found in today's modern boot soldier.

It seems to me an excellent idea to put together a volunteer fighting force composed of this sort of person to be deployed against enemies and so forth in the event that a suicide type of mission becomes necessary. Since I am assuming that a number of such people are to be found amongst my readers, I would like to suggest that they write to me, care of the White House, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C., stating their experience and qualifications.

The next topic notated down here on my memoradisization of the issues is that of Libya.

How about that Moonman Qaddafi having the swollen testicles to jump a couple of our jet-men over the gulf there in the Medi-



Aliens brandishing their sexual organs.

terranean. All I can say is that he couldn't have liked his pilots in question too much if he ordered them to attack a brace of F-16s while flying the goddamn airborne wringer-washers the Russians dealt out to him.

Yet, as Col. John Senior, Jr., has pointed out to me, this Qaddafi is a man of great courage, and determination; all in all he's the kind of fellow it would be much better to have on our side. Look at the way he keeps his country marching in line. I'll bet you the goddamn Russians never get sick of pointing out to the Polacks how Moonman Qaddafi deals with the opposition in his country. I'd personally like to recruit this boy to our side and put him in command of my special strike force of drug addicts which as I have explained I am now in the process of forming.

This strike force would be invaluable as a strategic reserve to be held against the day that the inevitable extraplanetary expeditionary force of aliens comes out of the sky and starts spraying our cities with boiling radioactive Windex from their saucers.

As I never tire of explaining to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and to the readers of this column, that day is rapidly approaching and we are nowhere near prepared to meet and deal with the danger.

Now look, it is this simple. There are an infinite number of planets out there, correct? Correct. On those planets there must therefore be life, an infinite amount. True? Goddamn true. An infinite amount of that life must be warlike life, agreed? Agreed. Therefore, what we are facing is the fact that out there in space there is an infinite amount of warlike life getting ready to come down here and skin our kids for cock-

tail snacks and we're friggin' well sitting on our sofas waiting for them.

Do you know that before the second world war Winston Churchill was said to have sat in the House of Commons (the English congress) like "the conscience of England uttering his warning all unheeded whilst a terrible enemy grew stronger." Regrettably I find myself in a similar position vis-à-vis the alien menace. I do not feel I have, or can, overstress the importance of preparedness in this matter.

Imagine the dawning of that glorious day. Across the Potomac, heading directly for the Capitol building, the Pentagon and the White House, come hideous sausage-shaped objects, looking for all the world like the gnarled bowel movements of some colossal Russian diplomat. Flying low, they slice to and fro with their deadly blue death rays, everywhere the awful smell of Vicks Vapo-rub given off by such weapons is in the air.

The alien craft land and from them emerge creatures of unspeakable ugliness brandishing their sexual organs which carry a charge like an electric eel and which they use as whips to herd the terrified populace.

Within minutes they have taken over the vital centers in Washington. Is all lost? No. It is not.

At the same time, across the river in Virginia, Alexander Miegs Haig, Jr., America's most beloved fighting man, is issuing final instructions to Col. Moonman Qaddafi, commander of a force of the most dangerous cocaine traffickers and drug addicts ever seen outside of Miami.

Moments later Colonel Qaddafi's force is in the attack mode and terrified aliens clutching their electric genitalia in their multisuckered hands are dashing pell mell for their ships uttering scared bird noises. Only to find when they board those ships that they must face "The Snowbirds," specially trained coke commandos armed with foot grenades and other weapons I cannot divulge at this time for reasons of security. In a few moments it is all over for the spacemen. Not one will live to return to his star. God bless America!

Well, I hope every reader of this column will bear all of this in mind until next month. I also hope that every reader will Xerox this column and show it to as many friends and relatives as possible; some may wish to join the elite body of men I have spoken of, others may wish to write to the president to support my opinions in this matter.

A word of warning before I go. It is not inconceivable that these aliens, or others completely different from them, have agents among us even now. If you should suspect someone you know of being part of an extraterrestrial fifth column, do not take chances! Cut off the suspect's ears immediately and send them to me immediately at the State Department for verification. It is, of course, far better to be safe than sorry.

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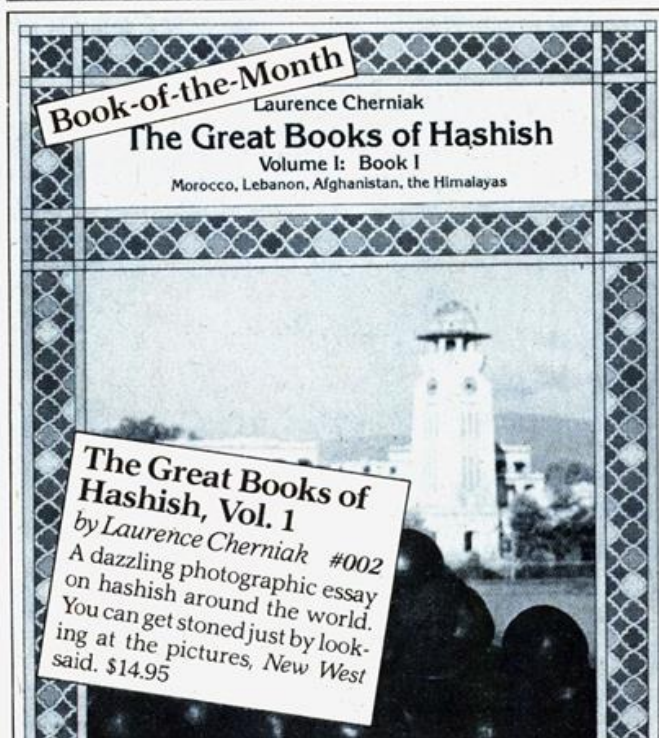
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NORML turned ten this year, and we're asking *you* to join in the celebration. Ten years have seen a majority of Americans now favoring the reduction of criminal penalties for marijuana; 50 million Americans having tried pot, with 20 million regular users. There is strength in our numbers. Enough people are reading this message to get the marijuana laws off our backs once and for all. Won't you join in celebrating how far we've come, and reaffirming our commitment to end the marijuana prohibition this decade.

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185 CHILDREN OF THE RULING CLASS are now born with a silver spoon in their nose.

Robert S. Wieder, *Oui*,
October 1976

186 A MAJOR COMPONENT OF A PLAN to combat the considerably higher death rate from cancer in the poor would include education. This would be most useful, Dr. Freeman, director of surgery at Harlem Hospital, said, in persuading black males to stop smoking. "Madison Avenue sold them their cigarettes. Goddamn it, they must know how to tell them to stop," he said.

New York Daily News,
March 23, 1981

187 A YOUNG MAN WHO DRINKS IS A fool, and an old man who doesn't is a fool.

188 ALE MAN, ALE'S THE STUFF TO DRINK For fellows whom it hurts to think.

A.E. Houseman,
A Shropshire Lad

189 KEEP OFF THE GRASS (I Plan to Smoke It)
Sign, 1980

190 LET'S GET NAKED AND SMOKE
Button

191 LSD NOT LBJ
Let the State Disintegrate
Buttons, 1960s

192 AS A REGULAR RIDER OF THE NO. 107 Transport of New Jersey buses to New York City, I am fed up with the drivers not informing the riders that there is no smoking on the bus. I continue to be harassed in the mornings and evenings by the smells of cigarettes, cigars, and marijuana. The buses are full and at times the windows do not open. I loathe having to leave a bus smelling of tobacco and dizzy from the marijuana. Why can't the drivers be brave enough to say to riders when they load up that there is no smoking of any kind on the bus? I am tired of being frustrated by the uncaring few.

Letter to the *New York Daily News*,
March 25, 1981



193 I WOULDN'T THINK OF DOING THE housework unless I was high.
Young female, quoted in
Simmons and Winograd, 1966

194 ASPIRING ROCK MUSICIAN ALAN Kinitsky "was high on pot, wine, beer, Quaaludes and cocaine" when he allegedly stabbed his parents to death in their Queens home yesterday morning, detectives said today as a judge ordered psychiatric tests for Kinitsky.

New York Daily News,
March 23, 1981

195 IF I DON'T BELIEVE ALL THE CRAP about medicinal drugs being safe why should I believe the same about the recreational drugs? Modern pharmaceuticals (and even many "natural" drugs) are powerful: they cure. But they also kill.

Cornelius Register, 1980

196 BECAUSE OF THE WIDE USE OF cocaine as a local anesthetic and the considerable individual variation in susceptibility to the drug, acute poisoning from cocaine is not rare. The fatal dose has been stated to be 1.2 grams, obviously only an approximate figure. Severe toxic effects have been reported from doses as low as 20 milligrams. . . . Acute poisoning by cocaine runs a very rapid course. Indeed there is a form of acute cocaine intoxication that results in almost immediate death, the patient often collapsing and dying before the physician realizes what has occurred.

L.S. Goodman and A. Gilman,
Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics, 1965

197 BY KEEPING COFFEE LEGAL, SOCIETY has avoided extortionate black-market prices that might otherwise bankrupt coffee drinkers and lead them into lives of crime.

Edward M. Brecher,
Licit and Illicit Drugs, 1972

198 CANNABIS TAR WHEN PAINTED ON the skin of mice, causes precancerous changes similar to those produced by tobacco tar.

Cannabis: adverse effects on health, Addiction Research Foundation, Toronto, 1980



199 NARCOTICS OFFICERS BROUGHT IN a display case full of drugs to show students in Tucson the dangers of such drugs. The drugs were stolen.

DC Gazette, April 1981

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

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MARIJUANA Grower's Guide



GROW AMERICAN

continued from page 63

quently used for storage. Glass canning jars are also very airtight, but glass breaks. It is feared by some connoisseurs that plastic may also impart an unpleasant taste to the floral clusters. In either case, additional care is usually taken to protect the floral clusters from light, so another opaque container is used to cover the clear glass or plastic wrapping. Clusters are not sealed permanently until they have finished curing. Curing involves the presence of oxygen, and sealing floral clusters will end the free exchange of oxygen and end curing. However, oxygen also causes the slow breakdown of THC to CBN, so after the curing process is completed, the container is completely sealed. Any oxygen present in the container will be used up and no more can enter. Nitrogen has been suggested as a packing medium because it is very nonreactive and inexpensive. Jars or bags may be flooded with nitrogen to displace air and then sealed. Vacuum-sealing machines are available for Mason jars and may be modified to seal bags.

The proper harvesting, curing and storage of *Cannabis* closes the season and completes the life cycle. *Cannabis* is certainly a plant of great economic potential and scientific interest; its rich genetic diversity deserves preservation and its possible beneficial uses deserve more research. □

THE HELENA STAR

continued from page 56

change house. I gave them a one hundred dollar bill from what I had been given and that man across the cage from me started to count out my kind of money, Colombian, and shoved it over to me through the opening. I was sweating; I swear to you, I was sweating! He gave me—I'll never forget it—twenty-two hundred pesos! And I still had nine of those other little pieces of green paper left! The woman bought beds—beds! mind you!—a closet, a varnished table and even little chairs with little designs. And the clothes! The whole tribe got new clothes. It seemed like a miracle. And there was enough *plata* left to buy sacks of rice and a few *centavos* were left in the house when I went on a trip."

Condorito had to fall in love with those miraculous marijuana sacks. And like a good lover, he remained faithful to that love which offered him so much—and demanded so much from him.

He was taken prisoner off a boat near Panama.

"Fierce jail! If there is a rough place to be locked up, it's Panama! Sleeping was done on the plain, flat cement. A guy had to find a piece of cardboard to throw down and he had to walk around with it all day under his arm, because it would disappear if he was careless. And every little while, for the least excuse—or just in case—a cudgeling with the backside of a machete that was a beaut!

That was a bitter time! More than a year I spent in the shade."

"How long were you in for?"

"I have no idea. I was thrown into the jail straight from the launch that brought me, and I was there over a year. Once in a while they would come and ask me if I knew this person or that person. But I have a very bad memory, *sabe*?"

He laughs roguishly, not realizing that he was imprisoned without a hearing, without a trial, without even a pretense of due process. That seemed natural to him. They caught him on a boat suspected of transporting marijuana and he took it. He expected punishment, blows, hunger, as part of the risk of his betrothal to those miraculous *maraca-chafa* sacks. He accepted it all as part of the payment he had to make for the furniture for the house, the clothes for the "tribe," the battery radio and the two meals a day for his people.

When he got out of jail, he went back to the marijuana boats. He learned to man the helm at age fifty, and he tells it with a certain pride:

"That was about the time the boys started school. I made up to five runs a year and it was fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars each time! We got the older females married off. Really married! I mean with a priest and a fiesta and the devil's blessing! And onward!"

"Buena. And you, do you smoke it?"

"*Sabe que?* I tried that *vaina*. Strong smoke it was, yes; but no comparison to whiskey!"

BOCACHICO, THE HELSMAN AT MY SIDE, observed the lights of the Panama Canal with unabashed awe as the *Helena Star* navigated into it. After we approached the first lock and passed through, and he watched the "mules" slide on their tracks pulling the ship's cables, and he saw the huge locks behind us and the water rising, rapidly fed by enormous rushing pumps, he gasped his amazement in a low voice: "*Echêee!*"

I looked his way, pleasantly surprised by his dumbstruck wonder.

"Is this your first time through here?"

"*Si, señor!* And that in itself is something, isn't it? Not everyone can say he has gone through the Panama Canal!"

I couldn't help laughing, but to him it was very serious. That event placed him in a very special category of human beings. At least among those he knew. And for some inexplicable reason, I had not expected to find that trip, to smuggle marijuana to some distant place, associated with the childlike expression of astonishment and certifiable pride that radiated from that boy's face.

"How long have you been sailing?"

"Just a year. More or less. With my *padri-no*, my godfather, who teaches me."

"Your *padri-no*?"

"*Si, señor.* Condorito. He taught me, and he still teaches me."

"Is he your godfather, really?"

"Buena. I call him *padri-no*. And he is al-

most a father to me, *sabe*?"

That husky boy could be twenty years old. Maybe less. There was a respectful tone to his voice when he referred to his *padri-no*.

I gave in to the temptation to explain to him, very superficially, how the canal operates. I told him we were rising to a higher water level than the Atlantic inside that lock; and later we would rise even higher in another lock; after that we would navigate deep waters, through an ancient lake.

He listened in silence, with noticeable effort to try to grasp all that prodigious mechanism. And as he began to understand what was happening around him, his concept of his own importance as a participant in those events grew and blossomed in him.

"*¡Qué enormidad!* And me here, crossing this in a ship. I can hardly believe it!"

"You are from Cartagena, *verdad*?"

"*Si, señor.* From Bocachica."

"Pues, the *catageneros* are not so easily awed."

I WAS FAMILIAR WITH THE PACIFIC COAST OF Colombia because I had caught shrimp around there for a long time. We were far from land and we could barely distinguish the profile of the mountains. After we spotted Gorgona, the Colombian prison island near the Ecuador border, we reduced our speed and entered a wide curve toward the coast. We were approaching the rendezvous point, and on board feverish preparations began for receiving the cargo.

I had ordered the hold to be opened in the morning so that it would be dried by the sun. Over the gypsum rocks and dust (which we supposedly were transporting to a southern post) we laid several canvases as a bed for the marijuana. That gypsum, which really served as ballast, seemed destined to remain on board a long time.

As we veered toward the coast the radar registered a few fishing boats moving quite a distance away, most likely hunting areas to work that night. It was very reassuring to know the radar was functioning properly because, if my calculations were correct, that night we would be approaching the delta of the Mira River, which is not an ideal place for maneuvering a large ship in the dark.

That evening, a motor launch came out from behind a long shadow (a salt marsh or a tiny cape) and in a few minutes it approached the *Helena Star*. There were three men aboard: two strong blacks, one of whom piloted the launch, and a bearded fellow who looked like an escapee from a hippie movie. They waved at us from the motorboat and signaled that they were coming aboard. When they boarded, a long discussion commenced.

The blond man was evidently in charge of the operation, but it could only be discerned by his speech. He wore khakis cut off below the knees, a tie-dyed shirt with all the colors from a drunk's imagination, barefoot, and topped off with a ridiculous cloth cap that kept slipping every few seconds, forcing him to gesture as though he were

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shooing flies. He was a typical *paisa*, mouthy and active as those central Colombians usually are.

"It's impossible to load the *hija de puta* marijuana in this *jodido* place! ¿Comprende? Over in there, on the other side of the point, there is enough *hija de puta* water for four ships like this one! And it's a safe *hija de puta* place. So, let's head in there and then the *cabronas canoas* can come and put *la cosa* on. ¿Entiende? You understand?"

Román grinned and let him harangue, but he gave no orders.

The black who was with the blond, aping the air of importance and the gestures of the latter, addressed Juancho, who was at the helm.

"Mira: Turn it a little that way and take it slow, close to the beach. When we reach the point, with the bar on the outside, we turn in... and there we are!"

Juancho looked at him with amusement and surprise and then looked at me questioningly. I didn't comment and I smiled faintly while the blond harangued Román.

Juancho, leaning on the wheel, said to the black: "Don't look at me, the *señores* give the orders."

I turned to the blond. "My name is Pedro," I said, extending my hand.

"¡Hombre! Man, I'm sorry," and he shook my hand cordially. "It's just that we were waiting for you, antsy to get out of this shit! And in this place people forget even their son-of-a-bitch manners! My name is Jacinto."

Then I was able to wedge in a few words between his inexhaustible obscenities, and I led him to the counter where the marine charts lay.

"Mira, Jacinto. We are here," I began to explain to him, pointing to the ship's location on the maps. "All these shaded parts are shallows, mud and sand banks. If we go in where you want us to go, the current and the tide will run us into the mud, or we'll run aground, or in order to escape the shallows we'll get thrown into the breakers and we'll be finished, stove in, or we'll have to spend a week getting it out of here. ¿Te das cuenta? Do you understand?"

He began to study the charts and shake his head lightly in assent.

"This is not a little fishing boat or coastal lumber barge. We need a lot of water under the keel in order to move easily at all times. It is easier for you to bring the cargo here. We'll load it all at once and we'll split. ¿No te parece? Don't you think?"

As I spoke, calmly but firmly, I noticed his attitude changing. I explained to him about the draft of the ship and how it differed from the fishing boats he might have seen go into that *ensenadita*. Then, with a finality that precluded further argument I said: "We can't take the ship in there. Forget it! Bear in mind that it is already getting dark. We can't stay here forever. We have to decide what we are going to do, and now."

He made an about-face with a totally different attitude.

"We've no choice! ¡Ni hablar! We are now

sending the *canoas* and we will unload however we can!" He turned to his companion and with a gesture that left no doubt he ordered him to return to the launch. He was to send the first canoe and see to it that they all came without interruption to where we were waiting.

While the black was climbing into the launch, Jacinto was already calling on the walkie-talkie: "Colorado... Colorado... Coronel calling... Over!"

"Coronel... Coronel... Colorado here. I read you loud and clear. Over!"

"¡Cabrón! Bastard! Where were you? Start sending the lumber; right now! Do you read me?"

"Loud and clear, Coronel... But it's going to be *de madre*! The canoes are going to have a bitch of a time getting out... The breakers are rough! Over!"

"¿Y qué querés? What do you want? To baby-sit them there?! They've got to go now, before it gets worse! ¡Movete, carajo! Get your ass movin'! Shove 'em and get 'em out, now!"

The conversation was a torrent of swear-words among which, occasionally, a conventional word could be distinguished. But that was the manner in which this canoe departure was "organized."

The first three arrived about an hour later. They resembled canoes, but actually they were high-board vessels, about fifty feet long, wide and unelegant, but very efficient for this work. They were propelled by a short-axis motor and each carried about a hundred fifty bales of marijuana.

Jacinto's reception—he had already slugged down a half bottle of our whiskey—was a long tirade of curses and "regards" to the families of all the crewmen and *patrones*. "¿Qué pasó, pendejos? What happened, you asses? Are you shriveling up, *mal nacidos*? Where are the rest of the bastards?"

"They are back there loading, don Jacinto... It's just that getting out is really a bitch! ¡Jodida de a madre!"

Three or four men came in each *canoa* and they immediately started throwing bales up to the ship's deck. They were lean men, and strong, with a high proportion of Indian blood in their veins, and they worked without clamor, without rushing, without stopping.

Our crewmen, meanwhile, had already placed a floodlight in the hold and were catching the bales and arranging them upon the canvas.

Jacinto, happier now, seeing that things were moving, continued speaking alternately into the walkie-talkie and to us. From what I could hear when he spoke to his people onshore, as night was closing in, it was clear that everything was not really *todo listo*, "all set," as he had told us that afternoon.

They had the weed stashed—*encaletada* was the term Jacinto used—in different places throughout the marshes. In order to retrieve it, they had to comb the whole area in rafts that could carry very little. That was the

chore "Colorado" and others were doing right now. Jacinto knew it, and afterwards admitted it to me, but he still continued haranguing them over the walkie-talkie "to keep those *pendejos* moving, because, if not..."

This Jacinto was quite a dude. According to what he told me between gulps, while he stuffed in large hunks of Dutch cheese as though they were handfuls of popcorn, he had been in that area for five months, storing and guarding the *hija de puta marimba*. They had brought it from another area of the country, little by little, and when he finished loading it on the *Helena Star* he would feel delivered, *liberado*. For him, that night ended his *contrata*—he would fulfill his end of the bargain. In a few days he would collect his money and then he could rest—until the next time.

The only sure thing was that he would not return to that *hija de puta* place for a long time. He had lived a *monte*, in the boon-docks, for months and now he planned a long vacation, bedecked with feminine company of all colors, sizes, ages and tastes.

"I'm going to glut myself on pussy! I haven't seen anything in months but marsh *chinas* who are uglier than slugging your mother!" And he delightedly detailed what he was going to do, with whom he was going to do it, and how many days he was going to do it before resting.

"This is a *loco* business. It ends for me when it begins for you; and when you breathe easy, the ones who just got it begin to work hard. *¡Es para reirse!* It's crazy!"

JACINTO BADE US A HASTY FAREWELL WITH a nervousness that made me think that his confidence in the safety of the place was good for us but not for him. He jumped aboard the last launch with a "*¡Buena suerte!*" ("Good luck!") and they headed rapidly for the coast.

I turned the ship around and pointed the bow northward, with the engine giving us all it had. The crewmen finished stowing the *maracachafa* in the hold, fastened the hatch covers and spread a thick waterproof canvas which they fastened at two-meter intervals.

The *Helena Star* sailed laden with some forty tons of Colombian gold, worth many millions of dollars. A long hour of truth was just beginning for all of us. From that moment forth everything had to go perfectly, or... Better not to consider the alternative.

And as to me, all I felt at that moment was a great need for sleep. The tension of the last hours suddenly loosed my nerves and I felt as though I would fall asleep at any moment.

Condorito came in shortly to stand his watch; he was smiling and exultant, a professional in action at last.

"*¡Ahora sí, don Pedro! ¡Derechitos a coronar!*"

"We're off, don Pedro! To trade our golden pot for a pot of gold!"

I left him and Román on the bridge and went to bed. I had never in my life slept so close to a fortune. □

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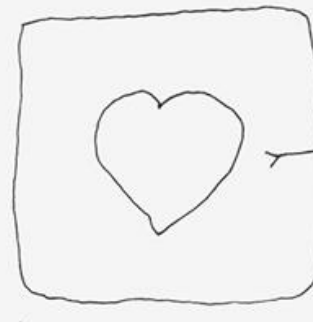
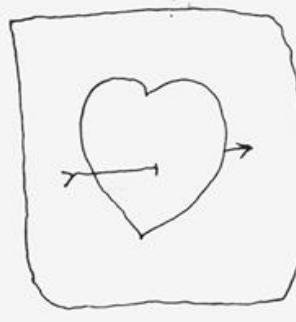
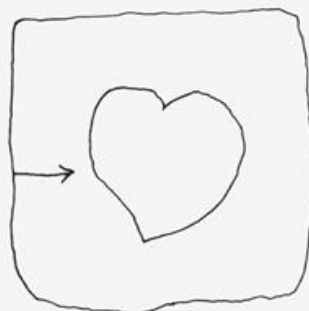
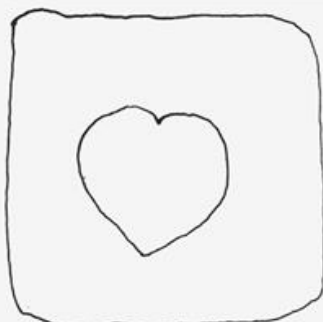
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Raider of the Lost Art

by Michael Wilmington

In the heyday of Hollywood (the '20s to the late '40s) the big studios may have been run by venal, conniving, barely literate sharks and dolts (such as Harry Cohn, who claimed he could judge the quality of a picture by whether or not his ass itched), but say one thing for the dolts: They had an appreciation for "kultcha"—all the kultcha they could buy. Those major studios had amazing screenwriting talent; not just the Ben Hechts, the Herman Mankiewiczes and the Dudley Nicholoses, but people like Brecht, Huxley, Steinbeck, Hellman, Isherwood, Parker, Hammett, Odets and Chandler. Many of them were on the payroll; they were *regulars*. William Faulkner and Nathanael West owed most of their living, at one time, to the movies. These writers may have been vilely compromised, they may have had no respect for what they were doing (e.g., Mankiewicz's famous wire to his Algonquin mates: "There are millions to be made, and your only competition is idiots"), some of them may have turned into bitter cynics and self-flagellating drunks—or they may have even, like F. Scott Fitzgerald, been considered so incompetent that little of their work ever got to the screen. But they *wrote*. Their words were chopped up, shredded and prey to fatuous censorship—but they *exist*.

Consider what we've got today. *Never* have American movies been so word poor. *Never* has the average Hollywood screenplay been so lousy, so barren of character, empty of thought. Since 1975 (and the collapse of the tax shelter) movie projects have gotten safer and safer, dumber and less daring. It isn't that better writers don't *want* to work in films today—or that directors don't want to work with them. Some of them do, and are frustrated by front offices who "type" them as novelists and won't use them. If a screenplay slips by, today, by a John Guare, a Paul Theroux or a Bruce Jay Friedman (whose last screenplay, the multimillion-grossing *Stir Crazy*, apparently contained only four of his original lines), it seems an accident—as if the cultural border patrol suddenly let its guard down. More often we get something like the scripts for *The Blues Brothers* or *Little Darlings* or *The Cannonball Run*: something that looks like it was scribbled on a cocktail napkin while the writer had a bellyful of piña colodas and Quaaludes.

So, it's surprising to run into someone like Lawrence Kasdan, who obviously *wants* to emulate the Hollywood Old Guard—the Hechts, the Wilders, the Kanins and Gordons—wants to so fervently that he virtually recreates their work. At 32, Kasdan is currently the hottest screenwriter in Hollywood, a peak he achieved after the Brob-



Lawrence Kasdan's *Body Heat*: William Hurt ponders Kathleen Turner's technique.

dingnagian receipts of his second and third efforts (*The Empire Strikes Back* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*) let him impose himself into the directorial chair for his fourth, *Body Heat*. (*Continental Divide*, Kasdan's first screenplay—at least his first *accepted* screenplay—was, ironically, the last to hit the screens.) The scenario for *Body Heat* is essentially updated *Double Indemnity* (just as *Raiders* and *Empire* are updated Saturday-afternoon serials and *Continental Divide* is an updated Tracy-Hepburn vehicle) with a lecherous screw-twist.

It takes place in one of the sultriest cities in Florida, with heat rolling off the sidewalks and dripping through the palms; where a simple breeze is nirvana, where the air burns even at midnight, and where, in the midst of this torridity, two fiery lovers—ice on the surface, a furnace below—meet, fuck, moan, mingle their sweats and, in the pulsing afterglow of their coitus, hatch a murder. As in *Double Indemnity*, the plot—to kill the lady's husband—explodes in their faces. Kasdan has an advantage over Raymond Chandler and Billy Wilder (who converted James M. Cain's novella into the 1945 movie): He can show the lovemaking, light it like a *Penthouse* pictorial, and linger over every detail. He can strip the two lovers naked, graphically illustrate what's sending his antihero into the throes of mad ecstasy. His dialogue is consciously "heightened." The whole movie is a hothouse of allusions—and of symbols and metaphors, like the fires (sex

and danger), broken windows (seduction and rape) and explosions. (One thing all of Kasdan's movies *do* have—one theme we might be able to trace to him alone—is explosions.)

Body Heat is not bad at all, and William Hurt, as the schmuck of an attorney, the good-natured, crafty, slow-thinking patsy drawn into a murderous web, gives a terrific, icy-sweat performance; in fact, it's the best script Kasdan has done, funnier by far than *Continental Divide* (which suffers from calculated cuddliness of the *Goodbye Girl* variety, and a waddling, lethargic lump of a lead performance by John Belushi). But it doesn't *expand* on what Cain or Chandler did; it simply shows more skin, dredges up the undercurrents and erotic hints, glosses it up and moves it out of the studio. Like *Continental Divide*, it's an introverted, backward-looking movie, a cul-de-sac—and, perhaps, in a way, *Empire* and *Raiders* were too.

Kasdan's current eminence, his Princehood in the Kingdom of Bel Air Selectrics, is a pale triumph—given the *context*, given his surroundings: a Country of the Blind where the one-eyed man can scoop up all the pillage. Simply by *trying* to raise the dead, trying for a little nostalgic wit and intellect, he manages to stand out (not as much as John Guare with *Atlantic City* or Jeffrey Alan Fiskin with *Cutter's Way*—but then they don't have a \$100-million blockbuster behind them). Perhaps inevitably, he shows signs of seduction by his own lightning prominence. "All my movies," he is quoted as saying in *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, "have been about relations between a man and a woman more than anything else"—the kind of humorless pontification we might expect from a man who's decided to write his own monographs, and who's apparently forgotten that two of "his" movies (the two, in fact, that made him rich and famous) were written with collaborators, and that one of those collaborations was a sequel.

Perhaps this seems like damning with faint praise—or praising with faint damns. Kasdan is good, but he's somehow disappointing; more interested in excavating and refurbishing than mythmaking and storytelling. We should be glad, I suppose, that in this current age of monosyllabic scripts someone tried to put the joy of language back into movies. But we need, more than anything else, to get the *real* writers back into the studios—not simply their Xerox copies. We need the fury and passion and humor of the Faulkners and Hechts and the Chandlers—their rage at their boundaries, their craftiness at circumventing them, their corrosive disdain, their cynicism, their eloquence. We need their *words*. □

continued from page 52

Actually, he, like his psychiatrist hero Thomas Szasz, doesn't buy the "mentally ill" concept. Crazy Eddie says, "When you don't like a person you call him a lunkhead, but when a psychiatrist doesn't like him he says that he's crazy." Shrinks are the worst in his view. He threatens, "I have observed psychiatrists with the same diligence with which they have observed so-called mental disease," he enunciates professorially, "and have come to certain reasonable conclusions which warrant their amputation." He has long contended that, if he comes down with a terminal illness (life is fun at the moment), he will fill a semi with explosive, fuel oil-soaked nitrogen fertilizer and wipe out the American Psychiatric Convention.

Eddie argues, "If they're hurting people, breaking major laws, jail them; if not, don't let the shrinks, who have never been significantly validated as definers or healers of *mental disease*, invalidate *loonies* simply because they don't act according to the standards of straight society."

But Eddie, the "neon tube illuminated by an alien energy," intuited in 1972 that the Kennedy with the sweetest disposition had in fact been lobotomized. Confederates at the University of Wisconsin, where Rosemary was evaluated, confirmed that brain surgery had been performed and passed along the info that the lobotomy and her social isolation, not her questionable retardation, were what turned the former deb into

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an aphasic vegetable.

Elson published news of the lobotomy in the U.W. student newspaper long before the Kennedys or anyone else acknowledged the psychosurgery. While Elson's discovery didn't hit the national media, his article may have prompted mother Rose to delicately discuss the issue in her 1974 autobiography, *Times to Remember*. Lobotomies were something of a craze in the 40s, and it is likely Rosemary was mildly mentally retarded, did act aggressively, and that the attending physicians advised excising the offending portion of her brain. Both Rose K. and the U.W. docs admit, however, that Rosemary turned out to be a case of destroying the patient in order to save her. The woman who traveled alone in Europe, graduated from school and danced before the queen of England is now a pathetic wreck closely guarded by warders who administer M&Ms to behaviorally reinforce her to make the sign of the cross. From 1949 to 1972 she had no consistent human contact with anyone but the attending nuns. Since then she has been partially integrated into the St. Coletta's community.

Elson theorizes the supposedly violent episodes were assertions of independence against the iron will of Papa Joe. He admits, though, he made up the story that she was lobotomized because of her affair with a black boxer named Kid Chocolate.

He talks of bringing a writ of habeas corpus to free Rosemary, but confesses he's afraid:

"I'm afraid of all those people who have pictures of JFK on their walls, who look upon Rose Kennedy as a saint. If I were really able to get the smoking gun in the Rosemary case and Rose died around that time, I can see a thousand old Catholic women in black shawls descending on McFarland, Wisconsin, dentures whirling, bent on consuming the body and blood of Sadie Elson's only begotten son."

Should the unfortunate Rosemary be sprung, she might wind up with a crew of "exceptional" adults, ex-offenders and sometime strippers operating Elson's ten Mad Dogs kosher frank carts.

Hot-dog carts in Madison, cute as those striped umbrellas may be, are, by the way, economically bananas in Scandinavian Wisconsin. Winters there are a six-month serious piece of work and the population is sparse compared to the places where carts flourish. No matter. This is more a spiritual/imaginative than an economic venture. Those aren't cylinders of ground cow; they're manna, and Elson, gathering his motley misfits at 11:00 in season, is a Moses in Egyptian garb leading his flock into the desert of the bureaucrats, lawyers and legislators who work around the Capitol and other office buildings of the State of Wisconsin.

But the money to maintain wife Patty's alleged Gucci fix doesn't come from processed cows; it comes mostly from flora, not fauna—from weed and coke. Elson advertises himself as a general-contracting lawyer. In practice this means that Eddie,

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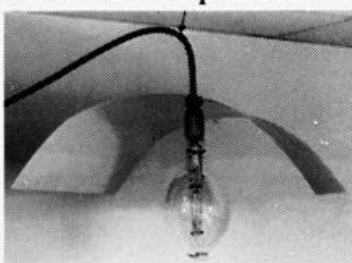
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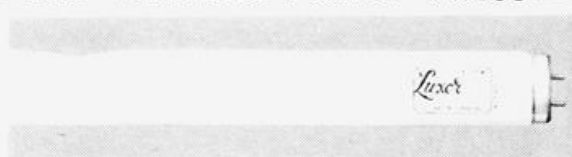
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with those tendrils that reach out for those in trouble, draws the clients and outlines a general strategy; a private dick, Charles Lulling, researches for the defense, and legal gunslinger Bruce Rosen, who looks as if he could run it down the throat of J.R. in a mano a mano, executes the case. They've won 15 verifiable dope acquittals in a row, and these aren't cases in which an 18-year-old is found with some seeds on the floor of his Trans Am; this is planeloads of stuff in Palm Beach, a major coke deal in Alton, Illinois.

Rosen says: "Eddie has an uncanny relationship with clients; there's a real magic in the way he attracts them. I think the attraction is that they know instinctively he won't fuck them over, and that he's a winner. My success rate in the courtroom has gone up dramatically since I hooked up with him. Of course, a lot of it is hard work and balls, but Elson is a central element."

Alton, Illinois, near St. Louis, is judicially famous in dope cases for operating on a guilty-until-proven-guilty basis. There had not been an acquittal on a drug case in that federal-court jurisdiction for ten years. Rosen relates, "The judge himself told us that in another case during pretrial conference the U.S. attorney was bemoaning the unavailability of a particular witness, and the judge told him, 'You don't need a witness. Just say drugs three times, turn three circles in front of the jury and sit down.'"

Which implies it's the juries who are really out to hang the dopers in Alton. According to Rosen, this mistaken impression led defendants from The Company, a major smuggling and distribution ring accused of smuggling approximately 96,000 tons of weed and thousands of pounds of coke, to plead guilty rather than face the killer juries of Alton. The choice was not a happy one. For example, Thomas Mitchell, a 51-year-old, received 86 years and will not be eligible for parole for 29 years. "That's not a life sentence, that's a death sentence," says Rosen. "The juries are reasonable; the judge will kill you; the judge will murder you."

In the Elson team's case, Lulling, formerly notorious for harassing antiwar activists during Madison's Vietnam-protest days, went snooping and discovered the key government witness had once made arrangements to kill the key government agent. "Obviously," says Rosen, "if you're willing to kill the government agent, perjury is a lot easier, and the jury should know that." The judge said the proven information could not be transmitted to the jury, said that he didn't "believe in" the judicial decisions that allowed such testimony in other cases.

Rosen heard his honor's order, went back into court and immediately exposed the murder plot to the jury. Eddie cackles at his colleague's chutzpah as Rosen continues, "The Judge went crazy, he was furious. What's he going to do, take the case away so that two years from now we can win on appeal? If he's going to take me at my word, that's his problem." The complete defense

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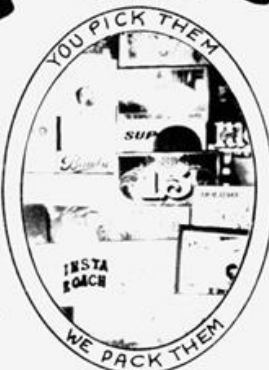
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was almost as intricate as the theology of the Disciples of Akhnaton, but the crucial fact is the team won the first acquittal in ten years in a federal court that has handled a multitude of dope cases.

Elson doesn't work solely with Rosen in the implementation of the general contracting idea. In the Susan Findlay case, he hooked up with a medical-malpractice attorney; other legal specialists are picked for homicides. In out-of-state cases Eddie's "magic" is used to choose the correct local attorney to assist, or the best local researcher; it's used to divine which witnesses ought to be called, or when delaying tactics are advisable.

Elson is wearing his Akhnaton robes as he discusses general legal contracting. The headdress slips down over an eye, at once fierce and twinkling, as he leans forward and drills the listener with a voice like that of a demented Norman Mailer: "You have to understand, baby boy, general-contracting law requires an *overview*, and a true *overview* requires an intuitive understanding of how people work, what their weaknesses are, where the treasure is buried, and who is the best person to find it. Scumbag lawyers can't do that. Jerk-off judges rarely have an *overview*." It's hard to argue with 15 straight acquittals.

The neon tube doesn't light up because of sympathy for major dope dealers, though; the complex heart doesn't throb over the plight of big-league smugglers. That's for the pleasure of combat, and for money to fuel imaginative enterprises and the service to the outcasts. And for Patty's indulgences. The glow and the throbs are out there too for Louie, the "exceptional" adult, who spent 27 of his first 33 years in a virtual dungeon; for Hazel, who spent a decade in a mental institution because her relatives wanted her land; for Edith, who has spent lonely decades working on what Eddie believes to be an important, if heretical, contribution to high-energy physics; for Joe, who as part of an experimental mental-hospital program was administered 1,000 more milligrams of Thorazine per day than anyone else had ever been given, and who died of a "heart attack" at the age of 18.

There's some glowing and throbbing in here too, on the steps of the Temple of Akhnaton, as Eddie holds little Benjamin Elson while the summer sun slips into Lake Wau-besa. "Look at that sneer," says the high priest proudly, as Benjamin greets the visitor with Eddie's patented "scumbag look."

"Ah, tiny diamond of my life," continues the father, "look at the banana boat!"

"Look," repeats the Mad Puppy.

"Tonight," says Eddie, "we'll roll and pitch and yaw with the harmony of the universe."

"No," barks Benjamin.

"Ah, but yes, my little boo boo," says the father. "And soon we'll get the five golden rings and put the crystal capstone on top of the pyramid, and we'll lie down together and swim together in liquid light."

"No," says the tiny neon tube, as he sticks his fat little finger in his father's eye. □



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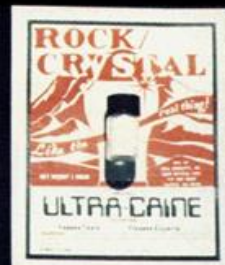
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SOUNDS

The BLUE-EYED SOUL of HALL and OATES



DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES have had one of the most confusing careers of any pop group in the last decade. They have written songs and fronted bands that have played in virtually every musical style of the time, from folk to fusion to glitter rock to new wave to disco to traditional rhythm and blues, yet they are best known for the mass success of pop/MOR singles like "She's Gone," "Rich Girl" and "Sarah Smile."

This confusion about the Hall and Oates identity has kept some excellent recordings they've made, like the *Red Ledge* and *X-Static* albums, from the attention they'd normally merit. But recently they have arrived at a trademark sound combining a rich R&B vocal and instrumental style with gutsy, rocking rhythms. *Private Eyes*, the recent release, which may well be the best of their many records,

consolidates their newfound strength in a stirring rendition of hard-edged tunes rooted in the best '60s R&B traditions of Motown and Stax/Volt.

Hall thinks "Looking for a Good Time," one of the best tracks on *Private Eyes*, is the best representation of the style. "We were thinking Temptations," he told me during a break in rehearsals for the current tour. "There are definitely a lot of harmonies. Early Motown is what we were going for. That was one of the songs that came out almost perfectly. All the pieces fit together like a puzzle. We've been trying to write songs like that since we first got together. We're not very nostalgic people, but I like to have that line that comes from a source right to a modern thing. That's something that transcends nostalgia."

Hall and Oates have excellent credentials to spearhead

an era of R&B neoclassicism. Their musical roots are in the eccentric, regional soul music made in the Philadelphia area during the '50s and '60s. "We started out at the tail end of the Cameo-Parkway days," Hall explained. "I was good friends with Chubby Checker and people like that. The Philadelphia people were notorious for burning out. They just didn't know how to handle it at all. They were all broke and fucked up."

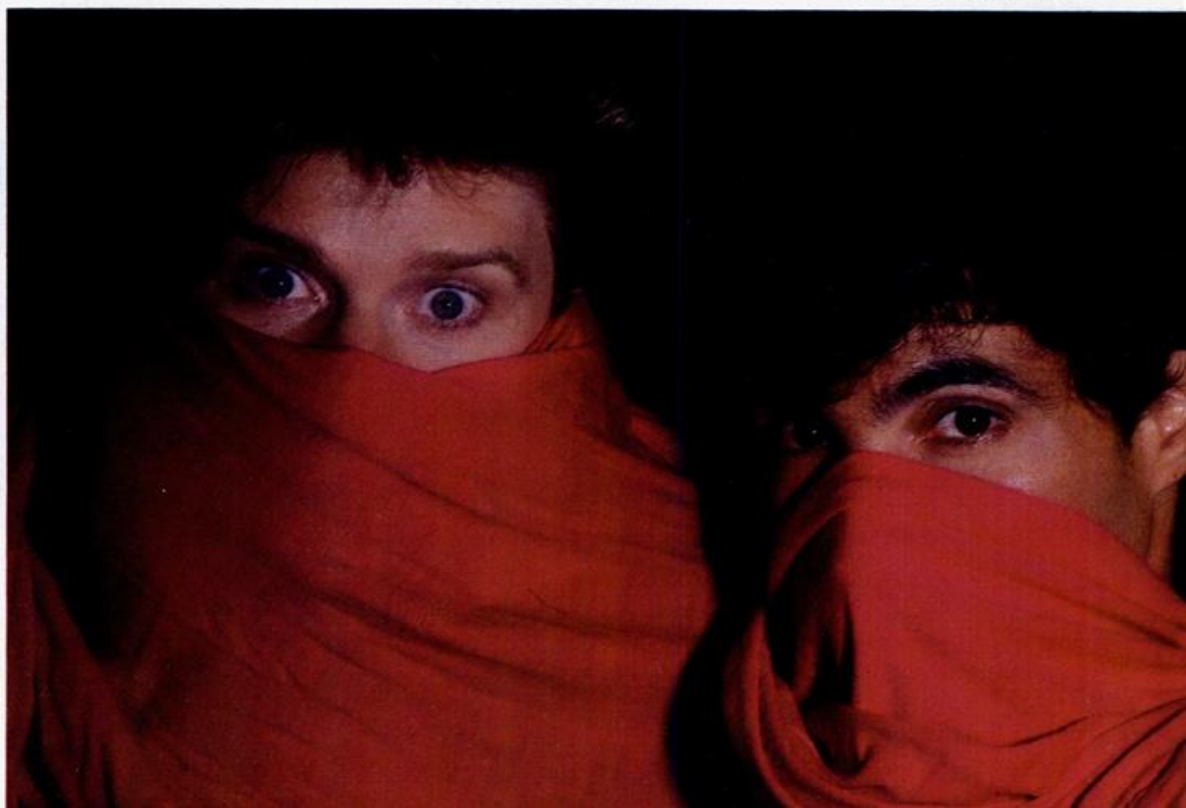
"In a Cadillac one year," added Oates, "and then the next year instead of a Cadillac it was a Chevy station wagon."

"We saw the Dovells," Hall recalled, "with their hair all done and in little sharkskin suits and real straight people. And then suddenly everybody freaked out in the late '60s and these guys were left completely in the lurch. They were stuck in this weird place of being yester-

day's news and not having the ability to do anything because they weren't really creative people; they were just kids off the street. Chubby Checker wanted to be Jimi Hendrix for a while except he couldn't play guitar. He took a lot of acid and he decided he was going to be Jimi Hendrix and write these psychedelic lyrics. It was really embarrassing."

So the two young musicians, who'd met at Temple University, played in different live bands at night while working the local R&B studio scene during the day. "We had a band called the Holy Bubble," Hall laughed. "That lasted about two weeks. But we both worked for Gamble/Huff during the '60s. It was very integrated music, black and white together. It was very soul oriented but it had a lot of balls. And it had a lot of vocals, a lot of doo-wop
continued on page 108

Hall and Oates
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Miles in the Sky Again

MILES DAVIS IS THE GREATEST trumpeter/stylist since the legendary Louis Armstrong. Davis's musical concepts and ground-breaking bands changed the course of postwar jazz several times; and he changed the face of both jazz and rock in the late '60s and early '70s with his popularization of fusion. The rhythmic concepts of *In a Silent Way* and *Bitches Brew* are still being worked out by Weather Report's Joe Zawinul, who played in Davis's most celebrated fusion band.

In recent years Davis has been completely out of the picture. His last work in the mid '70s was often a pained and groping affair in which Miles played virtually no trumpet and experimented in live performance with keyboard playing instead, often to very unsatisfying results. He was rumored to have such severely cracked lips that it was nearly impossible for him to play. He was in a near-fatal auto accident from which he recovered slowly. He was rumored to have bone cancer. It was widely supposed that Davis would never be heard from again, a suspicion that was underscored when he failed to materialize at several comeback shows.

When Davis was advertised as the highlight of the 1981 Kool Jazz Festival in New York a lot of people wondered at first if he would even show up, but when word began to leak out that his first new music in half a decade, *The Man with the Horn*, was a return to his top form, tremendous anticipation for the performance started to build. Festival promoter George Wein assured the public that Miles had regained the touch, and the night of the performance at Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall an audience of devoted fans, excited but skeptical critics and a whole lot of musicians waited to hear the news.

Davis & Co. came out smoking and swung their way through an hour-plus of surging music without a single letup. The entropic weight of this monolithic statement gassed the crowd in searing, *Bitches Brew* frenzy as each change wrenched them a little more. Davis, ever the showman, bent over double as the rhythm section wove a subtle R&B gurgle and sliced bleating notes and phrases against the hypnotic

backing. People cheered joyously at the fact that Miles could still play this way. They had feared otherwise.

Guitarist Mike Stern was a standout accompanist in this Davis group, which proceeded to play a number of live dates, most of which were recorded and will undoubtedly see some kind of release in the future. "It's pretty loose the way he wants it structured," Stern said of Davis's working band. "So it can go a lot of different places, like rock, you know, some of the stuff he used to do like five years ago with two guitarists. He wants to do some of that and then he wants to do more swing type of feels, so in the framework of one tune it can go into all different kinds of directions. It's real loose and real free so we can get into a whole bunch of different things and it seems that's what he's looking for rather than a tight kind of set. Seems like he's never had that for a long time, but more like he's looking for *moments*, different moments, different grooves to get into."

Like so many other musicians who grew up listening to and being influenced by Miles Davis, Stern is somewhat in awe of his current employer. "I never expected to be able to play with somebody who's been my hero for years. That's the cat that I listened to all through my years as a musician, like millions of other people. He's one of the main influences, obviously. To play with somebody like that is great."

Since working with Miles, Stern has taken the opportunity to learn from Davis in other ways as well. "He's been listening with me to some of the tapes of the gigs we've done," Stern said. "He's really excited by this. He usually doesn't listen to a lot of tapes and he's been starting to do that more. He's into it. And sometimes I'll ask him different things, musically. I ask him about certain groups that he had. Sometimes we hang out and stuff. When we're not talking, we're playing. That's the best stuff. Definitely I'm learning just to hear this cat play. He's so intuitive. That's where his real genius seems to be. It's mainly ear playing. It's just unbelievable what he'll come up with. I can't even explain it. It's there to listen to."

And we're pretty lucky that there's so much more to hear.



Exet Roberts

People cheered joyously at the fact that Miles could still play this way. They had feared otherwise.

HALL and OATES

continued from page 106

street-corner kind of thing. I was doing a lot of studio work. I played on a lot of the early Gamble/Huff stuff."

After splitting up for a while to try their own things, Hall and Oates finally decided to combine forces to create their own sound in 1970. They had to turn down a lucrative offer to join the Gamble/Huff organization first, though. "We were working for a production company on the second floor of the Shubert building in Philadelphia, and Gamble/Huff was on the sixth floor. Kenny Gamble said, 'Why don't you come upstairs and work with us, we're going to form Philadelphia International.'"

"Instead we moved to New York," Hall recalled. "They developed their own sound, a compilation of real Philadelphia roots, gospel music, Motown and whatever, and they are the sum total of that. They haven't changed since 1965. At that point it split. When we were doing sessions it was white and black people playing together; it was like Stax/Volt. Around 1970 Gamble/Huff started getting more black consciousness and there would have been no point for us to be there. It was a great learning experience, though. It was like going to school, knowing those guys."

The debut record, *Whole Oats*, was a subdued LP that presented the duo as folkie singer-songwriters. "It was the end of the psychedelic thing, when songs were becoming more literate," Hall explained.

"That record was also a reaction to the wildness that went before," added Oates, "as was the next one, *Abandoned Luncheonette*." On that second album, which included their first hit, "She's Gone," Hall and Oates changed directions radically for a tasteful R&B-fusion set that featured some of the top jazz session players around. The success of that record led to the group's first identity problems when they teamed up with producer Todd Rundgren for the follow-up, a heavy-metal, glitter-rock LP called *War Babies*.

Oates maintained that *War Babies* was actually one of the first new-wave records and was too far ahead of its time to be appreciated. "We were affected by the music that was going on in New York," he said, "a few years before it was called new wave—the music that came out of New York in the mid '70s, like the Dolls and Television, that later became punk and new wave."

War Babies was enough of a failure to force them to switch record companies. RCA records was signing glitter acts at the time and Hall and Oates carried their transsexual image over to the new label. Though they found plenty of success with the hits "Rich Girl" and "Sarah Smile," they were unhappy with their recorded work at that time.



FLORIDA ROCK

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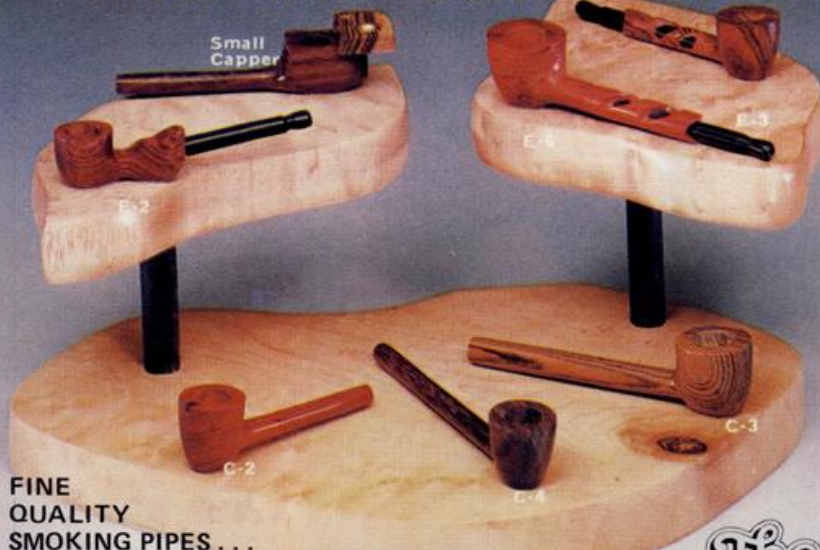
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younger scientists get into the more important positions at the universities, and then the new paradigm is gradually accepted.

Now with longevity coming along, that's not going to be happening anymore. As a matter of fact, Rosenfeld, in his book *Pro-longevity*, says whenever he talks about longevity to scientific groups, there's always somebody who says, "My God, if the head of the department never dies, progress will come to an end!" [Laughter]

So we need something to replace death as an intelligence increaser. Generally, the only way that intelligence could grow was to get rid of the people who haven't taken any new imprints since adolescence—as Tim would say.

We need ways for people to change their brains more rapidly. And we're suddenly getting this astonishing technology. It's appearing all around us. And it is not just chemical, but electronic, too—biofeedback—and all sorts of ancient, shamanistic techniques are being rediscovered. There are yoga classes everywhere you go. We are learning how to take control of our brains and how to deal with the fact that we're living with more and more rapid change all the time.

Because, for instance, to get back to longevity, in 1750, when human knowledge had just gone through a doubling in a period of two hundred and fifty years, everything was shaking loose in Europe. And so we find—I'm researching that period right now for a novel I'm working on—we find that all sorts of radical ideas were popping up everywhere that had never been thought of before.

And if you start examining them, you find that what we think of as the great discoveries of the nineteenth century are already being suggested. Such as evolution; it appears in Buffon's book on *Natural Science*. And you actually find—two hundred years before Dr. Paul Segall, who has devoted twenty years to longevity research, and is in the audience here somewhere I think—two hundred years before Dr. Segall, two hundred years before Alan Harrington, who first wrote a book on the subject, we find in the 1770s the mathematician Condorcet in France was saying, "Science will eventually produce physical immortality." And we find Benjamin Franklin saying the same thing in this country.

That was because the acceleration was beginning to unleash a lot of really wild, creative thought: "a bizarre type of beauty." I always think of "thought" in terms of "bizarre beauty," in terms of Goethe's metaphor.

This whole process has an interesting vector on it, considered geographically. It has been moving steadily westward and mildly northward throughout history.

The first Bronze Age implements are found around Thailand and Cambodia, which shows that the Bronze Age began in the Far East, and not in the Middle East as we al-

"Now I think we should state right from the beginning my point of view on drugs: I am one thousand percent pro dope."—Leary

ways used to think. It spread upward to China, and then into India. Then it hit the Middle East, where we first begin to find the records of what we consider civilization. And then it kept moving.

And if you study the records of this type of migration, you find the same general phenomenon. What they had in Greece in the fourth century B.C. is what they had in Rome in the first century A.D. It's what they had in Italy in A.D. 1500 when the "Jumping Jesus" thing had doubled. It's what they had in England in 1750, when the "Jumping Jesus" thing had quadrupled, and moved westward again and north. It's what we had in the East Coast of this country—in New York and in Boston between 1800 and 1900, when the whole thing had moved there. And it's what we've got in California now.

The formula is Granola: fruits, nuts and flakes. That's what you'll find in Athens, fourth century B.C. It's what you'll find in Renaissance Italy. It's what you'll find in the East Coast around 1900. And that's what we've got here, now.

I'm very careful about not saying which of the groups I belong to; that's for the audience to decide.

The bizarre, the unthinkable, is where creativity comes from. Like my favorite chess player, Alekhine—one of his games, he checkmates with a pawn. Everybody, especially his opponent, was thinking rather than looking. "What can he do with the queen?" "What can he do with those knights?" "What kind of evil scheme lies behind that hidden bishop?" And the son of a bitch comes in with a pawn and checkmates! Nobody could think of a thing like that but Alekhine.

Beethoven goes from the third movement to the fourth movement in the Fifth Symphony without the usual pause—which nobody expected. And it's part of the reason Goethe said it's "merely grandiose," because it didn't sound like anything he ever heard before. But it works! A great poem is always a profound shock to the nervous system, and the immediate reaction is "What kind of gibberish is this?"

If you were to walk through a collection of creative works—paintings, chamber quartets playing, poets declaiming their verses, sculptors exhibiting, scientists talking about their latest theories, philosophers expounding on their latest meditations—and if it all made sense to you, you could be absolutely sure that they were all third-rate schmucks.

But if you walked into a place and everybody seemed nuts to you—like Paris in the 1920s, with Joyce and Pound and Gertrude Stein and Picasso and Brancusi and so on—if they all seemed nuts and seemed to be doing something that made no sense, *creativity was going on!*

Because creativity is "the unusual combination," and the unusual combination is "negative entropy"—and that is not a metaphor. Claude Shannon demonstrated that in a book called *The Mathematical Theory of Communication* in 1948, and it's a crying shame that most social scientists don't know enough mathematics to understand it yet.

But the unusual combination produces a higher level of coherence, and that's what information is. Bucky Fuller says human beings are "local problem solvers." The reason we are local problem solvers is because we can make unusual combinations, which creates a higher level of coherence. And that's why Prigogine is right.

Prigogine got the Nobel prize for his work on dissipative structures. And one of his discoveries is the more complex a structure is, the more unstable it is. The more it's got this "bizarre beauty" I've been discussing—like an ant hive, a termite hill, a human city—and the more complex it is, the more the structure is unstable and likely to dissipate.

What Prigogine discovered is contrary to the second law of thermodynamics, which only applies to closed systems. And this kind of "evolving, open system"—it is going to dissipate into a higher level of coherence.

And the "Jumping Jesus Phenomenon"—having brought us to the point where knowledge has doubled several times since 1960, and is in the process of doubling again, and will have completed doubling probably in the next year, and doubled two times before we reach 1990—in that process we are dissipating, collapsing, out of all the structures we know, *not* into chaos, *not* into "the collapse of civilization," but into a *higher level of coherence*.

And that's what my acid trips have taught me, with a little help from mathematics.

LEARY: Well, I thought you were all magnificent! We have got an all-star cast here today, don't we? And so many that aren't here that are with us in spirit: Alan Watts, Aldous Huxley, Humphrey Osmond, Ken Kesey and all the great musicians and poets and writers.

You know, we've all been worried about the great musical phenomenon of the '60s that has been kind of falling apart recently. Well, there's some hope that we can get Bob Dylan together again. [Applause.]

Well, what more is there to say? We could go on forever. We're getting stronger! We're gonna get moving again. The time has come. We've been laid back, we've been cooing. It was good to do that. We had to kind of cool out a little bit [chuckle], let the smoke die down a little bit.

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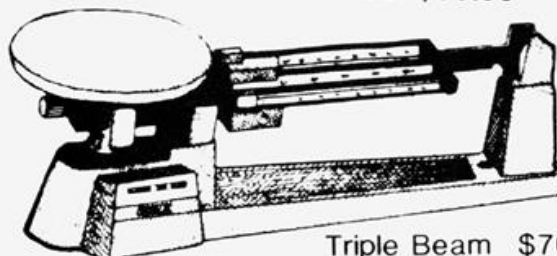
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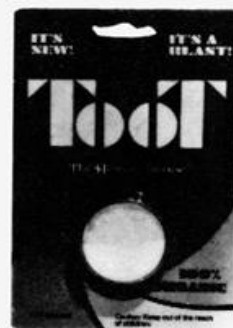
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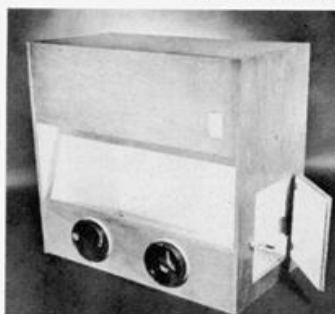
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GOD'S OTHER SON

continued from page 67

You see, what Jesus understood is that in order to *get* along, you have to *go* along, even when you're operatin' at *that* level. Look, this Messiah business is no bed of roses.

And His followers understood, too. They weren't so damned dumb. But Jesus a Jew? What th' hell do you think John the Baptist was doin' to Him there in the River Jordan? Teachin' Him to dog-paddle? Givin' Him a shampoo? He was baptizing Him! And *that*, Mr. Heathen, is *also* in the Book! And we believe the Book, the words of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, on faith. Faith in the Word of God and faith in God's adequate reason for leavin' a lot of blank spots. But, you know, faith just ain't somethin' you can talk to a heathen about.

There were even times when I was literally *forced* to fabricate things to answer the crude, tasteless questions of the faithless.

"Why," they'd ask, "was Luke the only one to report what Jesus said up there on the cross?"

Well, how the hell would I know? So I just made up somethin': "Well, you see, Jesus never talked too loud. He kinda just muttered stuff under His breath. And the reason Luke knew what He said was because Luke could read lips."

Actually, I don't know if Luke could even read his own *prescriptions*! But what was I supposed to do? Heathens have nothin' but doubt, because there is no faith where there are few facts, which unfortunately, for them and us, is the case.

Now, I've never said that the Gospelers didn't know what they were talkin' about or were tryin' to cover up anything. I mean, God knows Jesus didn't have nothin' to hide. Not the world's only ever-Perfect Man, outside of myself, of course. It was more like a bunch of fools was always tryin' to hide *Him*, stuffin' Him in caves and what not, before finally losin' track of Him altogether.

No, all I've ever done was to fill in the spaces, and kinda in my own way. Hell, if a little white lie was all it took to convert a sinner to the righteous path, I'd have told him that Jesus fed Pittsburgh with a goddamn moonpie! If it woulda helped get a heathen to come to Jesus I'd a-sworn He turned a pint of well water into a sea of Chivas Regal. And as I think back on it, I probably did. And I'm sure as hell not sorry because it *worked*! I could pull more people into a five-pole tent in a week than nine Negroes hittin' home runs could put in Yankee Stadium in an entire season!

Was it a miracle? Well, it certainly *could* have been. Because there were miracles worked by the hand of Billy Sol. And yes, they were questioned. Even though my Father created the Heavens and the Earth in six days flat, and Jesus walked on water, they *questioned* the miracles of Billy Sol! The idiots! My God, if Dad could and my Brother could, don't it stand to reason that I could, too! It's just a matter of genes, for Chrissake

—figure it out!

And then there were the nastiest, vilest people of the whole bunch. People who'd come crawlin' out to ask the most snot-nosed, tawdry questions of all. They'd sidle up to you and ask, drawin' it out real slow-like, "Where's all the money goin', Billy?" As if you could carry the Word across the length and breadth of this great land on 15 cents. They even caused those faithless, four-eyed meddlers from the Internal Revenue Service to pry into the Divine Ledgers of the Son of God! Why, those Communist, homosexual, shitbrained, lizard pukes.

If I had any shortcomin' at all, it was bein' far too tolerant of the weaknesses and afflictions of the yet-to-be-converted who gathered around me. But it was my divine duty to suffer through the trials brought on by their ignorance and misunderstandin', no matter how embarrassin'.

One time some years back, f'r instance, I, Billy Sol Hargus, a missionary, a minister of the Gospel, was actually asked to return funds that had been pledged to Jesus for work to be done in His name. God, the shame of it!

The misunderstanding that led to that sorrow came about when I had deposited in the Lord's account the life savings of a wonderful and trusting family who had turned over all their money to Jesus after I had, through a miracle, "brought Grandma back to life." It was several services later when a little boy, possessed of the Devil, came tearin' up the aisle in the House of the Lord screamin' at me and cryin', "GRANNIE'S STILL DEAD!" Was that the fault of Dr. Hargus? No. The poor woman's faith wasn't strong enough. She'd tensed up where I'd propped her there in her rocker, finally fallin' over stiff as a brick and doornail dead.

These matters, however, shall all pass, for it is God's will.

Now, then, we come to my story, my testament. This is the authorized transcription of my words recorded at the Lord's direction, by my hand. It is the Word of God. Trust me on this one, friends.

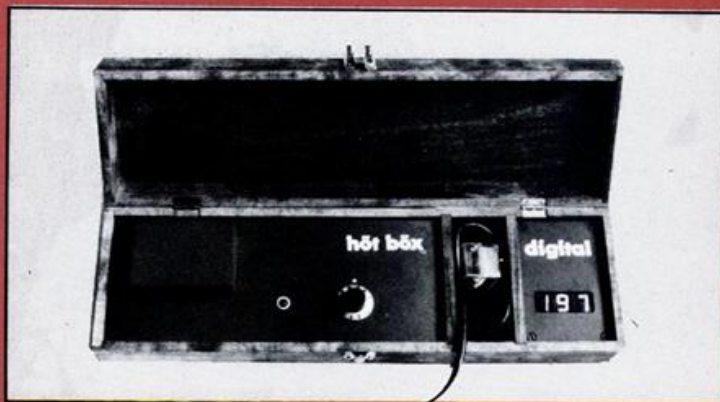
Still, there will be unbelievers among you. A book filled with facts will still find those who will call it fiction—wish it was fiction. For all through my account you will discover truly startlin' events surroundin' my life. Events that may leave you sayin', "Why, that's impossible," or "Hey, Hargus, who the hell you tryin' to shit?"

However, as you study my life—whether believers or doubters at the start—know in your heart that these are the facts and this is the truth.

As I am, at this very moment, speakin' these words, I feel the presence of the Lord all about me. There are dark clouds gatherin' and the wind is beginnin' to howl. The sky rumbles with His voice. There may just be enough time for me to record my entire life. The Lord's comin', and He's comin' soon.

Jesus, I hope somebody finds these god-damn tapes. □

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